

MASTER VENTURERS



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**MAHARANA BHUPAL
COLLEGE,
UDAIPUR.**

Class No.....

Book No.....

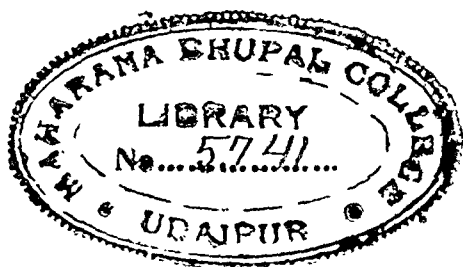
WRITERS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

MASTER VENTURERS

EDITED BY

J. COMPTON, M.A.

DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, BAKING



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PREFACE

THE Schools in these days are being given some of the better books they deserve, comelier in form, more attractively printed and illustrated, ranging over much wider fields of interest and knowledge. No longer can the school book be classed among the "books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*;" it is often a pleasant thing to read and handle. But there are still large tracts of literary territory to which school children have very rarely access. This is particularly true of accounts of travel within recent times, of modern biographies and modern belles-lettres, and it is a pity, for the best route to the classics is often by way of contemporary writers. Modern travel books and biographies are usually published in expensive volumes not obtainable even by school libraries, save very fortunate ones, so the boy or girl who would find delight and profit in the records of real life and authentic adventure is driven back once again to fiction; and the reading of the normal adolescent is too exclusively taken up with fiction.

There is the further point that though ordinary boys and girls would not read (if any one were so foolish as to expect it) the whole of *The Monasteries of the Levant* or *Manchu and Muscovite*, there are pages in these works which will be, I believe, very much to their taste.

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PREFACE

This series has been planned, therefore, to give extracts, each long enough to be a real unit, from copyright works of travel, biography, fiction, etc., together with a smaller number of excerpts from great authors of the past who are not known as they deserve to be in the schools, and have matter of special interest for them. Notes on the text have been made as few as possible in the knowledge that the standard reference books are now generally available. Some exercises have been added, rather to suggest the kind of way in which interest in the reading may be expressed as between the teacher and class than to furnish a set of tests.

What is offered, then, is for enjoyment, and as food on which an appetite for first-rate writing can grow ; and in the process of following the strange or alarming or exhilarating experiences that are here narrated the boy or girl will, at the same time, be receiving a training in human values, sympathy and clear thinking that will help to create sound mental habits and the outlook of an enlightened citizen.

J. C.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE compiler wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following authors and publishers : the Argonaut Press, for permission to follow the text of their edition of William Dampier's *New Voyage round the World* ; Miss Stella Benson, for the passage taken from her *Worlds within Worlds* ; Mr. Stephen Graham, for the passages from *A Tramp's Sketches* ; Dr. Sven Hedin, for the excerpts from his *From Pole to Pole* ; Mr. Morley Roberts, for the passage from *The Western Avernus* ; Mr. Putnam Weale, for the passage from *Manchu and Muscovite* ; the Macmillan Company of Canada, for the extract from *Knights Errant of the Wilderness*, by Morden H. Long ; and the Macmillan Company of New York, for the passages from Sir James Outram's *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies* and Sir Ross Smith's *14,000 Miles through the Air*.

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FROM POLE TO POLE

The extracts are from the famous book of this title by SVEN HEDIN, the geographer and explorer. He was born in Stockholm in 1865, and has travelled extensively in Persia, Mesopotamia, Turkestan and Tibet.

I

CONSTANTINOPLE

FROM the highest platform of the lofty tower which rises from the square in the centre of the promontory of Stambul a wonderful view can be obtained of the city and its surroundings—a singular blending of great masses of houses and glittering sheets of blue water. Stambul is the Turkish quarter. It consists of a sea of closely-built wooden houses of many colours. Out of the confusion rise the graceful spires of minarets and the round domes of mosques. Just below your feet is the great bazaar—the merchants' town; and farther off is St. Sophia, the principal mosque. Like Rome, the city is built on seven hills. In the valleys between, shady trees and gardens have found a site. Far to the west are seen the towers on the old wall of Stambul.

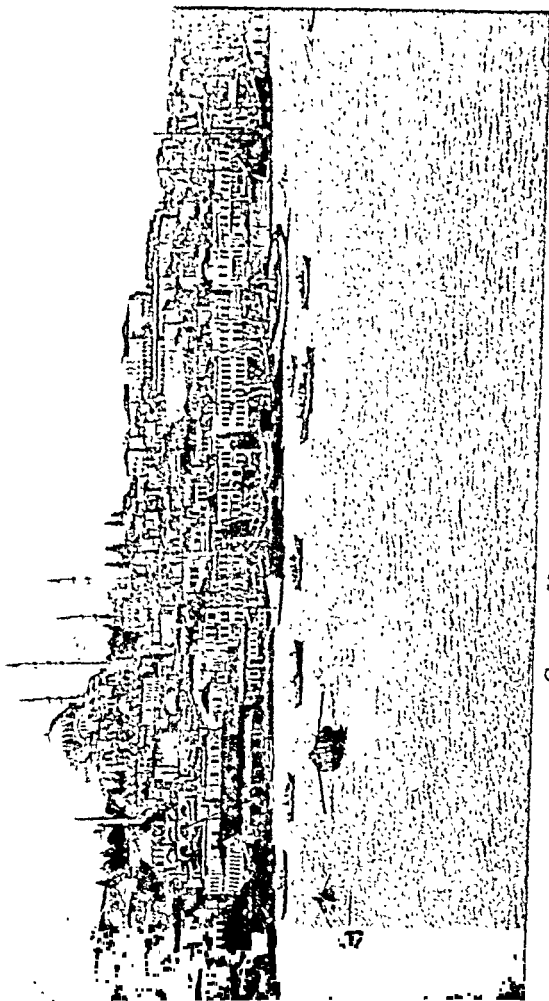
Before you to the north, on the point of a blunt promontory, stand the two quarters called Galata and Pera. There Europeans dwell, and there are found Greeks and Italians, Jews and Armenians, and other men of races living in the adjacent countries—in the Balkan Peninsula, in Asia Minor and Caucasia.

Between this blunt peninsula and Stambul an inlet runs north-westwards deep into the land. Its name is the Golden Horn, and over its water priceless treasures have from time immemorial been transported in ships.

Turn to the north-east. There you see a sound varying little in breadth. Its surface is as blue as sapphire, its shores are crowned by a whole chaplet of villages and white villas among luxuriant groves. This sound is the Bosphorus, and through it is the way to the Black Sea. Due east, on the other side of the Bosphorus, Scutari rises from the shore to the top of low hills. Scutari is the third of the three main divisions of Constantinople. You stand in Europe and look over the great city intersected by broad waterways and almost forget that Scutari is situated in Asia.

Turn to the south. Before your eyes lies the Sea of Marmora, a curious sheet of water which is neither a lake nor a sea, neither a bay nor a sound. It is a link between the Black and Aegean Seas, connected by the Bosphorus with the former, and by the Dardanelles, the Hellespont, with the latter. The Sea of Marmora is 130 miles long. Seven miles to the south the Princes' Islands float on the water like airy gardens, and beyond in the blue distance are seen the mountains of Asia Minor.

You will acknowledge that this view is very wonderful. Your eyes wander over two continents and two seas. You are in Europe, but on the threshold of Asia; and when you look down on the Turks swarming below, and at the graceful white boats



GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

SVEN HEDIN

darting across the sound, you may almost fancy that you are in Asia rather than in Europe. You will also notice that this fairway is an important trade route. Innumerable vessels pass daily through the Bosphorus to the coasts of Bulgaria, Rumania, Russia, and Asia Minor, and as many out through the Dardanelles to Greece and the Archipelago and to the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Close beneath you all the colours and outlines are distinct. The water of the Bosphorus is vividly blue, and the villas dazzlingly white. On the Asiatic side stand woods of dark-green cypresses, and outside the western wall Turks slumber in the deepest shade; cypresses, indeed, are the watchmen of the dead. And all round the horizon this charming landscape passes into fainter and lighter tones, light-blue and grey. You cannot perceive clearly where the land ends and sea and sky begin. But here and there the white wings of a sailing vessel flutter or a slight puff of smoke floats above a steamer.

A continuous murmur reaches your ears. It is not wind, nor the song of waves. It is the combined voice of nature and human labour. It is like the buzzing round a beehive. Now and then you distinguish the cry of a porter, the bell of a tramcar, the whistle of a steamer, or the bark of a dog. But, as a rule, all melt together into a single sound. It is the ceaseless noise that always hovers over the chimneys of a great city.

THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE WISDOM

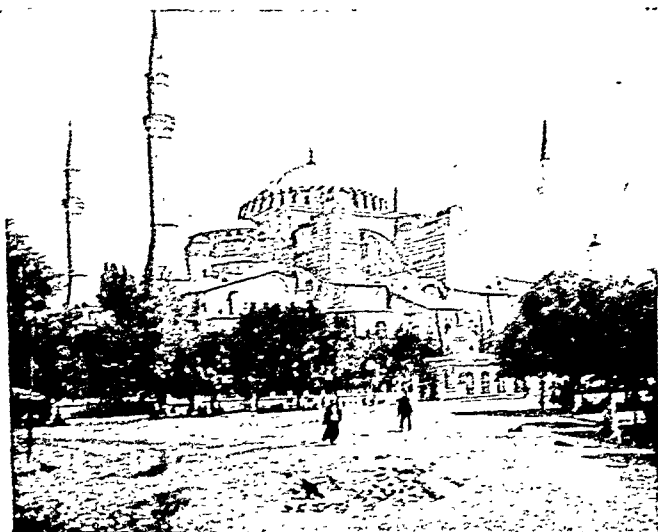
Let us now go down to the great mosque on the point. On the top of the principal dome we see a huge gilded crescent. This has glittered up there for 450 years, but previously the cupola was adorned by the Christian Cross. How came the change about?

Let us imagine that we are standing outside the church and let the year be 548 A.D. One of the finest temples of Christendom has just been completed by the first architect of his time from Asia Minor. The work has occupied sixteen years, and ten thousand workmen have been constantly engaged at it. But now it is finished at last, and the Church of the Divine Wisdom, Hagia Sophia, is to be consecrated to-day.

The great Emperor of the Byzantine realm, Justinian, drives up in a chariot drawn by four horses. He enters the temple attended by the Patriarch of Constantinople. The building is as large as a market-place, and the beautiful dome, round as the vault of heaven, is 180 feet above the floor. Justinian looks around and is pleased with his work. The great men of the church and empire, clad in costly robes, salute him. He examines the variegated marble which covers the walls, he admires the artistically arranged mosaic on the gold ground-work of the dome, he is amazed at the hundred columns which support the cupolas and galleries, some of dark-green marble, others of dark-red porphyry. The Emperor's wealth is inexhaustible.

SVEN HEDIN

Has he not presented to the church seven crosses of gold, each weighing a hundred pounds? Does not the Church of the Divine Wisdom possess forty thousand chalice veils all embroidered with pearls and precious stones? Are there not in the sacristy twenty-four Bibles, which in their gold-studded cases



THE MOSQUE OF S. SOPHIA. CONSTANTINOPLE.

[E.N.A.]

weigh two hundred pounds each? Are not pictures of the Redeemer, of the Mother of God, of angels, prophets and evangelists suspended between the twelve columns of solid silver which are the Holy of Holies in the temple? Are not the faithful moved to tears at the sight of the crucifix and at the remem-

brance that the gilded cross of silver is an exact copy of that which, more than five hundred years ago, was set up by Roman barbarians at Jerusalem?

Justinian turns round and examines the panels of the three doors which are said to have been made of wood from Noah's ark. The doors of the main entrance are of solid silver, the others are beautifully inlaid with cedar-wood, ivory, and amber. Above his head silver chandeliers swing in chains; some of them form together a cross, and are a symbol of the light of heaven hovering over the darkness of earthly life. The vault is flooded with light; and in the mosaic he sees the meek saints kneeling before God in silent supplication. Below the vault he sees the four cherubims with two pairs of wings. He thinks of the first chapter of Ezekiel: "And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creature was as the colour of the terrible crystal . . . and I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters." He also calls to mind the book of Exodus, ch. xxxvii.: "Even to the mercy-seatward were the faces of the cherubims." It was the same here in his own church.

Inspired by humility before God and pride before his fellowmen, the Emperor Justinian moves to his prie-dieu. He falls on his knees and exclaims: "God be praised who has thought me worthy to bring such a work to completion! I have surpassed thee, O Solomon."

Then the pipes and drums strike up, and the glad songs of the people echo among the houses, which are decorated by webs of costly brocade hanging

from the windows. The festival is prolonged for fourteen days ; casksful of silver coins are distributed among the multitude, and the Emperor feasts the whole city.

Then follow new centuries and new generations in the footsteps of the old. The bones of Christians moulder under the grave mounds, but still the temple remains as before. There priests and patriarchs and fathers of the Church assemble to Church Councils, and the great festivals of the year are celebrated under its vault. Nearly a thousand years of the stream of time have passed away, and we come to May 29, 1453.

May is a fine month in Constantinople. The summer is in all its glory, the gardens are gorgeous in their fresh verdure, the clear waters of the Bosphorus glitter like brightly polished metal. But what a day of humiliation and terror was this day of May, 1453 ! In the early morning tidings of misfortune were disseminated among the citizens. The Turkish Sultan had stormed in through the walls with his innumerable troops. Beside themselves with fright, men, women, and children fled to St. Sophia, leaving their homes and goods to be plundered. A hundred thousand persons rushed in and locked and barred all the church doors behind them. They trusted that the conqueror would not dare to desecrate so holy a place. Abashed before the holiness of God, he would bow down in the dust and leave them in peace. And according to a prophecy the angel of God would descend from heaven in the hour of need and rescue the church and the city.

The Christians waited, praying and trembling. Then the wild fanfares of the Mohammedan trumpets were heard from the nearest hills. Piercing cries of anguish echoed from the vaulting, mothers pressed their children to their hearts, husbands and wives embraced each other, galley slaves with chains still on their wrists tried to hide themselves in the darkness behind the pillars.

The axes of the Mohammedans ring against the doors. Splinters of costly wood fly before the blows. Here a gate cracks, there another is broken in. The janissaries rush in, thirsting for blood. The Prophet has commanded that his doctrines shall be spread over the earth by fire and sword. They are only too ready to obey this order. Already steeped in blood from the combat outside the walls, they continue to gather in the harvest with dripping scimitars. The defenceless are fastened together with chains and driven out like cattle.

Then comes the turn of the holy edifice. The mosaics are hacked to pieces with swords and lances, the costly altar-cloths are taken from their store-room, the church is plundered of its gold and silver, and rows of camels and mules are led in on to the temple floor to be laden with the immense treasures. Full of fanatical religious hatred, swarms of black-bearded Turks rush up to the figure of the crucified Redeemer. A Mohammedan presses his janissary's cap over the crown of thorns. The image is carried with wild shrieks round the church, and presumptuous voices call out scornfully, "Here you see the God of the Christians."

At the high altar a Greek bishop stood in pontifical robes and read mass over the Christians in a loud and clear voice. His voice never trembled for a moment. He wished to give his flock heavenly consolation in earthly troubles. At last he remained alone. Then he broke off the mass in the middle of a sentence, took the chalice, and ascended the steps leading to the upper galleries. The Turks caught sight of him and rushed after him like hungry hyænas.

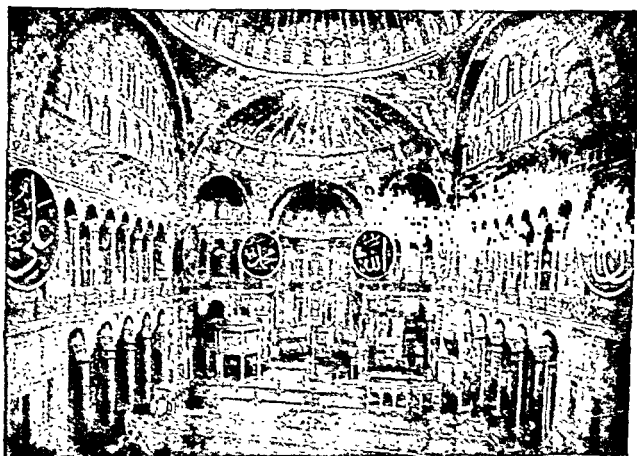
He is already up in the gallery. He is surrounded on all sides by soldiers with drawn swords and lowered spears. Next moment he must fall dead over the communion chalice. No escape, no rescue is possible. Before him stands the grey stone wall.

But, lo ! a door opens in the wall, and when the bishop has gone in the wall closes up again. The soldiers stand still in astonishment. Then they begin to attack the wall with spears and axes. But it is no use. They renew their efforts, but still in vain.

Four centuries and a half have passed since then, and still the Greeks cherish a blind faith that the day will come when St. Sophia will be restored to Christian uses, when the wall will open again and the bishop will walk out with the chalice in his hand. Calm and dignified he will descend the stairs, cross the church, and mount up to the high altar to continue the mass from the point where he was interrupted by the Turks.

Let us return to the savage soldiery. All the doors stand open, and the midday sun shines in through the arched windows. The pillage and tumult have

reached their height when a fiery horse carries a rider up to the main entrance. He is attended by Mohammedan princes, generals, and pashas.¹ His name is Mohammed II., the Conqueror, the Sultan of the Turks. He is young and proud and has a will of iron, but he is solemn and melancholy. He dis-



[E.N.A.]

THE NAVE OF THE MOSQUE OF S. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

mounts and passes on foot over this floor, over the marble slabs trodden a thousand years ago by the Emperor Justinian.

The first thing he sees is a janissary maliciously aiming his axe at the marble pavement. The Sul-

¹ "Pasha" is an honorary title given to officials of high rank in Turkey and Egypt, as to governors of provinces, military commanders, etc.

tan goes up to him and asks, "Why?" "In the cause of the faith," answers the soldier. Then the Sultan draws his sabre, and, cutting the man down, exclaims, "Dogs, have you not loot enough? The buildings of the city are my property." And, kicking the dying man aside, he ascends a Christian pulpit, and in a thundering voice dedicates the Church of the Holy Wisdom to Islam.

Four and a half centuries have passed down the stream of time since the day when the cross was removed and the crescent raised its horn above the Church of the Holy Wisdom. The Turks have erected four minarets round the dome, and every evening from the platforms of these minarets sounds the voice of the muezzin, summoning the faithful to prayer. He wears a white turban and a long mantle down to his feet. To all four quarters of the city the call rings out with long, silvery *a*-sounds and full, liquid *l*'s: "God is great (four times repeated). I bear witness that there is no god but God (twice repeated). I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God (twice repeated). Come to prayers! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no god but God."

Now the sun sinks below the horizon, and a cannon shot thunders forth. We are in the month of fasting, during which the Mohammedans do not eat, drink, or smoke each day so long as the sun is up. Thus the Prophet commands in the Koran, their holy book. The firing of the gun proclaims the end of the fast for to-day and when the faithful have re-

freshed themselves with the smoking rissoles and rice puddings, or fruit, coffee, and water-pipes which stand ready, they turn their steps to the old Church of the Divine Wisdom, which still retains its Greek name. Round the minarets thousands of lamps are lighted, and between the towers the sacred names hang in flaming lights. Inside the mosque, on chains fifty feet long, hang chandeliers, full of innumerable oil-lamps in small round glass bowls, and on extended lines hang other lamps as close as the beads of a rosary. The floor of the mosque is a sea of light, but the interior of the dome is hid in gloom. Huge green shields affixed to the columns bear in golden letters the names of Allah, Mohammed and the saints, and the characters are thirty feet high.

The faithful have already filled the floor, which is covered with straw matting. Shoes must be left outside on entering the mosque, and a man must wash his arms, hands, and face before he goes in. Now the Turks stand in long rows, white and green turbans and red fezes with black tassels all mixed together. All turn their faces towards Mecca. All hands go up together to the height of the face and are stretched out flat, the thumbs touching the tip of the ear. Then they bend the body forward, resting their hands on their knees. Next they fall on their knees and touch the floor with their foreheads. "Prayer is the key to Paradise," says the Koran, and every section of the prayer requires a certain posture.

A priest stands in a pulpit and breaks in on the solemn silence with his clear musical voice. The

last word dies away on his lips, but the echo lingers long in the dome, hovering like a restless spirit among the statues of the cherubim.

Among us at home there are people who are ashamed of going to church. A Mohammedan may neglect his religious duties, but he always regards it as an honour to fulfil them. When we come to Persia or Turkestan we shall often see a caravan leader leave his camels in the middle of the march, spread out his prayer-mat on the ground, and recite his prayers. They do not do it thoughtlessly or slovenly : you might yell in the ear of a Mohammedan at prayer and he would take no notice.

“ There is no god but God ! ” The words sound like a trumpet-blast, as a summons over boundless regions of the Old World. From its cradle in Arabia, Islam has spread over all the west and centre of Asia, over the southern parts of the continent, over certain regions in south-eastern Europe, and over half Africa. It is no wonder that Mohammedan missionaries find it easy to convert the blacks of Africa. Mohammed promises them Paradise after death, and Paradise is only a continuation of worldly pleasures—a place where the blessed dwell under palms which continually bear fruit, where clear springs leap forth, and where flutes and stringed instruments make music in eternal summer.

II

A BALUCHI RAID

We were glad to leave a country¹ where the plague had taken up its abode and to hasten away to the desert tracts of Baluchistan, which still separated us from India. My old servants had taken their departure, and a new retinue, all Baluchis, accompanied me.

We rode *jambas*, or swift-footed dromedaries, which for generations have been trained for speed. Their legs are long and thin, but strong, with large foot-pads which strike the hard ground with a heavy tapping sound as they run. They carry their heads high and move more quickly than the majestic caravan camels; but when they run they lower their heads below the level of the hump and keep it always horizontal.

Two men ride on each *jamba*, and therefore the saddle has two hollows and two pairs of stirrups. A peg is thrust through the cartilage of the nose and to its ends a thin cord is attached. By pulling this to one side or the other the dromedary may be turned in any direction. My courser had a swinging gait but did not jolt; and I sat comfortably and firmly in the saddle as we left mile after mile behind.

It is not more than thirty or forty years ago since the Baluchis used to make raids into Persian territory, and although much better order is maintained now that the country is under British administration, an escort is still necessary—I had six men mounted on

¹ Persia in 1906.

dromedaries and armed with modern rifles. This is how a raid is conducted.

One evening Shah Sevar, or the "Riding King," the warlike chieftain of a tribe in western Baluchistan, sits smoking a pipe by the camp fire in front of his black tent, which is supported by tamarisk boughs. The tale-teller has just finished a story, when two white-clad men with white turbans on their heads emerge from the darkness of the night. They tie up their dromedaries, humbly salute Shah Sevar, who invites them to sit down and help themselves to tea from an iron pot. Other men come up to the fire. All carry long guns, spears, swords, and daggers. Some lead two or three dromedaries each.

Fourteen men are now gathered round the fire. There is a marked silence in the assembly, and Shah Sevar looks serious. At length he asks, "Is everything ready?"

"Yes," is the reply from all sides.

"Are the powder and shot horns filled?"

"Yes."

"And the provisions packed in their bags?"

"Yes—dates, sour cheese, and bread for eight days."

"I told you the day before yesterday that this time we shall strike at Bam. Bam is a populous town. If we are discovered too early the fight may be hot. We must steal through the desert like jackals. The distance is three hundred miles, four days' journey."

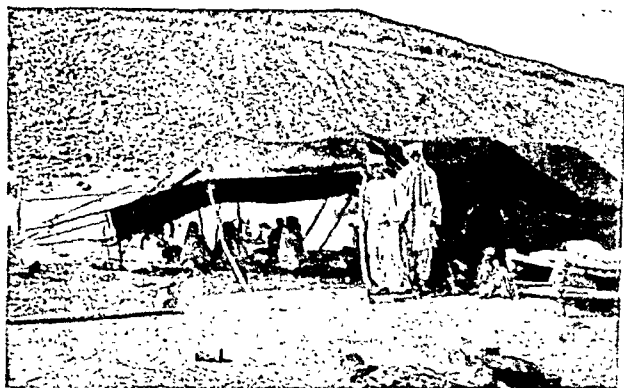
Again Shah Sevar stares into the fire for a while and then asks, "Are the *jambas* in good condition?"

"Yes."

"And ten spare dromedaries for the booty?"

"Yes."

Then he rises and all the others follow his example. Their wild, bold faces glow coppery-red in the light of the fire. They consider petty thieving a base occupation, but raiding and pillaging an honourable



A BALUCHI NOMAD TENT.

sport, and boast of the number of slaves they have captured in their day.

"Mount," commands the chieftain in a subdued voice. Muskets are thrown over the shoulder and rattle against the hanging powder-horn and the leather bag for bullets, flint, steel, and tinder. Daggers are thrust into belts, and the men mount without examining the saddle-girths and bridles, for all has been carefully made ready beforehand. The spear is secured in front of the saddle. "In the name

of Allah," calls out Shah Sevar, and the party rides off through the night at a steady pace.

The path they follow is well known and the stars serve as guides. Day breaks, the sun rises, and the shadows of the dromedaries point towards Bam over the hard yellow sand where not a shrub grows. Not a word has been spoken during the night, but when the first seventy miles have been traversed the chief says, "We will rest a while at the Spring of White Water." On arriving at the spring they refill their water-skins and let the dromedaries drink. Then they go up into the neighbouring hills and wait till the hot hours of the day are over. They never encamp at the springs, for there they are likely to meet with other people.

At dusk they are in the saddle again. They ride harder than during the first night and travel till they come to a salt spring. The third night the dromedaries begin to breathe more heavily, and when the sun rises flecks of white froth hang from their trembling lips. They are not tired but only a little winded, and they press on through clouds of dust without their riders having to urge them.

Now the party leaves behind it the last desert path, which is only once in a while used by a caravan, and beyond it is a perfect wilderness of hardened salt-impregnated mud. Nothing living can be seen, not even a stray raven or vulture which might warn the people in Bam of their danger. Without rest the robber band pushes on all day, as silent as the desert, the only sounds being the long-drawn breathing of the dromedaries and the rasping sound of their foot-

pads on the ground. When the reflection of the evening sky lies in purple shades over the desert, they have only ten or twelve miles more to go.

Shah Sevar pulls up his dromedary and orders a halt in muffled tones, as though he feared that his voice might be heard in Bam. With a hissing noise the riders make their animals kneel and lie down, and then they spring out of the saddle, and tie the end of the cord round the dromedaries' forelegs to prevent the animals from getting up and making a noise and thus spoiling the plan. All are tired out and stretch themselves on the ground. Some sleep, others are kept awake by excitement, while four riders go scouting in different directions. Bam itself cannot be seen, but the hill is visible at the foot of which the town stands. The men long for night and the cover of darkness.

The day has been calm and hot, but now the evening is cool and the shadows dense. A faint breeze comes from the north, and Shah Sevar smiles. If the wind were from the east, he would be obliged to make a detour in order not to rouse the dogs of the town. It is now nine o'clock and in an hour the people of Bam will be asleep. The men have finished their meal, and have wrapped up the remainder of the dates, cheese, and bread in their bundles and tied them upon the dromedaries.

"Shall we empty the water-skins so as to make the loads lighter for the attack?" asks a Baluchi.

"No," answers Shah Sevar; "keep all the water that is left, for we may not be able to fill the skins in the town before our retreat."

"It is time," he says ; "have your weapons ready." They mount again and ride slowly towards the town.

"As soon as anything suspicious occurs I shall quicken my pace and you must follow. You three with the baggage camels keep in the rear."

The robbers gaze in front like eagles on their prey, and the outlines of the hill gradually rise higher above the western horizon. Now only three miles remain, and their sight, sharpened by an outdoor life, distinguishes the gardens of Bam. They draw near. The bark of a dog is heard, another joins in—all the dogs of the town are barking ; they have winded the dromedaries.

"Come on," shouts the chief. With encouraging cries the dromedaries are urged forward ; their heads almost touch the ground ; they race along while froth and dust fly about them. The dogs bark furiously and some of them have already come out to meet the dromedaries. Now the wild chase reaches the entrance to the town. Cries of despair are heard as the inhabitants are wakened ; and women and wailing children escape towards the hill. The time is too short for any organised defence. There is no one to take the command. The unfortunate inhabitants run over one another like scared chickens and the riders are upon them. Shah Sevar sits erect on his dromedary and leads the assault. Some jump down and seize three men, twelve women, and six children, who are hastily bound and put in charge of two Baluchis, while others quickly search some houses close at hand. They come out again

with two youths who have made a useless resistance, a couple of sacks of grain, some household goods, and all the silver they could find.

"How many slaves?" roars Shah Sevar.

"Twenty-three," is answered from several directions.

"That is enough; pack up." The slaves and the stolen goods are bound fast on dromedaries. "Quick, quick," shouts the chief. "Back the way we came." In the hurry and confusion some of the animals get entangled in one another's ropes. "Back! Back!" The chieftain's practised eye has detected a party of armed men coming up. Three shots are heard in the darkness, and Shah Sevar falls backwards out of the saddle, while his dromedary starts and flies off into the desert. The rider's left foot is caught fast in the stirrup and his head drags in the dust. A bullet has entered his forehead, but the blood is staunchd by the dust of the road. His foot slips out of the stirrup, and the "Riding King" lies dead as a stone outside Bam.

Another robber is severely wounded and is cut to pieces by the townsmen. Bam has waked up. The entangled dromedaries with their burdens of slaves and goods are captured, but the rest of the party, twelve riders with ten baggage camels, have vanished in the darkness, pursued by some infuriated dogs. Sixteen of the inhabitants of the town are missing. The whole thing has taken place in half an hour. Bam sleeps no more this night.

Now the dromedaries are urged on to the uttermost; they have double loads to carry, but they

travel as quickly as they came. The kidnapped children cease to cry, and fall asleep with weariness and the violent swaying motion. The party rides all night and all the next day without stopping, and the robbers often look round to see if they are pursued. They rest for the first time at the salt spring, posting a look-out on an adjacent mound. They eat and drink without losing a minute, and get ready for the rest of the ride. The captives are paralysed with fright; the young women are half choked with weeping, and a little lad in a tattered shirt goes about crying vainly for his mother. The eyes of the captives are blindfolded with white bandages that they may not notice the way they are travelling and try later to escape back to Bam. Then the headlong ride is resumed, and after eight days the troop of riders is back at home with their booty, but without their chief.

Innumerable raids of this kind have scourged eastern Persia, and in the same way Turkomans have devastated Khorasan in the north-east. On the eastern frontier it is the Kurds who are the robbers. In this disturbed frontier region there is not a town without its small primitive mud fort or outlook tower.

III

ACROSS A SEA OF SAND

In the beginning of April, 1895, I had reached the Yarkand-darya and had encamped at a village, Merket, on its eastern bank. My plan was to cross the Takla-makan desert, which stretches away to the eastward, and to reach the river Khotan-darya, which flows northwards, the distance being 180 miles. My caravan consisted of four servants and eight camels; and we took provisions for two months—for we intended afterwards to travel on to Tibet—and water for twenty-five days in four iron cisterns.

We started on April 10. A white camel was led in front by a man we called the guide, because every one said that he had often been in the desert seeking for treasure. My riding camel was led by a white-bearded man named Muhamed Shah. Kasim came at the end of the file, and the faithful Islam Bay, who superintended the whole, was my confidential servant. We had also two dogs, Yolldash and Hamra, three sheep, ten hens, and a cock. The last did not like riding on a camel. He was always working his way out through the bars of his cage, and fluttering down to the ground with a loud crow.

For the first few days all went on quietly and satisfactorily. At night we could always obtain water for the camels and other animals by digging, and thus we saved the fresh river-water in our tanks. But the sand became gradually higher and forced us to

diverge to the north-east. On April 18 we came to a morass surrounded by wood so thick that we had to clear a way with the axe. Next day we encamped on the shore of a lake of beautiful blue water where ducks and geese were swimming about, and my tent was set up under a couple of poplars.

Another day's march led us along the shore of a long lake with bare banks. We encamped at its southern extremity and rested a day, for here nothing could be seen towards the south and west but yellow sand. The guide asserted that it was four days' journey eastwards to the river Khotan-darya, and this statement agreed approximately with existing maps, but I took the precaution of ordering the men to take water for ten days.

On April 23 we left the last bay of the last lake to plunge into the high sand. All vegetation came to an end, and only in some hollow a solitary tamarisk was still to be seen. The sandhills became ever higher, rising to as much as 100 feet.

The next day we marched on in a violent storm. The sand swept down in clouds from the crests of the dunes, penetrating into our mouths, noses, and eyes. Islam Bay led our train and looked for the easiest way for the camels. We noticed, however, that they were already beginning to get tired. Sometimes they fell in the sand, and their loads had to be taken off before they could get up again. When the tent was set up we had made only eight miles. Now there was not a sign of life, not a moth fluttered round my candle, not a wind-borne leaf was seen in the boundless yellow sand.

ACROSS A SEA OF SAND

On the morning of the 25th I made a terrible discovery : two cisterns were empty and the other two contained only enough water for two days. Henceforth Islam Bay was put in charge of the cisterns. The water was treasured like gold and served out in driblets.

I travelled on foot to spare my riding camel and encourage the men. The caravan moved more slowly through the murderous sands. One camel, called Old Man, lagged behind. We waited an hour, and gave him a mouthful of water and a handful of hay from his own pack-saddle. When we went on, he was led slowly after us by Muhamed Shah.

With Islam I measured out the last drops of water on the night of the 26th. There were about two small cups daily for each of us for three days. The next day we plunged again into terrible sand, the dunes being 200 feet high. In the evening we saw dense rain-clouds in the west, and hoped that Heaven would have compassion on us. The clouds spread out and came still nearer. All our vessels were made ready, and the tent was stretched on the ground to collect the sweet water which was to save us. We waited in vain, for the clouds dispersed and yielded us not a drop.

The two tired-out camels had been abandoned at the beginning of the day, and we had thrown away a stove, a carpet, my tent-bed, and two empty water cisterns.

On April 28 we were awakened by a north-easterly storm, one of those "black storms" which stir up

the drift-sand in dense clouds and turn day into night. All the camp was buried in sand. Only the nearest camels could be seen, and their track was immediately obliterated. We had to keep all together lest we should lose one another. It was quite possible to lose the caravan at a distance of a few paces, and that meant death. We were almost suffocated by the volumes of sand which whirled about us, and had to rest frequently to get our breath. The camels lay down with their heads to leeward, and we thrust our faces under them that we might not be choked with sand.

Then we went on with faltering steps. A camel fell and I sent two men after him. They came back directly, saying that the track was smoothed out by the wind and that they dared not lose sight of us. That was the third victim. At the evening camp everything not absolutely indispensable was sorted out to be left behind, and a stick was set up on the nearest dune with a newspaper wrapped round it so that we might find the place again if we obtained water soon. There was still a little water left in the two cans, but next morning Islam came and told me that one of them was empty. There can be little doubt that the guide was the thief who had robbed us all. With failing steps we struggled on all day among the high sand dunes.

On the morning of the 30th there was less than two-thirds of a pint of water left in the last can. While the others were engaged in loading the camels, Islam surprised the guide as he stood with the can to his mouth. Islam fell upon him furiously, threw

him to the ground, and would have killed him if I had not come up in time. Only one-third of a pint was now left. At mid-day I moistened the men's lips with the corner of a handkerchief dipped in water. In the evening the last drops were to be distributed, but when the time came the can was found to be absolutely empty. Kasim and Muhamed, who led the camels, had drunk it all.

THE END OF THE CARAVAN

The night was cold, but the sun had not long risen on May 1 before the heat spread over the dunes. The men drank the last of some rancid vegetable oil which had been intended for the camels. I was tortured with thirst, as I had not drunk a drop of water the day before, and before that only a few mouthfuls. Thirst is a fearful thing, driving one to despair, and almost depriving one of reason. As the body dries up, the desire for water leaves one no peace. We had a flask of Chinese spirits which were intended for a cooking stove. I now drank about a tumblerful of it to give my body a little moisture, and then I threw the flask away and let its dangerous contents run out into the sand.

The insidious liquor undermined my strength. When the caravan toiled on through the dunes I could not follow it. I crept and staggered in its track. The bells rang out clearly in the quiet air, but the sound became fainter, and at length died away in the distance. The silent desert lay around me—sand, sand, sand in all directions.

Following slowly in the footsteps of the others, I came at last to the crest of a dune, where I saw that the camels of the caravan had laid themselves down. Muhamed Shah was on his knees imploring help from Allah. Kasim was sitting with his face in his hands, weeping and laughing alternately. Islam, who had been exploring in front, came back and proposed that we should look for a place where we could dig for water. I therefore mounted the white camel, after his load—ammunition boxes, two European saddles, and a number of other articles—had been thrown away, but the animal would not get up. We then decided to stay where we were and wait for the cool of evening, and the tent was set up to afford us shade. Even Yolldash and the sheep came in.

At mid-day a gentle breeze sprang up, and the air felt pleasant and refreshing. We killed the cock and drank its blood. Then Islam turned the head of the sheep towards Mecca, cut off its head, and collected the blood in a pail, but it was thick and smelt offensively, and not even the dog Yolldash would touch it.

We now sorted out all our belongings, taking with us only what was absolutely necessary at the moment, and leaving everything else behind in the tent. The guide had lost his reason and filled his mouth with sand, thinking it was water. He and old Muhamed Shah, who was also dying, had to be left behind.

At seven o'clock I mounted the white camel. Islam led the train and Kasim urged the animals on.



DIGGING FOR WATER IN THE TAKLA-MAKAN DESERT.

The funeral bells now rang for the last time. From a high sandy crest I turned a farewell glance at the death camp. The tent marked out a dark triangle against the lighter background, and then vanished behind the sand.

The night descended sadly and silently over the earth. We tramped through loose sand, up and down, without seeing where we were going. I jumped down from my camel, lighted the lantern, and walked on in front to see where it was easiest for the camels to follow.

Then Islam reeled up to me and whispered that he could go no farther. I bade him farewell, cheered him up, told him to rest and then follow in my track, abandoning everything. The camels were lying half-dead with necks stretched out. Kasim alone was fit to accompany me farther. He took a spade and a pail and the paunch of the sheep. I had only my watch, compass, a penknife, a pen, and a scrap of paper, two small tins of lobster and chocolate, a small box, matches and ten cigarettes. But the food gave us little satisfaction, for when the mouth, palate, and throat are as dry as the outer skin it is impossible to swallow.

It was exactly twelve o'clock. We had been shipwrecked in the midst of the desert sea, and were now trying to reach a coast. The lantern stood burning beside Islam Bay, but the light was soon hidden by the dunes.

We were clad as lightly as possible. Kasim had a thin jacket, wide trousers, and boots, but he had forgotten his cap, so I lent him my pocket handker-

chief to wind round his head. I wore a white Russian cap, stiff Swedish shoes, woollen under-clothing, and a white suit of thin cotton cloth. I had changed my clothes at the death camp that I might have a neat clean shroud if I died.

We pushed on with the energy of despair, but after two hours we were so sleepy that we had to rest a while. The coolness of the night woke us up at four o'clock, and we kept on the march till nine. Then we rested again and walked on farther till twelve o'clock, when we were again overcome by weariness and the burning heat of the day. In a sandy slope facing northwards Kasim dug out cool sand in which we burrowed stark naked with only our heads out. To protect ourselves from sun-stroke we made a screen by hanging up clothes on the spade. At six o'clock we got up again and walked for seven hours. Our strength was giving way, and we had to rest more frequently. At one o'clock we were slumbering on a dune.

There we lay quite three hours, and then went on eastwards. I always held the compass in my hand. The next day had dawned, May 3, when Kasim stopped, caught hold of my shoulder, and pointed eastwards without saying a word. A small dark speck was seen in the distance; it was a green tamarisk! Its roots must go down to the water below the surface, or it could not live in the desert sea. We thanked God when we came up to it. We had now some hope of safety, and we chewed the soft needles of the tamarisks like beasts. We tarried a while under its slight shadow, and then walked till

half-past nine, when we fell down with faintness at another bush.

We again undressed and buried ourselves in sand, lying without speaking a word for quite nine hours. At dusk we dragged ourselves on again with halting steps. After three hours of march Kasim again stopped suddenly. Something dark peeped out from among the dunes—three fine poplars with sappy foliage. The leaves were too bitter to eat, but we rubbed them on the skin until it became moist.

Here we tried to dig a well, but the spade fell out of our powerless hands. We then lay down and scraped with our hands, but could not do much. Instead we collected all the dry branches we could find and made a blazing fire as a beacon for Islam, and to attract attention from the east, for we knew that a caravan road ran along the Khotan river.

At four o'clock on May 4 we moved on again, but after five hours we were utterly exhausted. We threw ourselves heedlessly on the sand, for Kasim was unable to dig the usual burrow. I wriggled naked into the cool dune and lay there ten hours without closing an eye.

When at last the shadows spread over the earth and I was ready to set out, Kasim murmured that he could go no farther. I did not even remember to bid him farewell when I went on my way alone through the darkness and sand. Just after midnight I sank down by a tamarisk. The stars twinkled as usual, and not a sound was audible. Only the beat of my heart and the ticking of my watch broke the awful silence. Then I heard a rustling sound in the sand.

"Is that you, Kasim?" I asked. "Yes, sir," he whispered back. "Let us go a little farther," I said, and he followed me with trembling legs.

We were not troubled now so much by thirst, for our bodies had become as dry as parchment and seemed to have lost all feeling; but our strength was at an end. We crawled for a long distance on our hands and feet, dazed and indifferent, as if we were walking in our sleep.

But soon we waked up into full consciousness. Dumb with astonishment we stopped before the trail of men. Shepherds from the river must have seen our fire the day before and have come to look for us. We followed the trail up a high dune where the sand was closely packed and the marks were more distinct. "It is our own trail," said Kasim in a despairing voice. We had gone round in a circle, and now we could do no more for a while. Sad and worn out, we fell down in the track.

It was May 5. We had slept half an hour. It was four o'clock, and a vague light heralding the ruddy dawn rose up above the eastern horizon. Kasim looked dreadfully ill; his tongue was swollen, white and dry, his lips bluish. He complained of a spasmodic hiccough that shook his whole body, a sign of the approach of death. The thick blood flowed sluggishly in his veins. Even the eyes and joints were dry. We had struggled bravely, but now the end was near.

But when the sun rose we saw a dark line on the eastern horizon. The sight filled us with thankfulness, for we knew that it must be the wood on the

bank of the Khotan river. Now we exerted ourselves to the uttermost, for we must reach it before we sank with thirst and exhaustion. A number of poplars grew in a hollow. "Let us dig here; it is a long distance to the woods"; but the spade again slipped out of our hands, and we could only stumble and crawl on eastwards.

At last we were there. I seemed to be roused from a fearful dream, a terrible nightmare. Green and luxuriant stood the trees in front of us, and between them grew grass and weeds where numerous spoors of wild animals were visible—tigers, wolves, foxes, stags, antelopes, gazelles, and hares. The birds were singing their morning song and insects buzzed in the air. Life and joyousness reigned everywhere.

It could not now be far to the river. We tried to pass through the wood, but were stopped by impenetrable brushwood and fallen trunks. Then we came to a path with plain traces of men and horses. We decided to follow it, for surely it would lead to the bank, but not even the hope of a speedy deliverance could enable us to keep on our feet. At nine o'clock, when the day was already burning hot, we tumbled down in the shade of a couple of poplars. Kasim could not last much longer. His senses were clouded. He gasped for breath and stared with vacant eyes at the sky. He made no answer even when I shook him. I took off my clothes and crept down into a hole between the tree roots. Scorpions inhabited the dry trees and their marks were visible everywhere, but the poisonous reptiles left me in peace.

WATER AT LAST

I lay for ten hours wide awake. At seven o'clock I took the wooden haft of the spade and went alone through the wood, for Kasim could not move. I dropped down again and again on fallen trunks to rest ; a few more staggering steps and again a rest on a stump. When I could not hold myself up, I crawled inch by inch through the brushwood, tearing my hands and clothes. It grew dusk and then dark in the wood. I felt sleep gradually creeping over me to rob me of life. For if I had fallen asleep now, I should never have awakened again. My last struggle was, then, against drowsiness.

Then the wood suddenly came to an end and the bed of the Khotan river lay before me. But the bottom was dry, as dry as the sand in the desert ! I was at the summer margin of the river, where water only flows when the snow melts on the mountains to the south. But I was not going to die on the bank ; I would cross the whole bed before I gave myself up for lost. The bed was a mile and a quarter broad, a terrible distance for my strength. I walked slowly with the spade-handle for a stick, crawling for long distances and often resting and exerting all the force of my will to resist sleep. Hitherto we had been always making eastwards, but this night I walked involuntarily south-east. It was as though I were guided by an unseen hand.

The crescent moon threw a pale light over the dry

river-bed. I went towards the middle and expected to see a silvery streak glisten on a sheet of water. After an interval, which seemed endless, I descried the line of wood on the eastern bank. It became more distinct. A fallen poplar lay projecting over a hollow in the river-bed and on the bank were close thickets of bushes and reeds. I rested once more. Was it possible that the whole bed was dry? I felt that all my remaining strength would be needed to reach the bank. Was I to die of thirst in the middle of a river-bed? I rose painfully to walk the last bit, but I had not taken many steps before I stopped short. A duck rose on whirring wings, I heard the plashing sound of water, and the next moment I stood at the edge of a fresh, cool, beautiful pool.

I fell on my knees and thanked God for my marvellous escape. Then I took out my watch and felt my feeble pulse, which beat forty-nine. Then I drank, slowly at first and then more freely. A deal of water was needed to slake such a thirst; I drank and drank until at length I was satisfied. Then I sat down to rest and felt that I was reviving quickly. After a few minutes my pulse had risen to fifty-six. My hands, which had just been withered and hard as wood, softened, the blood flowed more easily through my veins and my forehead became moist. Life seemed more desirable and delightful than ever. Then I drank again, and thought of my wonderful deliverance. If I had passed fifty steps to the right or left of the pool, I should probably never have found it, or if I had crawled on in the wrong direction, I should have had to walk six miles to the next pool,

which I could not have done before sleep with the death trance in its train came and carried me off.

Now my thoughts flew to the dying Kasim. He needed help at once, if his life was to be saved. Dipping my waterproof boots in the pool I filled them to the top, passed the straps over the ends of the spade shaft, and with this over my shoulder retraced my steps. It was pitch-dark in the wood and it was impossible to see the track. I called out "Kasim" with all the force of my lungs, but heard no answer. Then I sought out a dense clump of dried branches and brushwood and set it on fire. The flame shot up immediately, the pile of dry twigs crackled, burst and frizzled, the dried herbage was scorched by the draught from below, tongues of flame licked the poplar trunks, and it became as light as in the middle of the day, a yellowish red gleam illuminating the dark recesses of the wood. Kasim could not be far off, and must see the fire. Again I looked for the trail, but as I only got confused in the wood I stayed by the fire, propped the boots against a root, laid myself down where the flames could not reach me, but where I was safe from tigers and other wild beasts, and slept soundly.

When day broke I found the trail. Kasim was lying where I left him. "I am dying," he whispered in a scarcely audible voice ; but when I raised one of the boots to his lips, he roused himself up and drank, and emptied the other one also. Then we agreed to go together to the pool. It was impossible to turn back into the desert, for we had not eaten for a week, and now that our thirst was quenched we

were attacked by hunger. Besides, we felt quite sure that the other men were dead some days ago.

Kasim was so exhausted that he could not go with me. As he was at any rate on the right track, and it was now most important to find something to eat, I went alone to the pool, drank, bathed, and rested, and then walked southwards. At nine o'clock a violent westerly storm arose, driving clouds of sand along the ground. After wandering three hours it occurred to me that it was not wise to leave the beneficent pool. I therefore turned back, but after half an hour only found instead a very small pool with indifferent water. It was no use wandering about in such a storm, for I could not see where I was going; the wind roared and whistled through the wood, and I was half dead with fatigue and hunger.

I therefore crept into a small thicket close to this pool, where I was out of reach of the storm, and making a pillow of my boots and cap, slept soundly and heavily. Since May 1 I had had no proper sleep. When I woke it was already dark, and the storm still howled through the wood. I was now so tortured by hunger that I began to eat grass, flowers, and reed shoots. There were numbers of young frogs in the pool. They were bitter, but I pinched their necks and swallowed them whole. After eating my supper I collected a store of branches to keep up a fire during the night, and then I crept into my lair in the thicket and gazed into the fire for a couple of hours while the storm raged outside. Then I went to sleep again.

At dawn on May 7 I crept out of the thicket and decided to march southwards until I met with human beings. This time I took water with me in my boots, but after a few hours my feet were so sore and blistered that I had to bind them up in long strips of my shirt. At length to my delight I found a sheepfold on the bank ; it had evidently not been used for a long time, but it showed that shepherds must live in the woods somewhere.

At noon heat and fatigue drove me into the wood again, where I ate a breakfast of grass and reeds. After a rest I wandered on again hour after hour towards the south, but at eight o'clock I could go no farther, and before it became quite dark I tried to make myself comfortable on a small space sheltered by poplars and bushes, and there as usual I lighted my camp fire. I had nothing else to do but lie and stare into the flames and listen to the curious mournful sounds in the wood. Sometimes I heard tapping steps and dry twigs cracking. It might be tigers, but I trusted that they would not venture to attack me just when I had been saved in such a remarkable manner.

I rose on May 8 while it was still dark, and sought for a path in the wood, but I had not gone far before the trees became scattered and came to an end, and the dismal yellow desert lay before me. I knew it only too well, and made haste back to the river-bed. I rested during the hot hours of the day in the shadow of a poplar and then set off again. I now followed the right bank of the river, and shortly before sunset stopped dead before a remarkable sight—the fresh

track of two barefooted men who had driven four asses northwards.

It was hopeless to try and overtake these wayfarers, and therefore I followed their track in the opposite direction. I travelled more quickly than usual, the evening was calm and still, twilight fell over the wood. At a jutting point of the bank I seemed to hear an unusual sound, and held my breath to listen. But the wood was still sad and dreary. "Perhaps it was a warbler or a thrush," I thought, and walked on. A little later I pulled up again. This time I heard quite plainly a man's voice and the low of a cow. I quickly pulled on my wet boots and rushed into the wood. A flock of sheep watched by its shepherd was feeding on an open glade among the trees. The man seemed petrified at first when he saw me, and then he turned on his heels and vanished among the brushwood.

After a while he came back with an older shepherd, and I gave them an account of my adventures and begged for bread. They did not know what to believe, but they took me to their hut and gave me maize bread and ewe's milk.

The best thing of all, however, was that three traders rode up next day, and I learned from them that some days previously they had discovered a dying man beside a white camel on the bank of the river. It was Islam Bay! They had given him water and food, and the following day both he and Kasim appeared in my hut. Our delight was great, though we mourned for our comrades who had died of thirst in the desert.

IV

THE COBRA

The cobra, or spectacled snake, is the most poisonous snake in India. It is very general in all parts of India, in Further India, in southern China, in the Sunda Islands, and Ceylon. Its colour is sometimes yellowish, shading into blue, sometimes brown, and dirty white on the under side. It is about five feet long. When it is irritated it raises up the front part of its body like a swan's neck, spreads out the eight foremost pairs of ribs at the sides, so that a hat or shield-shaped hood is formed below the head. The rest of the body is curled round, and gives the creature firm support when it balances the upper part of its body ready to inflict its poisonous bite with lightning speed. On the back of its hood are yellow markings like a pair of spectacles.

The cobra lives in old walls or heaps of stone and timber, under roots, or in dead trunks in the forest, in fact anywhere where he can find a sheltered hole. He does not avoid human dwellings, and he may often be seen, heavy and motionless, rolled up before his hole. But as soon as a man approaches he glides quickly and noiselessly into his hole, and if attacked defends himself with a weapon which is as dangerous as a revolver.

He is a day snake, but avoids sunshine and heat and prefers to seek his food after sunset. He should more properly be described as a snake of the twilight. He glides under the close brushwood of the jungle in

pursuit of lizards and frogs, birds, eggs, and rats or other small animals that come in his way. On his roamings he also climbs up trees and creeping plants, and swims across large streams. It might be thought that a vessel anchored off the coast would be safe from cobras, but cases have been known of these snakes swimming out, crawling up the anchor chains, and creeping on board.

The female lays a score of long eggs as large as a pigeon's, but with a soft shell. The male and female are believed to entertain a great affection for each other, for it has been noticed that when one of them is killed, the other is shortly seen at the same spot.

The Hindus regard the cobra as a god, and are loath to kill him. Many cannot bring themselves to do so. If a cobra comes into a hut, the owner sets out milk for him and protects him in every way, and when the reptile becomes practically tame and finds that he is left undisturbed, he does his host no harm. But if the snake kills any one in the hut, he is caught, carried to a distance, and let loose. If he bites a man and then is killed, the bitten man must also die. If he meets with an unfriendly reception in a hut, he brings ruin to the inmates; but if he is hospitably entertained, he brings good fortune and prosperity. If a serpent-charmer kills a cobra, he loses for ever his power over snakes. It is natural that a creature which is treated with such reverence must multiply excessively. About twenty thousand men are killed annually in India by snakes.

The cobra's poison is secreted in glands, and is forced out through the poison teeth when these

pierce through the skin of a man or animal. Its effect is virulent when it enters the blood. If the bite pierces a large artery death follows surely and rapidly. Otherwise the victim does not die for several hours, and may be saved by suitable remedies applied immediately. A dog when bitten begins to bark and howl, vomits, and jumps about in the greatest uneasiness and despair. In a short time he becomes weak and helpless and dies. If the same cobra bites several victims one after the other within a couple of hours, the first dies, the second becomes violently ill, while the third is less affected. This is, of course, due to the fact that the contents of the poison glands become gradually exhausted ; but they soon collect again.

When a man is bitten, his body becomes deadly cold, and every sign of life disappears. His breathing and pulse cannot be perceived at all. He loses consciousness and feeling and cannot even swallow. With judicious treatment the small spark of life still left may be preserved. For about ten days, however, the invalid remains very feeble, and then a slow improvement sets in. But as a rule the man dies, for in the Indian jungle help is seldom at hand, and the end soon comes. If the victim lies for two whole days as though dead, and yet does not actually die, it may be hoped that his body is throwing off the effect of the poison.

There are many extraordinary men in India. In Benares especially, but also in any other town, the shrivelled self-torturers called "fakirs" may be seen in the streets. They are stark naked save for

a small loin-cloth. They are miserable and thin as skeletons, and their whole bodies are smeared with ashes. They sit motionless at the street corners of Benares, always in the same posture. One sits cross-legged with his arms stretched up. Try to hold your arms straight up only for five minutes, and you will feel that they gradually grow numb. But this man always sits thus. His arms seem to become fixed in this unnatural position. As he never uses them they wither away in time. Compared with his large head they might belong to a child. Another purposely extinguishes the light of his eyes by staring day after day straight at the sun with wide-open eyes.

Among the curiosities of India are also the snake-charmers. There are several varieties of them, and it seems difficult to distinguish exactly between them. Some appear to be themselves afraid of the snakes they exhibit, while others handle them with a remarkable contempt of danger. Some pull out the snake's poison fangs so that they may always be safe, while others leave them in, and then everything depends on the charmer's skill and dexterity and the quickness with which he avoids the bite of the snake. It frequently happens that the charmer is bitten and killed by his own snakes.

It is not true, as was formerly believed, that the snake-charmer can entice snakes out of their holes by the soothing tones of his flute and make them dance to his piping. The dancing is a much simpler affair. When the captured snake rears up and sways the upper part of his body to and fro, the charmer



A SNAKE-CHARMER.

holds out some hard object, perhaps a fragment of brick. The snake bites, but hurts himself, and after a while gives up biting. Then the charmer can put his hand in front of the snake's head without being bitten. But when the snake is irritated he still assumes the same attitude of defence, swaying to and fro, and thus he seems to be dancing to the sound of the flute.

There are, however, some daring charmers who, by the strains of their instrument and the movements of their hands, seem to exercise a certain power over the cobra. They seem to throw the snake into a short faint or stupor, a kind of hypnotic sleep. The charmer takes his place in a courtyard, and the spectators gather round him at a safe distance. He has his cobra in a round, flat basket. The basket he places on the ground and raises the cover. Then he rouses and provokes the snake to make it lift up the upper part of its body and expand its hood with the spectacles. All the time he plays his flute with one hand. With the other he makes waving mesmeric passes. The snake gradually becomes quiet and calm, and the charmer can press his lips against the scales of its forehead. Then the charmer throws it on one side with a sudden movement, for the snake may have waked up again and be just on the point of biting.

All depends on the charmer's quickness and his knowledge of the snake's disposition. The slightest movement of its muscles and the expression of its eyes is sufficient to indicate the snake's intentions to the charmer. It is said that an expert charmer can

play with a freshly caught snake as easily as with an old one. The art consists in lulling the snake to sleep and perceiving when the dangerous moment is coming. During the whole exhibition the monotonous squeak of the flute never ceases. Courage and presence of mind are necessary for such a dangerous game.

Europeans who have seen these snake-men catch cobras say that their skilfulness and boldness are remarkable. They seize the snake with bare hands as it glides through the grass. This is a trick of legerdemain in which everything depends on the dexterity of the fingers and a quickness greater than that of the snake itself. The snake-catcher seizes the tail with his left hand and passes the right with lightning rapidity along the body up to the head, which he grips with the thumb and forefinger so that the snake is held as in a vice. Probably the trick consists in depriving the snake of support to its body with the left hand and producing undulations which annul those of the reptile itself.

When charmers go out to catch snakes they are always in parties of two or three. Some of them take with them antidotes to snake bites. If a man is bitten, a bandage is wound tightly above the wound and the poison is sucked out. Then a small black stone, as large as an almond, is laid on the wound. This absorbs blood and some at least of the poison. Adhering fast to the wound, it does not fall off until it has finished its work. That so many men die of snake bites is, of course, because assistance comes too late.

When the charmer begins to play with a cobra he fixes his eyes on it and never removes them for a second. And the same is true of the cobra, which keeps its eyes constantly on the charmer. It is like a duel in which one of the combatants is liable to be killed if he does not parry at the right moment. Still more watchful is a cobra when he fights with a mongoose. The mongoose is a small beast of prey of the Viverridæ family. It is barely as large as a cat, has a long body and short legs, and is the deadly enemy of the cobra. There is a splendid story in Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book* of how a pet mongoose—"Rikki-tikki-tavi"—killed two large cobras.

V

MARCO POLO

In 1162 was born in Mongolia a chief of the savage mounted hordes who bore the name of Jenghiz Khan. He subdued all the surrounding tribes, and the whole Mongol race was collected under his banner. The more his power increased, the more extensive regions he desired to conquer, and he did not rest till practically all Asia was reduced under his rule. His motto was "One God in heaven and one Great Khan on earth." He was not content with a kingdom as large as that of Alexander or Cæsar, but wished to reign over all the known world, and with this aim before his eyes he rode with his horsemen from country to country over the great continent. Everywhere he left sorrow and mourning, burnt and pillaged towns in his track. He was the greatest

and most savage conqueror known in history. When he was at the height of his power he collected treasure from innumerable different peoples, from the peninsula of Further India to Novgorod, from Japan to



MARCO POLO.

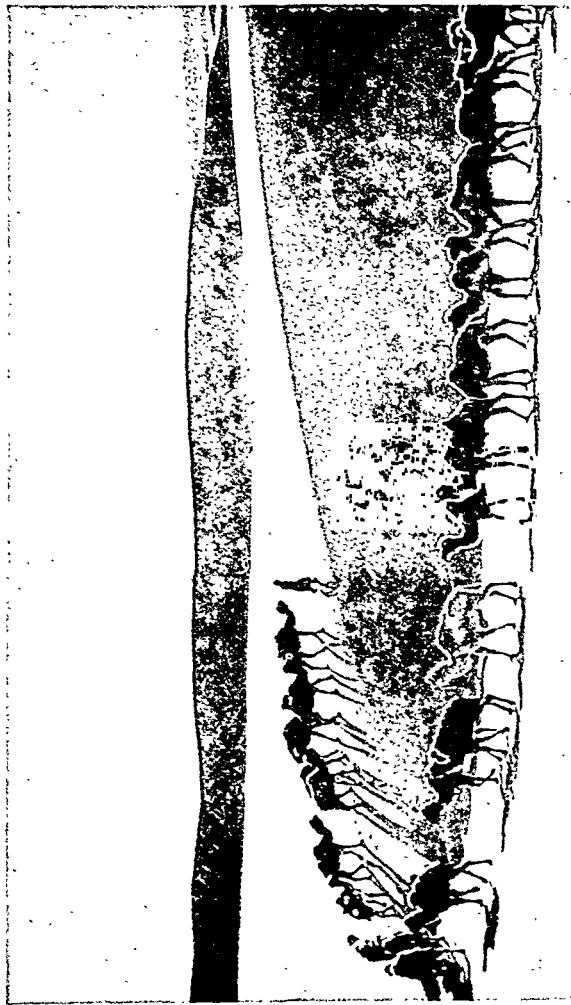
Silesia. To his court came ambassadors from the French kings and the Turkish sultans, from the Russian Grand Dukes and the Khalifs and Popes of the time. No man before or since has caused such

a stir among the sons of men, and brought such different peoples into involuntary communication with one another. Jenghiz Khan ruled over more than half the human race, and even in many of the countries which he pillaged and destroyed his memory is feared even to this day.

At his death Jenghiz Khan was sixty-five years old, and he bequeathed his immense kingdom to his four sons. One of these was the father of Kublai Khan, who conquered China in 1280 and established the Mongolian dynasty in the Middle Kingdom. His court was even more brilliant than that of his grandfather, and an exact description both of the great Khan and his empire was given by the great traveller Marco Polo.

In the year 1260 two merchants from Venice were dwelling in Constantinople. They were named Nicolo and Maffeo Polo. Their desire to open trade relations with Asia induced them to travel to the Crimea, and thence across the Volga and through Bukhara to the court of the Great Khan, Kublai. Up to that time only vague rumours of the great civilized empire far in the East had been spread by Catholic missionaries.

The Great Khan, who had never seen Europeans, was pleased at the arrival of the Venetians, received them kindly, and made them tell of all the wonderful things in their own country. Finally he decided to send them back with a letter to the Pope, in which he begged him to send a hundred wise and learned missionaries out to the East. He wished to employ them in training and enlightening the rude tribes of the steppe.



MONGOLIA.—A CAMEL CARAVAN IN THE Gobi DESERT.

After nine years' absence the travellers returned to Venice. The Pope was dead, and they waited two years fruitlessly for a successor to be elected. As, then, they did not wish the Great Khan to believe them untrustworthy, they decided to return to the Far East, and on this journey they took with them Nicolo's son, Marco Polo, aged fifteen years.

Our three travellers betook themselves from Syria to Mosul, quite close to the ruins of Nineveh on the Tigris, and thence to Baghdad and Hormuz, a town situated on the small strait between the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea. Then they proceeded northwards through the whole of Persia and northern Afghanistan, and along the Amu-darya to the Pamir, following routes which had to wait 600 years for new travellers from Europe. Past Yarkand, Khotan, and Lop-nor, and through the whole of the Gobi desert, they finally made their way to China.

It was in the year 1275 that, after several years' wanderings, they came to the court of the Great Khan in eastern Mongolia. The potentate was so delighted with Marco Polo, who learned to read and write several Eastern languages, that he took him into his service. The first commission he entrusted to the young Venetian was an official journey to northern and western China. Polo had noticed that Kublai Khan liked to hear curious and extraordinary accounts from foreign countries, and he therefore treasured up in his memory all he saw and experienced in order to relate it to the Emperor on his return. Accordingly he steadily rose higher in the estimation of Kublai Khan, and was sent out

on other official journeys, even as far as India and 2
the borders of Tibet, was for three years governor of
a large town, and was also employed at the capital,
 Peking.

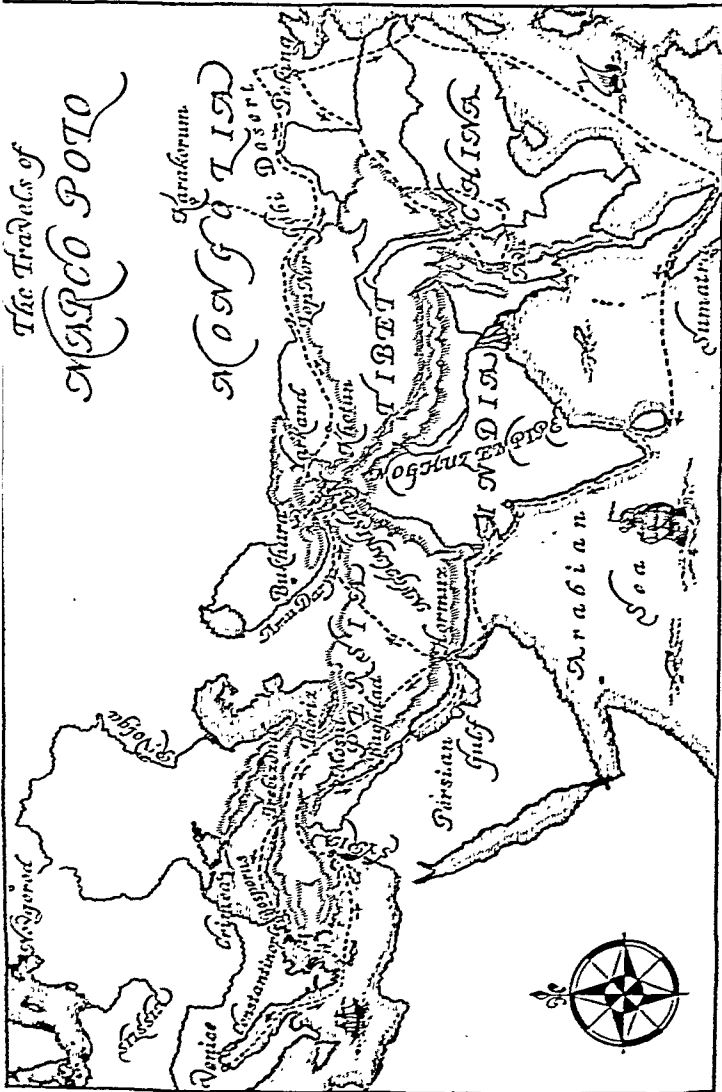
Marco Polo relates how the Emperor goes hunting. He sits in a palanquin like a small room, with a roof, and carried by four elephants. The outside of the palanquin is overlaid with plates of beaten gold and the inside is draped with tiger skins. A dozen of his best gerfalcons are beside him, and near at hand ride several of his attendant lords. Presently one of them will exclaim, "Look, Sire, there are some cranes." Then the Emperor has the roof opened and throws out one of the falcons to strike down the game ; this sport gives him great satisfaction. Then he comes to his camp, which is composed of 10,000 tents. His own audience tent is so large that it can easily hold 1000 persons, and he has another for private interviews, and a third for sleeping. They are supported by three tent-poles, are covered outside with tiger skins, and inside with ermine and sable. Marco Polo says that the tents are so fine and costly that it is not every king who could pay for them.

Only the most illustrious noblemen can wait on the Emperor at table. They have cloths of silk and gold wound over their mouths and noses that their breath may not pollute the dishes and cups presented to His Majesty. And every time the Emperor drinks, a powerful band of music strikes up, and all who are present fall on their knees.

All merchants who come to the capital, and especially those who bring gold and silver, precious

The Travels of

MARCO POLO



stones and pearls, must sell their valuables to the Emperor alone. Marco Polo thinks it quite natural that Kublai Khan should have greater treasures than all the kings of the world, for he pays only with paper money, which he makes as he likes, for notes were current at that time in China.

So Marco Polo and his father and uncle lived for many long years in the Middle Kingdom, and by their cleverness and patient industry accumulated much property. But the Emperor, their protector, was old, and they feared that their position would be very different after his death. They longed, too, to go home to Venice, but whenever they spoke of setting out, Kublai Khan bade them stay a little longer.

However, an event occurred which facilitated their departure. Persia also stood under the supremacy of the Mongols, and its prince or Khan was a close connection of Kublai Khan. The Persian Khan had lost his favourite wife, and now desired to carry out the wish she had expressed on her deathbed that he should marry a princess of her own race. Therefore he despatched an embassy to Kublai Khan. It was well received, and a young, beautiful princess was selected for the Khan of Persia. But the land journey of over 4000 miles from Peking to Tabriz was considered too trying for a young woman, so the ambassadors decided to return by sea.

They had conceived a great friendship and respect for the three Venetians, and they requested Kublai Khan to send them with them, for they were skilful mariners, and Marco Polo had lately been in India,

and could give them much valuable information about the sea route thither. At last Kublai Khan yielded, and equipped the whole party with great liberality. In the year 1292 they sailed southwards from the coast of China.

Many misfortunes, storms, shipwreck, and fever befell them on the voyage. They tarried long on the coasts of Sumatra and India, a large part of the crew perished and two of the three ambassadors died, but the young lady and her Venetian cavaliers at last reached Persia safe and sound. As the Khan had died, the princess had to put up with his nephew, and she was much distressed when the Polos took leave of her to return home to Venice by way of Tabriz, Trebizond, the Bosphorus, and Constantinople. There they arrived in the year 1295, having been absent for twenty-four years.

Their relatives and friends had supposed them to be dead long before. They had almost forgotten their mother tongue, and appeared in their native city in shabby Asiatic clothes. The first thing they did was to go to the old house of their fathers and knock at the door; but their relations did not recognize them, would not believe their romantic story, and sent them about their business.

The three Polos accordingly took another house and here made a great feast for all their family. When the guests were all seated round the table and the banquet was about to commence, the three hosts entered, dressed down to the feet in garments of costly crimson silk. And as water was taken round for the guests to wash their hands, they exchanged

their dresses for Asiatic mantles of the finest texture, the silken dresses being cut into pieces and distributed among their retainers. Then they appeared in robes of the most valuable velvet, while the mantles were divided among the servants, and lastly the velvet went the same way.

All the guests were astonished at what they saw. When the board was cleared and the servants were gone, Marco Polo brought in the shabby, tattered clothes the three travellers had worn when their relatives would not acknowledge them. The seams of these garments were ripped up with sharp knives, and out poured heaps of jewels on to the table—rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds. When Kublai Khan gave them leave to depart they exchanged all their wealth for precious stones, because they knew that they could not carry a heavy weight of gold such a long way. They had sewed the stones in their clothes that no one might suspect that they had them.

When the guests saw these treasures scattered over the table their astonishment knew no bounds. And now all had to acknowledge that these three gentlemen were really the missing members of the Polo house. So they became the object of the greatest reverence and respect. When news about them spread through Venice the good citizens crowded to their house, all eager to embrace and welcome the far-travelled men and to pay them homage. “The young men came daily to visit and converse with the ever polite and gracious Messer Marco, and to ask him questions about Cathay and the Great Can, all

which he answered with such kindly courtesy that every man felt himself in a manner his debtor." But when he talked of the Great Khan's immense wealth, and of other treasures accumulated in Eastern lands, he continually spoke of millions and millions, and therefore he was nicknamed by his countrymen Messer Marco Millionì.

At that time, and for long afterwards, great envy and jealousy raged between the three great commercial republics, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. In the year 1298 the Genoese equipped a mighty fleet which ravaged the Venetian territory on the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic Sea. Here it was met by the Venetian fleet, in which Marco Polo commanded a galley. After a hot fight the Genoese gained the victory, and with 7000 prisoners sailed home to Genoa, where they made a grand procession through the city amidst the jubilation of the people. The prisoners were put in chains and cast into prison, and among them was Marco Polo.

In the prison Marco had a companion in misfortune, the author Rusticiano from Pisa. It was he who recorded Marco Polo's remarkable adventures in Asia from his dictation, and therefore there is cause of satisfaction at the result of the battle, for otherwise the name of Marco Polo might perhaps have been unknown to posterity.

After a year prisoners were exchanged and Marco Polo returned to Venice, where he married and had three daughters. In the year 1324 he died, and was buried in the Church of San Lorenzo in Venice.

On his deathbed he was admonished to retract

his extraordinary narrative. No reliance was placed on his words, and even at the beginning of the eighteenth century there were learned men who maintained that his whole story was an excellently planned romance. The narrative taken down in prison was, however, distributed in an innumerable number of manuscript copies. The great Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America, found in it a support to his conviction that by sailing west a man would at length come to India.

There are many curious statements in Marco Polo's book. He speaks of the "Land of Darkness" in the north, and of islands in the northern sea which lie so far north that if a man travels thither he leaves the pole-star behind him. We miss also much that we should expect to find. Thus, for example, Marco Polo does not once mention the Great Wall, though he must have passed through it several times. Still his book is a treasure of geographical information, and most of his discoveries and reports were confirmed five hundred years later. His life was a long romance, and he occupies one of the foremost places among discoverers of all ages.

VI

NIKKO, NARA AND KIOTO

From Tokio we travel northwards by train in two hours to Nikko. There are several villages, and we put up in one of them. In front of the inn ripples a clear stream, spanned by two bridges, one of which

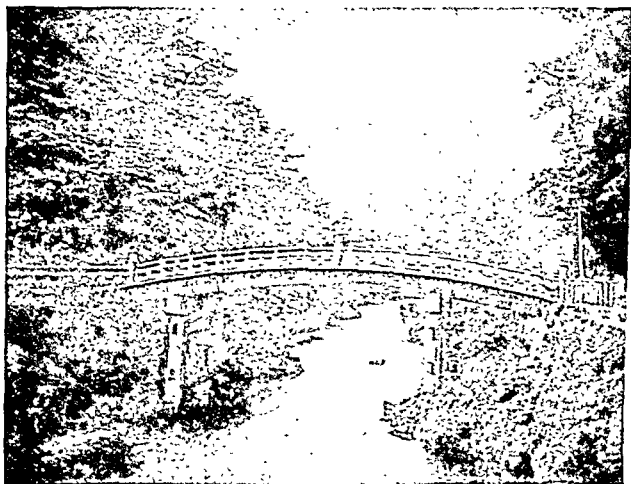
is arched and furnished with a red parapet. Only the Emperor and his family may step on to this bridge ; other mortals must pass over another bridge near at hand. On the farther side we ascend a tremendously long avenue of grand cryptomerias rising straight up to the sky. It leads to a mausoleum erected to the memory of the first Shogun of the famous dynasty of Tokugawa. The first of them died in the year 1616.

This mausoleum is considered to be the most remarkable sight in Japan. It is not huge and massive, like the Buddhist temple in Kioto, the old capital of Japan. It is somewhat small, but both outside and inside it displays unusually exquisite artistic skill. Granite steps lead up to it. A *torii*, or portal, is artistically carved in stone, and another is so perfect that the architect feared the envy of the gods, and therefore placed one of the pillars upside down. We see carved in wood three apes, one holding his hands before his eyes, another over his ears, and the third over his mouth. That means that they will neither see, hear, nor speak anything evil. A pagoda rises in five blood-red storeys. At all the projections of the roof hang round bells, which sound melodiously to the movement of the wind. In the interior of the temple the sightseer is lost in dark passages dimly illuminated by oil lamps carried by the priests. The walls are all covered with the finest paintings in gold and lacquer. A moss-grown stone staircase leads down to the tomb where the Shogun sleeps.

Nara is situated immediately to the south of Kioto.

NIKKO, NARA AND KIOTO

Here are many famous temples, pagodas, and *torii*, and here also is the largest image of Buddha in Japan, twelve hundred years old. The finest thing of all, however, is the temple park of Nara, where silence and peace reign in a grove of tall cryptomerias. Along the walks are several rows of stone lamps



[E.N.A.]

NIKKO.—THE SACRED BRIDGE OF HEAVEN.

placed on high pedestals of stone. They stand close together and may number a thousand. Each of these lamps is a gift of some wealthy man to the temple. On great festivals oil lamps are placed in them. Hundreds of roedeer live in the park of Nara. They are as tame as lambs, and wherever you go they come skipping up with easy, lively

jumps. Barley cakes for them to eat are sold along the paths of the park, and you buy a whole basket of these. In a minute you are surrounded by roe-deer, stretching out their delicate, pretty heads and gazing at the basket with their lovely brown eyes. Here a wonderful air of peace and happiness prevails. The steps of roedeer and pilgrims are heard on the sand of the paths, but otherwise there is complete silence and quiet. The feeling reminds one of that which is experienced at the Taj Mahal.

All Japan is like a museum. You can travel about for years and daily find new gems of natural beauty and of the most perfect art. Everything seems so small and delicate. Even the people are small. The roads are narrow, and are chiefly used by rickshas and foot passengers. The houses are dolls' closets. The railways are of narrow gauge, and the carriages like our tramcars. But if you wish to see something large you can visit the Buddhist temple in Kioto. There we are received with boundless hospitality by the high priest, Count Otani, who leads us round and shows us the huge halls where Buddha sits dreaming, and his own palace, which is one of the most richly and expensively adorned in all Japan.

If you wish to see something else which does not exactly belong to the small things of Japan you should visit a temple in Osaka, the chief manufacturing town of Japan. There hangs a bell which is 25 feet high and weighs 220 tons. In a frame beside the bell is suspended a beam, a regular battering-ram, which is set in motion up and down when the bell is sounded.

NIKKO, NARA AND KIOTO

And when the bell emits its heavy, deafening ring it sounds like thunder.

Kioto is much handsomer than Tokio, for it has been less affected by the influence of Western lands, and lies amidst hills and gardens. Kioto is the genuine old Japan with attractive bazaars and bright streets. Shall we look into a couple of shops?



[E.N.A.]

KIOTO.—THE OLD SHOGUN'S TEMPLE.

Here is an art-dealer's. We enter from the street straight into a large room full of interesting things, but the dealer takes us into quite a small room, where he invites us to sit at a table. And now he brings out one costly article after another. First he shows us some gold lacquered boxes, on which are depicted trees and houses and the sun in gold, and

golden boats sailing over water. One tiny box, containing several compartments and drawers, and covered all over with the finest gold inlaying, costs only three thousand *yen*, or about three hundred pounds. Then he shows us an old man in ivory lying on a carpet of ivory and reading a book, while a small boy in ivory has climbed on to his back. From a whole elephant tusk a number of small elephants have been carved, becoming smaller towards the point of the tusk, but all cut out in the same piece. You are tired of looking at them, they are so many, and they are all executed with such exact faithfulness to nature that you would hardly be surprised if they began to move.

Then he sets on the table a dozen metal boxes exquisitely adorned with coloured lacquer. On the lid of a silver box an adventure of a monkey is represented in raised work. Pursued by a snake, the monkey has taken refuge in a cranny beneath a projecting rock. The snake sits on the top. He cannot see the monkey, but he catches sight of his reflection in the water below the stone. The monkey, too, sees the image of the snake, and each is now waiting for the other.

Now the shopman comes with two tortoises in bronze. The Japanese are experts in metal-work, and there is almost life and movement in these creatures. Now he throws on to the table a snake three feet long. It is composed of numberless small movable rings of iron fastened together, and looks marvellously life-like. Just at the door stands a heavy copper bowl on a lacquered tripod, a gong

that sounds like a temple bell when its edge is struck with a skin-covered stick. It is beaten out of a single piece, not cast, and therefore it has such a wonderful vibrating and long-continued ring.

Let us also go into one of the famous large silk-shops. Shining white silk with white embroidered chrysanthemum flowers on it—women's kimonos with clusters of blue flowers on the sleeves and skirt—landscapes, fishing-boats, ducks and pigeons, monkeys and tigers, all painted or embroidered on silk—herons and cranes in thick raised needlework on screens in black frames—everything is good and tasteful.

Among the most exquisite, however, are the cloths of cut velvet. This is a wonderful art not found in any other country than Japan. The finest white silken threads are tightly woven over straight copper wires laid close together, making a white cloth of perhaps ten feet square, interwoven with copper wires. An artist paints in bright colours on the cloth a landscape, a rushing brook among red maples, a bridge, a mill-wheel, and a hut on the bank. When he has done, he cuts with a sharp knife along each of the numberless copper wires. Every time he cuts, the point of the knife follows one of the copper wires, and he cuts only over the coloured parts. The fine silk threads are thus severed and their ends stand up like a brush. Then the copper wires are drawn out, and there stand the red trees, hut, and bridge in close velvet on a foundation of silk.

In all kinds of handicrafts and mechanical work

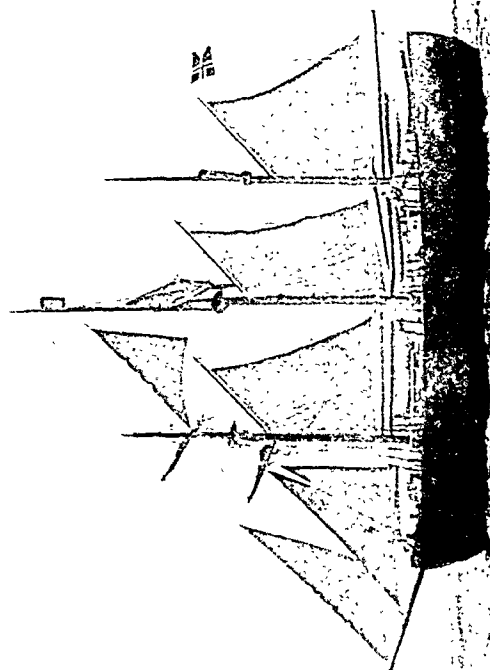
the Japanese are experts. A workman will sit with inexhaustible patience and diligence for days, and even months and years, executing in ivory a boy carrying a fruit basket on his back. He strikes and cuts with his small hammers and knives, his chisels and files, and gives himself no rest until the boy is finished. Perhaps it may cost him a year's work, but the price is so high that all his expenses for the year are covered when the boy is sold to an art-dealer.

VII

NANSEN

From many signs around the northern cap of the world a young Norwegian, Fridtjof Nansen, came to the conclusion that a constant current must flow from the neighbourhood of Behring Strait to the east coast of Greenland.

Nansen resolved to make use of this current. Others had gone up from the Atlantic side and been driven back by the current. He would start from the opposite side and get the help of the current. Others had feared and avoided the pack-ice. He would make for it and allow himself to be caught in it. Others had sailed in unsuitable vessels which had been crushed like nut-shells among the floes. He would build a vessel with sides sloping inwards which would afford no hold to the ice. The more the ice pressed the more surely would this ship be lifted up out of the water and be borne safely on the ice with the current.



NANSEN'S SHIP, THE "*Fram*."

The progress would be slow, no doubt, but the expedition would see regions of the world never before visited, and would have opportunities of investigating the depth of the sea, the weather and winds. To reach the small point called the North Pole was in Nansen's opinion of minor importance.

Among the many who wished to go with him he chose the best twelve. The vessel was christened the *Fram*, and the captain was named Sverdrup. He had been with Nansen before on an expedition when they crossed the inland ice of Greenland from coast to coast. They took provisions for five years and were excellently equipped.

The first thing was to reach the New Siberia Islands. To those the *Vega* had shown the way, and the *Fram* had only to follow in her track. Just to the west of them a course was steered northwards, and soon the vessel was set fast in the ice and was lifted satisfactorily on to its surface without the smallest leak. So far everything had gone as Nansen anticipated, and the experienced Polar voyagers who had declared that the whole scheme was madness had to acknowledge that they were not so clever as they thought.

We have unfortunately no time to accompany the voyagers on their slow journey. They got on well, and were comfortable on board. The ice groaned and cracked as usual, but within the heavy timbers of the *Fram* there was peace. The night came, long, dark, and silent. Polar bears stalked outside and were often shot. Before it became quite dark Nansen tried the dogs at drawing sledges. They

were harnessed, but when he took his seat, off they went in the wildest career. They romped over blocks and holes, and Nansen was thrown backwards, but sat fast in the sledge and could not be thrown out. In time the driving went better, and the poor, faithful animals had always to go on sledge excursions. Two were seized by Polar bears and two were bitten to death by their comrades. One fine day, however, puppies came into the world in the midst of the deepest darkness. When they first saw the sun they barked furiously.

The *Fram* drifted north-west just as Nansen had foreseen, passing over great depths where the two thousand fathom line did not reach the bottom. Christmas was kept with a Norwegian festival, and when the eightieth parallel was crossed a tremendous feast was held ; but the return of the sun on February 20 excited the greatest delight. The spring and summer passed without any remarkable events. Kennels were erected on the ice out of boxes, and more puppies came into the world. Possibly these were as much astonished at the winter darkness as their cousins had been at seeing the sun.

Nansen had long been pondering on a bold scheme—namely, to advance with dog sledges as far as possible to the north and then turn southwards to Franz Josef Land. The ship was meanwhile to go on with the drift and the usual observations were to be taken on board. Only one man was to go with him, and he chose Lieutenant Johansen. He first spoke to him about the scheme in November, 1894. It was, of course, a matter of life or death, so he told

Johansen to take a day or two to think it over before he gave his answer. But the latter said "Yes" at once without a moment's hesitation. "Then we will begin our preparations to-morrow," said Nansen.

All the winter was spent in them. They made two "kayaks," each to hold a single man, somewhat larger and stronger than those the Eskimos use when they go fishing or seal-hunting. With a frame of ribs and covered with sail-cloth these canoes weighed only thirty pounds. They were covered in all over, and when the boatman had taken his seat in the middle and made all tight around him, seas might sweep right over him and the kayak without doing any harm. A dog sledge, harness, a sleeping-bag for two, skis, staffs, provisions, oil cooking-stove—all was made ready.

The start took place at the turn of the year, when the most terrible ice pressure broke loose on all sides threatening the *Fram*. Mountains of ice-blocks and snow were thrust against the vessel, which was in danger of being buried under them. The sea water was forced up over the ice and the dogs were nearly drowned in their kennels and had to be rescued quickly. Banks of ice were pushed against the vessel, rolled over the bulwarks, and weighed down the awning on the deck ; and it was pitch dark, so that they could not find out where danger threatened. They had, however, stored provisions for two hundred days in a safe place. By degrees the ice came to rest again and the great rampart was digged away.

Twice did Nansen and Johansen set out northwards, only to come back again. Once a sledge broke, and on the other occasion the load was too heavy. On March 14 they left the *Fram* for the last time and directed their steps northward. They had three sledges and twenty-eight dogs, but they themselves walked on skis and looked after their teams. At first the ice was level and the pace was rapid, but afterwards it became lumpy and uneven, and travelling was slow, as first one sledge and then another stuck fast.

After two marches the temperature fell to -45° , and it was very cold in the small silk tent. They were able to march for nine hours, and when the ice was level it seemed as if the endless white plains might extend up to the Pole. So long as they were travelling they did not feel the cold, but the perspiration from their bodies froze in their clothes, so that they were encased in a hauberk of ice which cracked at every step. Nansen's wrists were made sore by rubbing against his hard sleeves, and did not heal till far on in the summer.

They always looked out for some sheltered crevice in the ice to camp in. Johansen looked after the dogs and fed them, while Nansen set up the tent and filled the pot with ice. The evening meal was the pleasantest in the day, for then at any rate they were warmed inside. After it they packed themselves in their sleeping bag, when the ice on their clothes melted and they lay all night as in a cold compress. They dreamed of sledges and dog teams, and Johansen would call out to the dogs in his sleep,

urging them on. Then they would wake up again in the bitter morning, rouse up the dogs, lying huddled up together and growling at the cold, disentangle the trace lines, load the sledges, and off they would go through the great solitude.

Only too frequently the ice was unfavourable, the sledges stuck fast, and had to be pushed over ridges and fissures. They struggle on northwards, however, and have travelled a degree of latitude. It is tiring work to march and crawl in this way, and sometimes they are so worn out that they almost go to sleep on their skis while the dogs gently trot beside them. The dogs too are tired of this toil, and two of them have to be killed. They are cut up and distributed among their comrades, some of whom refuse to turn cannibals.

When the ice became still worse and the cold white desert looked like a heap of stones as far northwards as the eye could see, Nansen decided to turn back. It was impossible to find their way back to the *Fram*, for several snowstorms had swept over the ice obliterating their tracks. The only thing to do was to steer a course for the group of islands called Franz Josef Land. It was 430 miles off, and the provisions were coming to an end; but when the spring really set in they would surely find game, and they had for their two guns a hundred and eighty cartridges with ball and a hundred and fifty with shot. The dogs had the worst of it; for them it was a real "dog's life" up there. The stronger were gradually to eat up the weaker.

So they turned back and made long marches over

easy ice. One day they saw a complete tree trunk sticking up out of the ice. What singular fortunes it must have experienced since it parted from its root ! At the end of April the spoor of two foxes was seen in the snow. Was land near, or what were these fellows doing out here on the ice-covered sea ? Two days later a dog named Gulen was sacrificed. He was born on the *Fram*, and during his short life had never seen anything but snow and ice ; now he was worn out and exhausted, and the travellers were sorry to part from the faithful soul.

Open water, sunlit billows ! How delightful to hear them splash against the edge of the ice ! The sound seemed to speak of spring and summer, and to give them a greeting from the great ocean and the way back home. More tracks of foxes indicated land, and they looked out for it daily. They did not suspect that they had to travel for three months to the nearest island.

At the beginning of May only sixteen dogs were left. Now the long summer day commenced in the Arctic Ocean, and when the temperature was only twenty degrees below freezing point they suffered from heat. But the ice was bad, and they had to force the sledges over deep channels and high hummocks thrust up by pressure. After great difficulties they staggered along on skis. The work became heavier for the dogs as fewer were left, but the provisions also diminished.

A furious snowstorm compelled them to remain in a camp. There they left one of the sledges, and some broken skis were offered to the flames and made

a grand fire. Six dogs could still be harnessed to each of the two remaining sledges.

At the end of May they came to an expanse of ice intersected by a network of channels with open water, which blocked the way. Now animal life began to appear with the coming of summer. In a large opening were seen the grey backs of narwhals rolling over in the dark-blue water. A seal or two were seeking fish, and tracks of Polar bears made them long for fresh meat. Nansen often made long excursions in front to see where the ice was best. Then Johansen remained waiting by the sledges, and if the bold ski-runner were long away he began to fear that an accident had happened. He dared not pursue his thoughts to an end—he would then be quite alone.

June comes. The scream of ivory gulls pierces the air. The two men remain a week in a camp to make their kayaks seaworthy. They have still bread for quite a month. Only six dogs are left; when only three remain they will have to harness themselves to the sledges.

In a large strip of open water they shoved out the kayaks, fastened them together with skis, and paddled them along the margin of the ice. On the other side they shot two seals and three Polar bears, and therefore had meat for a long time. The last two dogs, too, could eat their fill.

At last the land they longed for appeared to the south, and they hastened thither, a man and a dog to each sledge. Once they had again to cross a strip of open water in kayaks. Nansen was at the

edge of the ice when he heard Johansen call out, "Get your gun." Nansen turned and saw that a large bear had knocked Johansen down and was sniffing at him. Nansen was about to take up his gun when the kayak slipped out into the water, and while he was hauling and pulling at it he heard Johansen say quite quietly, "You must look sharp if you want to be in time." So at last he got hold of his gun, and the bear received his death-wound.

For five months they had struggled over the ice, when at the beginning of August they stood at the margin of the ice and had open water before them off the land. Now the sea voyage was to begin, and they had to part with their last two dogs. It was a bitter moment. Nansen took Johansen's dog and Johansen Nansen's, and a couple of bullets were the reward of their faithfulness.

Now they travelled more easily and quickly. The kayaks were fastened together, and with masts and sails they skimmed past unknown islands. Heavy seas forced them to land on one of them. Just as they drew up their kayaks a white bear came waddling along, got scent of them, and began to sniff along their track. To our travellers his visit meant provisions for a long time. Nansen and his travelling companion took possession of their new territory, wandered over the island, and returned to their dinner of bear, which did them good. Next day they looked for a suitable dwelling-place. As they could not find a cave, they built a small stone cabin, which they roofed with skis and the silk tent. Light and wind came in on all sides, but it was

comfortable enough and the meat pot bubbled over a fire of fat.

Nansen decided to remain on this island for the winter. The islands they had hitherto seen were unlike any of the known parts of Franz Josef Land, and Nansen did not know exactly where he was. It was impossible to venture out on the open sea in the kayaks. It was better to lay in a supply of food for the winter, for when darkness came all the game would disappear. First of all they must build a comfortable hut. There was plenty of stone and moss, a trunk of driftwood found on the beach would form a roof ridge, and if they could only get hold of a couple of walruses, their roofing would be provided.

A large male walrus was lying puffing out in the water. The kayaks were shoved out and lashed together, and from them the colossus was bombarded. He dived, but came up under the boats, and the whole contrivance was nearly capsized. At last he received his death-wound, but just as Nansen was about to strike his harpoon into him he sank. They had better luck, however, with two others which lay bellowing on the ice and gradually went to sleep, unconscious that their minutes were numbered. Nansen says that it seemed like murder to shoot them, and that he never forgot their brown, imploring, melancholy eyes as they lay supporting their heads on their tusks and coughing up blood. Then the great brutes were flayed, and their flesh, blubber, and hides carried into the hut. When they brought out the sledges and knives, Nansen thought it might be as well to take the kayaks with them also. And

that was fortunate, for while they stood cutting up as in a slaughter-house, a strong, biting land wind sprang up, their ice-floe parted from the land ice and drifted away from the island. Dark-green water and white foaming surge yawned behind them. There was no time to think. They were drifting out to sea as fast as they could. But to go back empty-handed would have been too vexatious ; so they cut off a quarter of a hide and dragged it with some lumps of blubber to the kayaks. They reached the land in safety, dead tired after an adventurous row, and sought the shelter of the hut.

In the night came a bear mamma with two large cubs, and made a thorough inspection of the outside of the hut. The mother was shot and the cubs made off to the shore, plunged in, and swam out to a slab of ice which would just bear them, and scrambled up. There they stood moaning and whining, and wondering why their mother stayed so long on shore. One tumbled over the edge, but climbed up again on to the slippery floe and the clean salt water ran off his fur. They drifted away with the wind and soon looked like two white spots on the almost black water. Nansen and Johansen wanted their meat, the more because the bears had torn and mangled all the walrus meat lying outside the hut. The kayaks were pushed out and were soon on the farther side of the floe with the bear cubs. They were chased into the water and followed all the way to the beach, where they were shot.

Things now began to look better—three bears all at once ! Then the first walrus came to the surface

again, and while he was being skinned another came to look on and had to join him. It was disgusting work to flay the huge brutes. Both the men had their worn clothes smeared with train-oil and blood, so that they were soaked right through. Ivory and glaucous gulls, noisy and greedy, collected from far and near and picked up all the offal. They would soon fly south, the sea would be covered with ice, and the Polar night would be so dismal and silent.

It took a week to get the new hut ready. The shoulder blade of a walrus fastened to a ski served as spade. A walrus tusk tied to a broken ski staff made an excellent hoe. Then they raised the walls of the hut, and inside they dug into the ground and made a sort of couch for both of them, which they covered with bearskin. After two more walruses had been shot they had plenty of roofing material, which they laid over the trunk of driftwood. A bear came, indeed, and pulled down everything, but it cost him dear, and afterwards the roof was strengthened with a weight of stones. To make a draught through the open fireplace they set up on the roof a chimney of ice. They then moved into the new hut, which was to be their abode through the long winter.

On October 15 they saw the sun for the last time. The bears vanished, and did not return till the next spring. But foxes were left, and they were extremely inquisitive and thievish. They stole their sail thread and steel wire, their harpoon and line, and it was quite impossible to find the stolen goods again. What they wanted with a thermometer which lay outside it is hard to conceive, for it must have been all the

same to the foxes how many degrees of temperature there were in their earths. All winter they were up on the roof pattering, growling, howling, and quarrelling. There was a pleasant rattling up above, and the two men really would not have been without their fox company.

One can hardly say that the days passed slowly, for the whole winter was, of course, one long night. It was so silent and empty, and an oppressive, solemn stillness reigned during the calm night. Sometimes the aurora blazed in a mysterious crown in the sky, at other times so dark, and the stars glittered with inconceivable brilliance. The weather, however, was seldom calm. Usually the wind howled round the bare rocks lashed by millions of storms since the earliest times, and snow swished outside and built up walls close around the hut.

The endlessly long night passed slowly on. The men ate and slept, and walked up and down in the darkness to stretch their limbs. Then came Christmas with its old memories. They clean up, sweep and brush, and take up a foot's depth of frozen refuse from the floor of the hut. They rummage for some of the last good things from the *Fram*, and then Nansen lies listening and fancies he hears the church bells at home.

In the midst of the winter night comes New Year's Day, when it is so cold that they can only lie down and sleep, and look out of their sleeping-bag only to eat. Sometimes they do not put out their noses for twenty hours on end, but lie dozing just like bears in their lairs.

On the last day of February the sun at last appears

again. He is heartily welcome, and he is accompanied by some morning birds, Little Auks. The two men are frightened of each other when daylight shines on them, as their hair and beards have grown so long. They have not washed for a year or more, and are as black in the face as negroes. Nansen, who is usually extremely fair, has now jet-black hair. They may be excused for not bathing at a temperature of -40° .

The first bear has come. Here he is scratching at the hut and wanting to get in ; there is such a good smell from inside. A bullet meets him on the way. And as he runs off up a steep slope he gets another, and comes rolling down in wild bounces like a football. They lived on him for six weeks.

While the days grew lighter they worked at a new outfit. They made trousers out of their blankets. Shoes were patched, rope was cut out of walrus hide, new runners were put on the sledges, the provisions were packed, and on May 19 they left their cabin and marched farther south-west.

Time after time they had to rest on account of snowstorms. They had thrown away the tent, and instead they crept in between the sledges covered with the sail. Once Nansen came down when on skis, and would have been drowned if Johansen had not helped him up in time. The snow lying on this ice was soaked with water. They had always to keep their eyes open and look for firm ice. The provisions came to an end, but the sea swarmed with walruses. Sometimes the animals were so bold that Nansen could go up to them and take photo-

graphs. When a fine brute had been shot the others still lay quiet, and only by hitting them with their alpenstocks could the travellers get rid of them. Then the animals would waddle off in single file and plunge head first into the water, which seemed to boil up around them.

Once they had such level ice and a good wind behind them that they hoisted sail on the sledges, stood on skis in front of them to steer, and flew along so that the snow was thrown up around them.

Another time they sailed with the kayaks lashed together and went ashore on an island to get a better view. The kayak raft was moored with a walrus rope. As they were strolling round Johansen called out, "Hullo, the kayaks are adrift."

They ran down. The wind was blowing off the land. Out on the fiord all they possessed in the world was being mercilessly carried away.

"Take my watch," cried Nansen, and throwing off a few clothes he jumped into the ice-cold water, and swam after the kayaks. But they drifted more rapidly than Nansen swam, and the case seemed hopeless. He felt his limbs growing numb, but he thought he might as well drown as swim back without the boats. He struck out for his life, became tired, lay on his back, went on again, saw that the distance was lessening and put out all his strength for a last spurt. He was quite spent and on the point of sinking when he caught hold of one of the canoes and could hang on and get his breath. Then he heaved himself up into the kayak, and rowed back shivering, with chattering teeth, benumbed, and

frozen blue. When he reached the land Johansen put him in the sleeping-bag and laid over him everything he could find. And when he had slept a few hours he was as lively as a cricket and did justice to the supper.

Farther and farther south they continued their daring journey over ice and waves. A walrus came up beside Nansen's canoe, and tried its solidity with his tusks, nearly taking kayak and oarsman down with him to the salt depths. When the animal went off, Nansen felt uncomfortably cold and wet about the legs. He rowed to the nearest ice, where the kayak sank in shallow water and all he possessed was wet and spoiled. Then they had to give themselves a good rest and repair all damages, while walruses grunted and snorted close beside them.

This journey of Nansen's is a unique feat in the history of Polar travels. Of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, a hundred and thirty-four men, not one had escaped, though they had not lost their vessels and though they lay quite close to a coast where there were human beings and game. But these two Norwegians had now held out in the Polar sea for fifteen months, and had preserved their lives and limbs and were in excellent condition.

Their hour of delivery was at hand. On June 17 Nansen ascended an ice hummock and listened to the commotion made by a whole multitude of birds. What now? He listens holding his breath. No, it is impossible! Yes, indeed, that is a dog's bark. It must surely be a bird with a peculiar cry. No, it is a dog barking.

He hurried back to the camp. Johansen thought it was a mistake. They bolted their breakfast. Then Nansen fastened skis on his feet, took his gun, field-glass, and alpenstock, and flew swiftly as the wind over the white snow.

See, there are the footprints of a dog ! Perhaps a fox ? No, they would be much smaller. He flies over the ice towards the land. Now he hears a man's voice. He yells with all the power of his lungs and takes no heed of holes and lumps as he speeds along towards life, safety, and home.

Then a dog runs up barking. Behind him comes a man. Nansen hurries to meet him, and both wave their caps. Whoever this traveller with the dog may be, he has good reason for astonishment at seeing a jet-black giant come jolting on skis straight from the North Pole.

They meet. They put out their hands.

"How do you do ?" asks the Englishman.

"Very well, thank you," says Nansen.

"I am very glad to see you here."

"So am I," cries Nansen.

The Englishman with the dog is named Jackson, and has been for two years in Franz Josef Land making sledge journeys and explorations. He concludes that the black man on skis is some one from the *Fram*, but when he hears that it is Nansen himself he is still more astonished and agreeably surprised.

They went to Jackson's house, whither Johansen also was fetched. Both our explorers washed with soap and brush several times to get off the worst of the dirt, all that was not firmly set and imbedded in

their skins. They scrubbed and scraped and changed their clothes from top to toe, and at last looked like human beings.

Later in the summer a vessel came with supplies for Jackson. With this vessel Nansen and Johansen sailed home. At Vardō they received telegrams from their families, and their delight was unbounded. Only one thing troubled them. Where was the *Fram*? Some little time later Nansen was awakened at Hammerfest one morning by a telegraph messenger. The telegram he brought read: "*Fram* arrived in good condition. All well on board. Shall start at once for Tromsø. Welcome home." The sender of the telegram was the captain of the *Fram*, the brave and faithful Sverdrup.

(Fridtjof Nansen died on May 13th, 1930, aged 68 years.)

A KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE WILDERNESS

An account of Anthony Hendry, a pioneer who helped to establish the British position in Canada, from "Knights Errant of the Wilderness," by MORDEN H. LONG.

OFF the south coast of England lies a little island, the Isle of Wight. About twenty miles in length and clothed with verdure to the steep cliff edge, it lies like a great green shield athwart the entrance to Southampton Water and guards the approach to the busy harbour of Southampton and to Portsmouth, Britain's greatest naval base. Here and there streams from inland have worn their channels through the cliffs, forming little ravines, or chines as they are called, that slope downward to the sea. These are one of the great beauties of the Island, for often vegetation has followed the path of the streams down to the very sand of the shore, and the little brooks now gurgle and brawl and splash their way seaward beneath a cool shade of trees and vines, while under foot and in the crannies of the rocks grow deep mosses and a multitude of flowers.

Nowadays these beauty spots are the chief delight of the tourist and the nature lover, but in the eighteenth century they often served quite another purpose. The clefts thus made in the steep cliffs formed a ready way of getting up from the shore to the interior, and along the ravines, both on the Isle of Wight and the opposite Hampshire coast, bands

of smugglers many a time stealthily and by night transported inland from their boats on the beach forbidden cargoes of French brandies and wines, laces and silks—much to the loss of His Majesty's customs revenue and greatly to the profit of the smugglers themselves.

But it was a perilous game, as one young lad, Anthony Hendry, found out to his cost. Many of the people of the Island were hand in glove with the smugglers and assisted them, but the government maintained a force of revenue officers to prevent this breaking of the law. These men were ever on the alert. It was a matching of wits between them and the smugglers, in which first one and then the other came off best. Often hard blows and even bullets were exchanged. The smuggler made big profits, but he did so under the imminent risk of prison and the gallows.

It was no doubt the adventurous nature of this calling that appealed to young Hendry. He was a strong and active youth, with good red blood in his veins. To stay quietly at his home on the Isle of Wight was too tame a life for him. He loved the sea beside which he had been brought up. He loved ships and the voyages which he could make so easily across the Channel to the ports of France. Above all, he loved the excitement of evading the king's revenue officers and running the cargoes of smuggled goods safe up the cliffs and inland to secret places, where presently they could be disposed of.

For a time all went well with Hendry in his career

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of smuggling, and then, one dark night in 1748, the luck changed. A band of revenue officers on the prowl observed the momentary flash of a lantern, apparently a signal from a vessel close inshore. For a second the gleam of another lantern at the cliff's base answered it. Smugglers were at work. The officers waited until the band would be in the middle of their work, with the goods spread out on the beach. Then they crept cautiously forward.

Suddenly the leader called out, "Hold, in the king's name!" Then bedlam was let loose. Though surprised, the smugglers put up a stout resistance. Blows fell; muskets and pistols flashed. But the revenue men were out in force. Some of the smugglers were knocked down and captured. Others succeeded in pushing out to sea in the ship's boat. A few made off hotfoot along the beach with the revenue officers in full chase. Among those to escape was Hendry, but he had been recognized, and the courts passed sentence of outlawry upon him.

Often one is safest from discovery in a multitude, so Hendry turned his steps towards London. For two years he eluded capture. Then, thinking perhaps to make a fresh start in life in a new and distant world, he applied for a position with the Hudson's Bay Company. The Company of Adventurers, not knowing that he was a fugitive from justice, accepted his services, and thus Anthony Hendry, ex-smuggler and outlaw, in 1750 took ship for York Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay.

The Company made a good bargain when it took on its new employee. For four years Hendry did

good and faithful service, and he rose to the responsible position of bookkeeper at Fort York. He was different, however, from the other servants of the Company. They were quite content to remain in the comparatively comfortable posts on the shores of the Bay, and they were timid and fearful about venturing into the vast, unexplored interior. Hendry, on the other hand, was of a bold and enterprising temper. He chafed continually under the confinement and monotony of life in the fort. He would rather take canoe with the Indians and travel with them by forest and stream and plain to their home on the "great river" of which they so often spoke. At last he volunteered to go inland with the natives, explore their country, and invite them down to Fort York for trade.

The Company gladly accepted Hendry's offer, and well they might do so, for the long struggle with the French for the fur trade had revived in a new and dangerous form. De Troyes sixty years before had raided the Bay and captured all the Company's forts but Nelson. Then, in 1697, D'Iberville took that fort, too, and the treaty of Ryswick left the English with only Fort Albany in their possession. But the War of the Spanish Succession, owing to the genius of the great Duke of Marlborough, went in favour of Britain, and the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, had placed the Company once more in complete possession of the Bay. For thirty years and more thereafter the Adventurers had no rivals, either on the Bay or in the whole North-West.

Then^a came a change. La Vérendrye and his

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sons pierced through from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and from Lake Winnipeg up the Red, the Assiniboine, and the Saskatchewan. Everywhere they claimed the land for France. Other French traders followed in their footsteps. French forts began to spring up farther and farther west. The Indians no longer needed to come down to the Bay for trade, for the French were there right in the midst of them. So, fewer and fewer fleets of canoes shot down the Nelson and the Hayes each spring to the Company's fort, and the Company's dividends began to dwindle. Something must be done, and the officers on the Bay clutched eagerly at Hendry's offer to explore inland.

It was midsummer, 1754. Four hundred Assiniboines had come down from the upper country to pitch their tepees for trade at Fort York. Row upon row their birch-bark canoes lay upon the banks of the Hayes. Half-naked children played merrily everywhere. Everywhere skulked, snarled, and fought the hordes of ill-favoured curs that haunt an Indian encampment. The squaws, gay with new red flannels, gaudy prints, coloured beads, and little tin mirrors, busied themselves with fishing, cutting the firewood, preparing the meals, and other such tasks—for all the drudgery of life was theirs. Their lazy lords smoked contentedly the tobacco gained in trade at the fort. A few of the chiefs strutted about in all the finery of red coats, pantaloons, and bright-coloured stockings, the gifts by which the Governor had shown his esteem and friendship. Others were busy gumming with melted resin the splits in the

birch-bark canoes, for the party, having traded its furs and being supplied with muskets and powder and shot for another season, was soon to set out on its long journey home again.

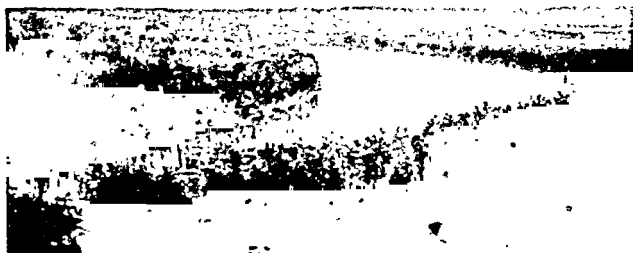
Mingling with this motley crew of savages went Anthony Hendry. He quickly picked up a knowledge of the Assiniboine speech and was tireless in his questions about the upper country and the route that they followed thither. By the promise of great rewards he induced an Indian, called "Little Deer," to be his guide to the unexplored "Great River," the Saskatchewan, on whose banks the French had built forts, and when, on June 26th, 1754, the Indians set out from York Factory, Hendry was given a hearty farewell by his less adventurous comrades.

Patiently paddling, portaging, and tracking the canoes up the Hayes River, the party made fair progress, considering the rapidity of the current. By July 6th they had reached Oxford Lake without incident, except for tremendous storms of rain, thunder, and lightning. Turning west at this point, by a series of little streams and lakes they made their way across to the Upper Nelson. The country was barren, and they suffered much from scarcity of food. "We are greatly fatigued," Hendry writes, "with carrying and hauling our canoes and we are not well fed; but the natives are continually smoking, which I find allays hunger." To this trial was added the terrible pest of the mosquitoes which hung around the party in clouds. "They are intolerable," Hendry says, "giving us peace neither night nor day." However, Hendry was tough as

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the Indians themselves and so was able to sustain all the hardships of the journey.

Travelling south-westward from the Upper Nelson by way of Playgreen and Moose Lakes and an intervening network of streams, on July 22nd Hendry at last had the satisfaction of gliding out upon the broad waters of the "Great River," of which the Indians had told. It was a historic moment, for he was the



[E.N.A.]

A STRETCH OF THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, ALBERTA, CANADA.

first Englishman to behold the Saskatchewan, that mighty river of the Canadian plains. Hendry was now nearly five hundred miles from York Factory, but the river, on whose majestic, sweeping current he gazed, had its sources in the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains, almost a thousand miles still farther to the west.

Twenty-two miles upstream, about where the Pas

now is, they came to a French fort built by the trader De La Corne in the previous year. "On our arrival two gentlemen came to the water side," writes Hendry, "and in a very genteel manner invited me into their house, which I accepted. One of them asked me if I had any letter from my master and where, on what design, I was going inland. I answered that I had no letter and that I was sent to view the country and intended to return in the spring. He told me the Master (De La Corne) and men were gone down to Montreal with the furs, and that they must detain me till their return. However, they were very kind, and at night I went to my tent and told Attickasish, or Little Deer, who smiled and answered, 'They dare not.' I sent them two feet of tobacco, which was very acceptable to them." Tobacco was, in those days, put up in long twisted rolls and measured off by the foot or the yard. The Frenchmen, in their turn, invited Hendry to breakfast and dinner and presented him with the gift of some choice moose flesh. Next morning, without let or hindrance, Hendry went on his way. Such was the first meeting on the plains of the Great West of those two races which, for a century and a half, had been contending for the mastery of North America, "and which at that very moment were girding themselves for the great final act of that epic struggle. Some miles above the fort Hendry turned south from what was afterwards called the Carrot River, both banks of which

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were thickly lined with birch trees. Then, abandoning their canoes, they struck boldly out overland for the open plains. The march was a trying one. Mosquitoes still plagued them. Food was scarce. "Neither bird nor beast is to be seen," writes Hendry, "and we have nothing to eat." At last, after seventy miles, they chanced upon a huge patch of ripe raspberries and wild cherries. Two moose, also, were shot, and multitudes of red deer were encountered. "I am now," Hendry records, "entering a most pleasant and plentiful country of hills and dales with little woods." Accordingly, on August 8th, a halt was made to celebrate their safe return through all dangers from their long journey to the Bay. All joined in the feasting and smoking and dancing, which lasted for a day and a night. From now on they could proceed more leisurely on their way, as game could be had in abundance and they no longer needed to fear the danger of famine.

They met numerous tribes, mostly Assiniboines. With all of them Hendry smoked the peace pipe, and he invited them down to the shores of the Bay to trade their furs with the English. But in almost every case the reply was the same: "We are conveniently supplied from the Paqua-Mistagushewuck Whiskeheginish," that is, the trading house of the Frenchmen. Hendry soon plainly saw that if the Company was to compete successfully with the French, it, too, must build forts on the plains and bring its goods right to the very door of the Indians.

"On the 13th of August," Hendry writes, "we are now entered the Muskuty Plains and shall soon

see plenty of buffalo and the Archithinue Indians, hunting them on horseback." By the Muskuty Plains he apparently means the open, treeless prairie, and the Archithinue Indians are no other than the famous Blackfoot Confederacy of Bloods, Blackfeet, Piegans, and Sarcees. These were the most fierce and warlike of all the tribes of the Far West. The traders of Hudson Bay had never heard of these strange "Horse Indians," and Hendry was determined not to turn back until he had met their great chief and had invited him to send his men down to the Bay for trade.

Two days later they sighted several herds of buffalo grazing peacefully on the plains, but, after closely examining the ground, Hendry's Indians told him that the main herd had moved off to the northwest and that the Blackfeet, whom they were seeking, had followed them. He at once commanded his party to travel in the same direction.

This brought them, in five days, to a large river with high banks, crowned with birch, poplar, and fir trees. Undoubtedly this was the South Saskatchewan River. Hendry was at a loss to know how the party could cross it, but the Indians soon found a way. Felling some willows, they made rough canoe frames from the branches and covered them deftly with moose skins. In half a day the task was done, and the party was carried safely across to the other bank. Three days later they came to another broad stream flowing rapidly eastward between high, forest-clothed banks. This was the North Saskatchewan. They were in between the two branches of

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the great river to the west of the Forks and were entering the finest hunting-ground in all the West, a hunter's paradise, where buffalo, moose, deer, wild fowl, fish, and beaver abounded.

In mid-September Hendry writes, "I cannot describe the fineness of the weather and the pleasant country I am now in." They were by that time in the midst of the buffalo herds, and the Indians made great slaughter with bow and arrow among the noble beasts. But the casualties were not all on one side. "Sunday," Hendry says, "I dressed a lame man's leg, and he gave me for my trouble a moose nose, which is considered a great delicacy among the Indians." A little later, he tells us: "I went with the young men a-buffalo hunting, all armed with bows and arrows; killed several; fine sport. We beat them about, lodging twenty arrows in one beast. I killed a bull buffalo; he was nothing but skin and bone. I took out his tongue and left his remains to the wolves, which were waiting around in great numbers. My feet are swelled with marching, but otherwise I am in perfect health. So expert are the natives buffalo hunting they will take an arrow out of the buffalo when the beasts are foaming and raging with pain and tearing the ground up with their feet and horns until they fall down. The buffalo are so numerous, like herds of English cattle, that we are obliged to make them sheer out of our way."

Other and less welcome game than buffalo was also to be found. Grizzly bears, such as Kelsey had encountered farther east and north, were found here

too. On September 17th, Hendry tells us : " Two young men were miserably wounded by a grizzly bear that they were hunting to-day. One may recover but the other never can." The next day this Indian died. Later another Indian, when hunting for beaver, wounded a grizzly bear. With a ferocious growl the huge beast rushed at him, but he flung his beaver coat in its face, which the bear in its rage stopped to rend into pieces. Thus the Indian escaped by a trick they commonly used when forced to flee from a bear.

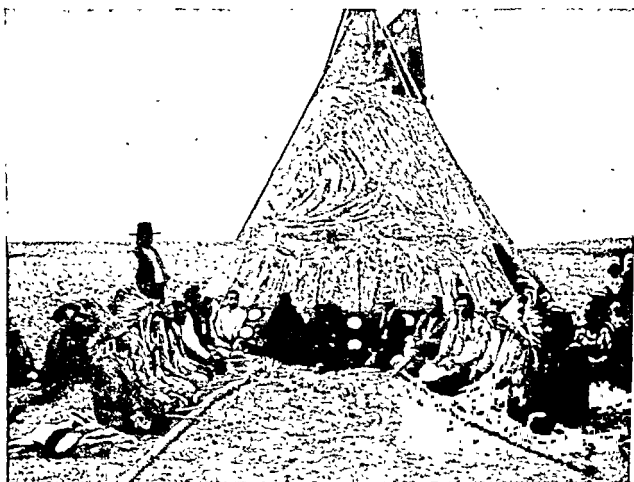
They now began to overtake the Blackfeet, and on October 1st they at last encountered a party. These redoubtable warriors rode up very gallantly and fearlessly, armed with bows and arrows, darts, and bone lances or spears. Hendry smoked the peace pipe with them and presented their leader with gifts. The latter promised in turn to announce the coming of the White Men to the Great Chief of his Nation.

It was not until October 14th, however, after they had travelled south-west across the Red Deer River, that they overtook the main Blackfoot encampment. It consisted of two hundred tepees, pitched in two rows, so as to form a street, about the middle of which was an opening where the great tent of the chief was placed. Up this street marched the bold English explorer, preceded by four of the principal Indians of his party, and with the rest bringing up the rear. As he passed, he was followed by the craning necks and peering eyes of multitudes of warriors, squaws, and children, whose first glimpse this was of one of

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the strange race of white men, of whom they had often heard tell.

The tent of the Great Chief, Hendry tells us, "was large enough to contain fifty persons. He received us, seated on a buffalo skin, attended by twenty elderly men. He made signs to me to sit down on



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BLACKFEET INDIANS PLAYING "HIDE-THE-STICK" BEFORE
ONE OF THEIR QUAINLY DECORATED TENTS.

his right hand, which I did. Our leaders (the Assiniboines) set several great pipes going the rounds and we smoked according to their custom. Not one word was spoken. Smoking over, 'boiled buffalo flesh was served in baskets of bent wood. I was presented with ten buffalo tongues."

These friendly ceremonies over, Hendry now came to business. "Great Chief of the Blackfeet," he said, "I am sent by the White Chiefs who live afar off by the Great Eastern Waters to invite you to send your young men down to their forts with the fur of the fox and the beaver. For these they will receive in return beads and cloth and powder and shot and guns and all things else that their hearts may desire. And by the White Chiefs they will be received with kindness and friendship."

The wily old Chief did not answer at once but when Hendry came the next morning he said: "White Man, I have heard thy message, but the fort is far off. Our young men ride the plains like the wind, but they know not the skill of the paddle. They live not on fish, but on the flesh of the buffalo. They follow the herds as they wander from place to place, and winter and summer they lack not for food day by day. The bow and the arrow, the spear and the dart suffice them. They are lords of the plentiful plains, while we hear that those who go down to the fort oftentimes starve on the way. Therefore we cannot go to the fort, though we thank thee for coming this long way to invite us. White Man, go in peace, and carry the word of the Blackfeet in friendship to the Great White Chiefs who dwell by the far Salt Water." He then presented Hendry and the Assiniboine leaders with gifts, and they took their departure. "His remarks," Hendry frankly records, "I thought exceedingly true."

The explorer noted many interesting things about these strange Indians. Their horses they turned out

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to grass, tethered by long thongs of buffalo hide to stakes driven fast in the ground. Their pads and stirrups were also of buffalo skin, while their halters were plaited of hair. Their horses were clean-cut and spirited and about fourteen hands high. The Blackfeet were splendid horsemen and delighted to show their skill in racing each other and in hunting the buffalo. The chiefs maintained strict discipline over their warriors, and a careful watch by scouting outposts was kept around the encampment.

Hendry's mission was now really finished, but he could not easily return to York Factory until the Indians went down in the spring. After leaving the Blackfeet, he travelled south-west sixty miles and then circled northward. In a fairly well-wooded country, watered by many streams, in which the beaver were plentiful, he made preparations for passing the winter. As closely as we can tell he was now somewhere near the upper Red Deer River, about midway between the spots where now stand the cities of Edmonton and Calgary. From Fort York he had travelled in his roundabout course probably nearly one thousand three hundred miles, while, as the crow flies, he was distant about nine hundred and fifty miles from his friends on the shores of Hudson Bay.

It was now November, and the squaws of the party were busy dressing skins for moccasins and winter clothing. Hendry tells how the women sat at the doors of the tepees "knitting moose leather into snowshoes" for winter travel in the woods. But the warriors spent their time feasting and dancing and thumping their tom-toms, with no thought for the

morrow, though many of them were not yet half provided with skins for warmth in the winter. "What surprises me most," Hendry writes, "they never go out of their tents but when they want provisions, although the beaver and otters are swarming about us in the creeks and swamps."

The autumn was mild and beautiful. On December 1st Hendry was still wearing his summer clothing, and in his journal he says: "No frost here more than in the middle of summer." Then winter swooped down with true Western suddenness. The very next day came a blinding snowstorm and a frost that hardened the ground and sealed up the sloughs with ice. The lazy Indian braves now busied themselves with hunting and trapping to secure the skins for their winter clothes. But Hendry was surprised to note that when they had killed all they wanted for food and for clothing, they would exert themselves no further and relapsed again into idleness.

"Why do you not trap the fox and the beaver?" asked the impatient trader.

"The Blackfeet would kill us if we trapped in their country," they replied, with a cunning smile.

Hendry was not satisfied. "Where, then, will you get the skins to carry down to the fort in the spring?" he demanded.

At first they laughed and remained silent, but when he pressed them for an answer, they impatiently said: "We can get from the Blackfeet far more furs in the spring than our canoes can carry. Why, then, should we labour?"

Hendry now understood. The Assiniboines

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bought furs from the Blackfeet with the goods they got from the white men, and in turn sold the furs to the Company at a good profit. Thus in the winter they could afford to live idly at ease, though in spring and summer they had to face the arduous trip to the trading posts.

The winter passed pleasantly. The encampment was moved leisurely about from place to place. There was an abundance of game, and Hendry hunted and trapped to his heart's content. A party of Indians who had raided the Blackfeet joined them with many fresh scalps and a number of prisoners. They offered Hendry the gift of a boy and a girl as his slaves, but he declined them with thanks.

Early in March they began to move eastward. For some distance they went down the Red Deer on sleds. Then the ice grew unsafe, and they began preparations for the long trip to the Bay. The young men went in search of birch bark for canoes, the older men fashioned the vessels, and the women prepared bags of dried meat or pemmican, as it was called, for the journey. All were in cheerful spirits at the coming of spring. Feasting and dancing and thumping of native drums were incessant. On April 23rd Hendry took part in the celebration by hanging out his flag in honour of St. George. He explained the meaning of his act to the curious savages. They were vastly impressed by the story of St. George and the Dragon and enthusiastically joined in with him to do honour to such a great warrior. Thus was held the first strange, quaint

commemoration of the patron saint of England on the plains of the Great West.

That very evening the ice broke up in the river, and on the 28th they embarked in their canoes for distant Fort York. It was easy going downstream on the Red Deer and the Saskatchewan. The current was swift, and the melting snows made the channel deep and free, so they easily made thirty or forty miles a day. Frequently they encountered other bands of Assiniboines, all well supplied with furs which they had acquired, for the most part, by trade with the Blackfeet. Of over sixty canoes that now made up their flotilla, Hendry says, there was "not a pot nor a kettle among us." They had all been exchanged with the Blackfeet for the pelts that filled the canoes.

A little below the Forks of the Saskatchewan they came to the first French fort. Hendry was hospitably received by the French commander, but there was guile in his kindness. While he was dining with the leader the French soldiers poured out ten gallons of brandy for Hendry's Indians, and then when they were in the genial humour thus produced proceeded to trade with them. "It is surprising," Hendry wrote ruefully, "to observe what an influence the French have over the natives. I am certain they have got about one thousand of the richest skins." Three days elapsed before Hendry could coax the Indians away from their over-friendly French hosts.

Six days later they came to the fort at the Pas, where Hendry had called on his way up the river. De La Corne, the commandant, had now returned

from the East, and he and his little garrison of nine men received the Englishman cordially. But it was only to play on him the same trick as before. "The Indians are all drunk," Hendry laments, "but the master was very kind to me. He is dressed very genteel, but his men wear only drawers and striped cotton shirts, ruffled at the hand and breast. This house has been long a place of trade and is named Basquia. It is twenty-six feet long, twelve wide, nine high, having a sloping roof, the walls log on log, the top covered with willows, and divided into three rooms, one for trade, one for storing furs, and one for dwelling." De La Corne showed Hendry his storeroom filled with furs, and he records: "The French speak several Indian languages to perfection; they have the advantage of us in every shape, and if they had Brazile tobacco, which they have not, would entirely cut off our trade."

This time it took the Indians four days to sober up from the French brandy. Then they went on down the Nelson and Hayes to Fort York. There were now only the heavy furs left, which the French traders did not want, but even these formed a cargo of great value, and so Hendry received a royal welcome at the Factory, when on June 20th, 1755, his fleet of canoes swept into view on the river.

But his popularity did not last. When he came to the part of his story that dealt with the Blackfeet, the traders laughed. "Indians on horseback!" they exclaimed, "Impossible! Whoever heard of such a thing? Where could they get the horses?" We know that they got them from the Spaniards

far to the south in Mexico, but the Governors on Hudson Bay preferred to believe simply that Hendry was lying. Then, too, perhaps, they feared that, if the Adventurers took for truth Hendry's tales of the great wealth inland and acted on his urgent advice, forts would be built in the interior, and they would be sent to meet the dangers and hardships that he had braved, a possibility from which they shrank timidly back. So, when the factors wrote home, for jealous and cowardly reasons they discredited Hendry's exploits and urged against his plans for planting trading posts inland. And they were successful. The great Company gave him only the paltry gratuity of £20 for his toil and his courage, and all permission to go again inland was firmly refused.

Anthony Hendry was not the man to bear without protest such ingratitude and stupidity. He resigned from the Company's service and returned to England, where we lose sight of him. But the scoffing of that age has given place to the admiration of this. Those who laughed at him then have themselves become a laughing-stock for all time, while Anthony Hendry has taken his rightful place as the sturdy and fearless pioneer explorer of the vast inland empire of the Upper Saskatchewan Valley.

CLIMBING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

*Extract from "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," by
SIR JAMES OUTRAM.*

THE list of fatal accidents in the Canadian Rockies contains, happily, but a single name up to the present, though in perusing the records of the earlier climbers one is struck by the very special providence that has watched over their initial efforts. Few of the pioneers had any real experience of the "science" of mountaineering: enthusiasm, natural athletic tendencies and some scrambles on comparatively easy and safe mountains constituted their chief stock-in-trade, and only one or two had any practical acquaintance with the glacial world, or of crag-work in its more difficult aspects. The rope and ice-axe were also novelties to almost all.

These men climbed without guides, and ordinarily at least one complete novice was included in the party, sometimes more than one. To their intrepidity, sturdy resolution and natural ability their successors must offer a hearty tribute of admiration, mingled with congratulation at the good fortune that attended them. As one of the most prominent remarked to me: "Our ignorance enabled us somehow to achieve without accident what now our knowledge would cause us unhesitatingly to avoid."

SIR JAMES OUTRAM

It is the old story of rushing in where angels fear to tread, and a special providence preserved them from dangers which often lurked unnoticed and unheeded, in numbers and of a character sufficient to appal the seasoned mountaineer.

Glaciers and their ways take a lifetime to understand fully. Snowcraft is an education which many guides, with the experience of years, are not yet masters of ; and almost every season the treacherous snows will claim amongst their victims men who have spent years in studying their conditions. Many a vast abyss is hidden under an unbroken expanse of seemingly solid snow, where even the keenest and most practised eye cannot detect their presence ; and frequently an intricate network of these huge *crevasses* may be gaily passed over by an unskilled party, perhaps unroped, where an experienced guide would have each individual on the *qui vive*, the rope held taut, the eye and hand watchfully ready, as he winds here and there, probing at every step and noting indications of the most subtle type.

My recollection takes me back to an amusing episode—amusing for all but one—some years ago, which illustrates the dangers which even a good guide may fail to recognise. Four of us were traversing the wide sea of *névé*¹ at the upper end of the Durand Glacier, in Switzerland. The Col du Grand Cornier had just been crossed and the steep descent on the eastern side negotiated. Above us towered the grand precipices of the Dent Blanche and the Grand Cornier ; before us stretched a gently

¹ The upper part of a snow-covered glacier.



Mt. LEFROY FROM THE VICTORIA GLACIER.

sloping plain of purest snow, its surface scarcely marked by any fissure. Of course we were roped and ready for any emergency, although expecting none. Our guide was an experienced man, well versed in all the problems of the glaciers, and was no stranger to the route. Not a depression of the tiniest description, no crack, no special softness of the snow, gave the least indication of the presence of a *crevasse*, although we knew that numerous huge caverns lurked beneath the heavy mantle of eternal snow.

The splendid summit of the Rothhorn rose in front, exquisitely lovely in the sunlight, and a halt was called to take a photograph. The photographer, who happened to be second on the string, set up his camera on the level surface and stepped back a pace to focus the picture, when, in an instant, he was not ! Only a hole in the white crust was visible where but a second previously my friend had stood, and two narrow grooves cut by the straining ropes that bound the departed to his surprised companions. In a few minutes he was hauled out, none the worse, quite cool—he made some remarks about the temperature down below—and proceeded with his unfinished picture, after selecting another location, the stability of which he this time took the precaution of establishing beyond peradventure.

When I peered into the hole he had so ruthlessly made, I saw a chasm with glistening walls of ice, of every shade of blue most exquisitely graded to the deepest hues of night, where far below the darkness hid the bottom of the cavity from view. This

CLIMBING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

specimen was probably at least 300 feet in depth, broad at the upper rims, yet so entirely masked that the guide and my friend passed over it unwittingly, and not one of us could tell where space ended and the solid ice occurred beneath the snowy covering.

Still more appalling and even more difficult to recognise are the limitations of avalanching snow.



CORNICE ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. HABEL.

The acuteness of the angle at which it lies, its consistency, the character of the substratum, are all-important factors in the questions of safety and speed upon a slope of snow ; and considerable experience is necessary to know just where and how to traverse it.

A kindred topic is the glissade, one of the most

delightful luxuries in a descent, but intensely fruitful in mishaps. There are so many possibilities of accident ; from avalanching snow, from a patch of hard surface, where the glissader loses all control, from *bergschrunds*¹ or rocks at the bottom of an inviting slope. And the temptation is so great, the perils are so easily overlooked, that many a risk is run, sometimes with most disastrous consequences.

Then come the cornices, the bugbear of every climber, and they are far more frequently met with in Canada than in Switzerland. Almost every ridge possesses one at least, and I have on more than one occasion found on the same *arête*² cornices overhanging each side in turn, and springing from the steepest curtains of soft snow and even from rock faces practically sheer. A foot too near the edge and the huge mass may break away and hurl the party to the depths of a fearsome precipice.

The difficulties of crag-work are far less formidable or dangerous to the inexperienced. The average athlete, especially if he has scrambled amongst rocks and cliffs even on the lowest hills, requires a hundredfold less education to become safe or even expert on rocks than on snow and ice. He learns the limitations of his powers more rapidly. Dangers are more apparent and easily recognised. It is an open rather than a hidden and treacherous foe that he has to battle with ; and certainly amongst amateurs for one thorough expert on snow and ice.

¹ The large fissures occurring at the point where a glacier breaks from the mountain-side.

² A sharp ridge of precipitous rock.

there will be found ten or a dozen in the foremost rank on rocks.

Yet there are many points to learn, apart from the mere physical ability to overcome obstacles. Many a novice has been trapped by making an ascent on a troublesome face of rock and finding himself utterly unable to descend, for almost invariably the former is considerably the simpler problem, as one's work is right in front and the centre of gravity tends inward. Often, too, it is necessary to note the landmarks very carefully ; points look so very different when seen from the reverse direction, and often it is extremely difficult to recognise the gully or ledge by which alone a way back to the lower world is possible. Most precious hours of daylight may be lost in this way, necessitating a night out in the cold, foodless and weary, or perhaps an even worse disaster.

But the most dangerous of all the contingencies in crag-work, one which is ever present and singularly aggravated in the Canadian Rockies, is the peril of loose stones and rocks. Sometimes they come in showers from above ; sometimes the seemingly firmest of holds gives way most unexpectedly, and even masses of many cubic feet will break off as the climber rests his weight on them. Nothing must be taken for granted or given the benefit of the doubt. Each hold must be amply tested, and then be deemed more likely unreliable than not.

In addition to the actual features of the mountains and their surroundings, there is much to be learnt in the manipulation of the two invaluable accessories of modern mountain-climbing—the rope and ice-axe.

The ice-axe is the first possession of the budding mountaineer, and what a thrill passes through the innermost being of the novice, who has caught the fever of the peaks, when first he grasps his own ! The "ancients" used a long pole shod with iron, and when steps were needed dug out hollows laboriously with the point. When more ambitious ascents commenced to be made and great stretches of ice-walls and hanging-glaciers demanded the hewing of a long staircase in the hardest ice, this early method was impossible and hatchets were carried for the purpose. Then the ice-axe was evolved. The pole was shortened, and the top furnished with a steel head, fashioned with a pick at one end and a flattened scoop at the other. In hard snow the latter is sufficient to hollow out an adequate foothold, and the pick is employed to cut steps in the solid ice.

For anchorage purposes the axe is very useful, and comes in handy at times in pulling one's self up as well as in descending. Its uses are innumerable on and off the ice. In glissading it acts as a support and brake simultaneously ; it clears away *débris*, probes for hidden *crevasses*, cuts steps, serves as a balancing pole when crossing streams on fallen logs, or as a balustrade for timid folks, chops wood for fires and boughs for beds, is a distinct success as a can-opener, and, on an emergency, comes in handy as a camera stand, two making a most effective substitute for the conventional tripod.

How to carry it to the climber's best advantage and the least danger to his comrades' eyes and limbs is not learnt in a day, and many a slip would be

avoided and far more rapid progress made if its use were better understood.

As to the rope, its value can scarcely be over-estimated. Although perhaps amongst experts it is rarely, if ever, in rock-work called upon to help a climber physically, its moral support is quite incalculable. The difference in climbing up or down a really difficult cliff, with or without its presence, must be felt to be properly appreciated. The strain is minimized, the danger virtually nil, when the rope is there. And, as a precaution, no sensible man would be without it when there is any likelihood, or, in certain cases, any possibility, of a considerable fall.

Whilst of appreciable importance in rock-climbing, the use of the rope on glaciers and steep snow slopes is absolutely imperative. The masked *crevasse*, the slippery surface, the frail snow-bridge, the tendency to avalanche, demand every possible care to guard against an accident. And though on both rocks and snow instances may be cited when a rope has dragged one or more victims with the fallen climber to destruction, yet the cases where it has been the means of saving life and limb are vastly more numerous; and the frequency of wholly unnecessary disasters because of its neglect witnesses to the immense advantage of its use.

But *how* to use the rope properly is by no means so simple as at first sight appears. It is quite an art. To keep continually taut the eighteen or twenty foot length between one's self and the next man in front is not at all easy when the varying conditions of the

surface are taken into consideration. The "feel" of the rope behind as well as in front must be attended to, lest a sudden jerk catch the climber unawares, and instead of holding up he is pulled down himself. Watchfulness and readiness to aid on either side must be constant, and assistance, if required, given on the instant, or it may be too late. Beginners are apt to let the rope get slack or twisted, to catch on rocks, to sweep down stones and *débris* on the heads of those below, to jerk their neighbours unnecessarily, possibly in a ticklish place, and so on. Such constant care is most undoubtedly a nuisance and often causes a slower gait, but it may mean the difference between defeat and victory, between death and life.

DOWN THE GOLDEN NONNI

*From "Manchu and Muscovite," by B. L. PUTNAM
WEALE, who wrote it just before the outbreak of war between
Russia and Japan in 1904 for the purpose of giving English and
American readers a picture of life in Manchuria.*

LUCK was against me from the very beginning, for the fates had apparently decreed in the middle of the night that I should suffer many uncomfortable jolts before I was permitted to reach the river. . . . I had gone to bed early, at seven o'clock ; that is, I had kicked off my boots and stretched on my k'ang. Everybody knows what a " k'ang " is, or if they do not, I will enlighten them. It is simply a hollow brick and timber couch, built into the room, backing against one side and running the whole length of your palatial apartment. Generally speaking, the k'ang is about six feet broad and ten or twelve feet long, and raised about two feet off the ground ; on it you sit, you sleep, receive your guests, eat your dinner—in fact, do everything—for there are few chairs in a Chinese inn. In summer, if you are a stranger, you will sneer at the k'ang and ridicule its glaring primitiveness. In winter, you will worship the k'ang and its creator, for it keeps you from becoming a block of ice, and is at once your hot-water bottle, your stove, your steam-heater and your reviver when you are numbed nigh unto death by the bitter north wind.

And all this is accomplished with such simplicity. In the courtyard outside there is a square hole

opening into the hollow of your k'ang. Huge sheaths of brittle-dry kaoliang stalks are thrust in, set on fire, and the hole closed up. The flames and the smoke—for smoke is very hot, and is only properly utilised by Europeans in the spiral-chimneyed Russian stove—heat up the bricks of your k'ang and keep you warm for an indefinite number of hours. The cost is infinitesimal and the result excellent, except that sleeping on a heated k'ang is apt to give the beginner a headache for a few days. As I was saying, I had gone to bed too early, for the inn people had heated me up at seven, and at two in the morning I woke chilled to the bone. The reason was not far to seek. It had begun to blow from the north. In China proper the blow from the north is the signal that all one's summer troubles are over ; in China improper—that is Manchuria since the Russians have come—prepare to weep and be grievously distressed when it blows from the north, for you are about to suffer an agony of nose and eyes and finger-tips not easily surpassed. But at least you have one statistical satisfaction in Northern Manchuria. The winter minimum of fifty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, or, say, eighty degrees of frost, is almost the lowest in the world. Console yourself with that, if you can.

As I shouted vainly at my door for slumbering inn-people at two in the morning, I tried to comfort myself with the thought that compared to a January or February wind, what I was experiencing was nothing—in fact, almost summer heat ; but still my teeth went on chattering. After a while, I gave it

up. It is useless, absolutely useless, shouting at a Chinaman to wake him. Even lusty blows on the stomach, a somewhat susceptible spot in the case of a white man, will only make him groan slightly. There is but one effective means, cold water, and alas ! all the cold water in this part of the world had been converted into ice during the last few hours. . . . So I went to bed again, cursing exceedingly and longing for the grey dawn. After several centuries had apparently slowly gone by, I struck a match and looked at my watch ; a quarter past three said my time-piece, and no one would stir for an hour or two yet. The thought made me desperate, and I decided on an instant action. Two tins of Epps's comforting cocoa were staring at me with pained labels ; they should come to my succour. A candle was soon lighted, my boots were put on. I shook myself and was dressed with that celerity which is the Russian birthright. Gingerly, I made my way to the kitchen, in terror lest the inn-dogs should wake up and mistake me for a Chinaman. All who know the Mongolian and Manchurian dog, which is quite different from the Chinese wonk of detested memory, will sympathise with me. The Mongolian dog is the size of a young donkey and as fierce as a wolf—half-a-dozen of them acting in concert can make you feel more miserable than anything short of an earthquake ; and I was not feeling exactly like dog-fighting. However, I was at last favoured ; I reached the kitchen in safety, lighted a fire, made some boiling water, and drank cocoa until I hated the taste of it.

Meanwhile, outside, things were stoking up, or rather, stoking down. The wind had veered to the west, and in addition to the cold, there was the dust. The Sahara has an unenviable reputation in the matter of dust storms, but it can hardly surpass North China, Manchuria, or Mongolia when they are doing their best. Mine was evidently not to be the commonplace dust storm, which is simply the whirling about of more or less local dust, but the veritable and inimitable variety, in which the red dust of the Gobi and the larger brickbats of Mongolia are impartially mingled and blown down your throat, eyes, ears, mouth, and silted into your entire system, until you are reduced to a pulpy impotence and blasphemy, the like of which you have never conceived in your wildest dreams. But this was not to be the sum total of my woes.

Presently, daylight actually did come, a very bleary, drunken-eyed sort of a daylight, it is true, but still it was undeniably daylight. Carters and other people woke up too, scratched themselves, and were obviously not enchanted with the prospect. However, plentiful abuse made the carter at last start. Oh, that drive to the river ! It was not far, but it was very bitter. With nose, eyes, and teeth clotted thick, I at last arrived at the banks of the Nonni and found my junk. My cabin was, of course, appropriated by someone else, for in China what is yours is also everybody else's.

My junk was a two-masted, brand-new yellow boat of some thirty tons burden, smelling abominably of bean oil and hailing from Kirin—the inland

dockyard of Manchuria. We carried a stevedore of sorts, who seemed to think he had a half-share in my cabin, until I made him change his mind quite suddenly. Two women, with high Manchu head-dresses, red cheeks, and speech as clear as bells, were the only other passengers, and although I cordially invited them to take the stevedore's vacated place, they modestly refused, and stowed themselves forward.

Alongside of us lay the dirtiest little launch I have ever seen. She was piled high with stokehold wood, grimy with smoke, filthy with dust. A fat coolie was splitting wood with a rusty chopper, and constantly cursing the relatives, ancestors, and female slaves of a person unknown, who had apparently sneaked off and eternally insulted him by leaving him work to do. No other sign of life was there on the launch, only the flying dust mixed with the steam and smoke that must have been leaking out of the scrap-heap engine-room, and made me think we were fated never to start. It was now nine o'clock in the morning, and I had been up five hours, so I spoke to the junk-people sternly, and told them if there was no haste, there would likewise be no money at the end. Then men were fetched with yells out of the mud buildings along the brown banks; neighbouring junk-crews gazed at us curiously, for we were starting with entirely unprecedented celerity. The man chopping wood stopped chopping, and lowered himself bodily into the engine-room—save the mark!—with an armful of his fuel. Chunk! chunk! went log after log into the fire; some sparks flew up. Presently, the

captain of the launch sprang from nowhere, loafed along the deck and looked in an exhausted manner at his diminutive wheel-house. Suddenly, he turned round on me, gasped with astonishment, changed his expression as if struck by lightning, and finally held out his hand, although six feet of muddy water separated his grimy launch from my highly-polished junk. "Hullo," he said, by way of introduction. "Hullo," I answered laconically, and waited for developments. Never be surprised in Manchuria, for it has been turned so upside down of late that the unexpected always happens. "How fashion, Englishman come this side?" he finally said in his elegant pidgin. That is the worst of it; your stupid Chinaman can always tell an Englishman from a Russian as easily as you can tell a Scotchman from an Italian. "How fashion you come this side?" I answered, countering and gazing suspiciously at his tell-tale Shanghai mechanic's cap. After much parleying, his story was duly evolved, and it presented no new features. In fact, it was the very old story about "littee trouble" culminating in the "foreign man wanchee catchee my," and ending somewhat abruptly with the explanatory, "I think so come this side more better; by'm by'm all man forget, can go home."

Thus is Manchuria rapidly becoming a Far Eastern Alsatia¹ for China, Siberia, and Japan; a place where all men may run to, and be most completely and thoroughly lost for the time being.

¹ The name of the seventeenth century sanctuary in London for debtors and evil-doers.

After the acquisition of this new friend, all went most excellently. Our tow-boat launch sheered off for the captain to try the engines. At first, there seemed to be a little difference of opinion between the engine-room levers and the noble ship's propeller, for it would not revolve. But the fat coolie again came to the rescue. Arming himself with a long pole, he bent over the stern sheets and assisted the propeller to start by shoving it round. After that, who will say the Chinese do not understand machinery? Soon everything was ready. A rope was cast to us, we made fast and off we started. In five minutes, there was nothing to be seen of the crowds of junks, sampans, and mud buildings that mark the riverine port of Tsitsihar. The dust whirls became less and less as we got away from the shores and steamed peacefully on the river. The crews disappeared, as all crews do once their ship is out of port; the steersman of our junk, squatting thoughtfully alongside his huge wooden tiller, was the only man alive, and he seemed to be dreaming. After an hour or so, we passed under the huge Nonni railway bridge, not much smaller than the one over the Sungari at Harbin, and as it faded away in the distance I realised that for some days the Russian would be a myth, swallowed up by the huge Manchurian territories and surely most unreal. At twelve o'clock, I realised that I was very dirty, and what is more, very hungry, so I ate roughly, and sluiced Nonni water over me. It is only by travelling that you learn how little and how badly any man can eat, without feeling a

whit the worse for it—that is, if he has an optimistic stomach.

Thus, I travelled down the muddy and golden Nonni, for the Nonni is golden at times. As you go down the river, at your leisurely six or seven miles an hour, the country round about you changes in a most surprising manner. For fifty miles from Tsitsihar, far beyond your right bank, you see distant mountains, which advance and retreat like the marshalling and manœuvring of giant armies. Beyond them lie the great Hsing-an mountains, through which the railway twists and turns, seeking the easiest path, forced to content itself with a temporary way until the tunnel is complete.

Engineers say that this tunnel is a triumph of man's skill, for it curls up into the bowels of the mountains, and down the other side in a shape resembling the figure 8, and its approaching success is the fit reward for a daring attempt in the middle of wildernesses. Still farther on, beyond the Hsing-an, are two hundred miles of rough lands, where scarce any man lives. True, there is one town, or was one town, Khailar—what a barbaric ring it has!—an outpost, garrisoned once by Manchurian soldiery until the Boxer trouble. Then Cossack horsemen swept into it, and with fire and sword chastised celestial ignorance. Eighty miles from Khailar is the true Russian frontier, and at a place called Manchuria Station, on the Argun river, which rolls out of Lake Dalai-nor, distant only a few thousand yards from the iron track, you finally pass from immense Manchuria into still more Gargantuan

Siberia. That is what you would see if you could jump the vision of your eyes as far as your thoughts so easily go. On the left bank of the Nonni, you see mud and sand plain, and hills stretching away into infinity. Twenty miles from Tsitsihar, there are formidable sand hills on your left; your launch puffs and pulls, and onward you go until you come to high riverless plains. You see hardly a living person, or a hut, for the villages, such as they are, are ten, twenty, or thirty miles inland, scattered along the great post-road which runs from Tsitsihar *via* Petuna, to Kirin city. These post-roads are the chains which connect uncivilised Manchuria with the moderately civilised, and on them labour, or are supposed to labour, the political convicts of the eighteen provinces. Thus we went on hour after hour, until far after dark. Then as navigation was getting harder, the launch pulled up, and was tied to the bank. Everybody got off, walked about, and talked. The mechanic skipper accepted a cigar, skilfully bit off the end, and told me our run. Two hundred li¹ in ten hours. Pretty good going, all things considered.

The second day was very much like the first day, except that we started a good deal earlier. The evening before I had turned in before nine o'clock, after concluding a small drinking entertainment, to which I had bidden my friends, the two captains. Vodka and tea were the beverages of the night, and these, paltry as they may seem, unloosened the tongues of men who were tired of unending voyages

¹ A li equals about one-third of a mile.

up and down lonely rivers, and were highly willing to talk. What I learnt about the general situation, and about the real feeling in Manchuria, was very interesting, but what pleased me most was the remarkably intelligent and accurate manner in which these two Chinamen, both really as much strangers in Manchuria as myself, summed up things from every point of view, and seemed to understand the why and the wherefore of many things that are most involved.

As it is not uncommon in the north, the night brought a change in the weather. The vile westerly winds dropped suddenly, and when I woke up, somewhere about five o'clock in the morning, cloudless blue skies greeted and smiled at me—entranced me. We were already gliding smoothly and rapidly down stream, tugged willingly by our dirty little launch, and the world looked so peaceful and happy that one's spirits jumped up with mercurial rapidity. Presently the sun rose, huge, magnificent, and lusty, as he never is in wilted South China. The hoar frost about the banks disappeared as if by magic, and the nipping, clear air felt like so much nectar in one's lungs as soon as one's numbed body was warmed by the bright rays—and life was worth living. You do not wonder at the hardy health of Manchurian corps, Manchurian beasts of burden, and Manchurian men and women when you have breathed the air of this Chinese Canada ; it is too splendid for words. The crew were as happy as mudlarks, and rough jests were bandied to and fro as the men sat and drank and ate. Splendid fellows

DOWN THE GOLDEN NONNI

these, all tall and shapely, and with faces burnt by the sun and tanned by the wind until they were as dark as the lighter-hued natives of India.

To the right of us, due west, the mountains and hills of the day before had now disappeared, and in their place were the rich-rolling grass-lands of Mongolia. We were fast approaching the River Cholo, the junction of which with the Nonni is one of the theoretical boundary points of Mongolia, although the Mongolian nomads, as a matter of fact, have always occupied the country on the left bank of the lower Nonni. On this left bank the scenery was most curious. Instead of mud, sand largely predominated here, and sometimes, when the river made a sharp bend, huge sandstone cliffs frowned down on us, fifty or a hundred feet high. From the roof of the stern sheets, built up to an enormous height, as is the case with all Chinese junks, a splendid view was sometimes obtainable, for the rains had been exceptionally heavy all over Manchuria during the autumn, and the water was consequently very high everywhere.

Twice during the day we stopped, once at a gold-washers' village, and once at a ford. The gold-washers' village was almost deserted, for the winter was coming on rapidly, and nearly all the Hei-lung-chiang population is nomadic when it can afford to be so.

Gold-washing is a great industry all along the Nonni, for the Nonni is golden beyond the dreams of avarice. Sometimes a solitary Chinaman, living in a wretched hovel, will pan out in a short six

months' season five hundred, a thousand, or even two thousand taels' ¹ worth of rich, red gold, and when the winter comes on he hides away his dust in fear and trembling about his person, and tries to sneak home by devious ways. More often than not he is caught and held up by the brigand hunghutzu, who only rob men of two things, gold or skins, and he loses his all. Or, if he is more cautious and willing to put his trust in desperate men, he takes out what we may call an insurance coupon with the nearest hunghutzu thief, and agrees to pay over at least one-half of his earnings in return for a safe conduct pass, or open letter, to all other hunghutzu of the district, which will carry him thus unrobbed to his home.

Gold-washing is, therefore, a highly dangerous occupation, for apart from the brigands, the poor placer-miner may have to reckon with his own Government. Mining is illegal in Chinese territory except under official supervision, and when an unsanctioned gold-washer is caught by his officials he loses his head. Although the profits are great and wonderful, only very bold men will risk so much, for the Chinaman is above all things a man who must be satisfied that what is doing is sane and good business before he will embark in it.

Soon after noon we passed the mouth of the muddy Cholo River, which looks a mere creek, even when compared with the now narrow Nonni. On the left bank there were always the same monotonous cliffs and hills of sand, with not a living thing in sight. At five we reached a narrow place with a creek

¹ A tael is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of silver.

running into it, and the captain pulled up for half an hour, on the left bank.

We got out and scrambled up the highest hill. Nothing much to be seen at first. Yes, but far away in the distance I saw a narrow brown ribbon through my glasses. I gave my glasses to the stevedore, and he looked too. It was the great



GOLD-WASHING ON THE NONNI RIVER.

[E.N.A.]

post-road that had swerved nearer the river, but was still many miles away. Beyond that there was nothing to be seen but rolling brown distance. What a country is Manchuria, for there is ample room for a hundred million of men ! A shrill whistle from the launch bade us return, and we raced furiously down the banks. Again we were off, puffing and panting down the interminable river. It became

dark long before six, but as the moon was shining brightly it was easy to find one's way along this peaceful river. At eleven we tied up for the night, having accomplished not much under four hundred li in nineteen hours. The next day came, and found us early afoot. Even the Manchu lady passengers were thawing, and who knows what might not have happened had the journey been a little longer. They sat with me and drank cocoa by the hour, and said it was better than tea. So take note, cocoa-makers of England ; there is a vast market in the Far East if you can only reach it, for cocoa is cheaper and more filling than tea.

During the morning we passed villages and junks. Every hour was bringing us nearer Chinese civilisation and inhabited places. Before noon we reached a large village on the right bank, I think it was Pu-chia-h'un, and we were now only a few miles off the Sungari. After a short halt, on we went again, and at one o'clock we passed from the Nonni into the broad Sungari, and headed pantingly upstream against a moderate current. Petuna was now only twenty miles away, and it was a race whether we could fetch it before dark. At a quarter past five, a cloud of masts hove up in front of us as we came round a bend, and on the banks were mud-huts galore. Joyously, I watched the launch tug us proudly up into the middle of the shipping, and beat her way amid shouts and yells to the banks. And then, as I turned to get my things, the captain of the junk had his innings. "This is not Petuna," he said pleasantly ; "Petuna is twenty li inland."

IN THE LEVANT

From " Monasteries in the Levant," by ROBERT CURZON, afterwards LORD ZOUCHE. He visited Egypt, Syria, Albania and Mount Athos between 1834 and 1837 to examine and collect ancient manuscripts.

I

EGYPT IN 1833

It was towards the end of July 1833 that I took a passage from Malta to Alexandria in a merchant vessel called the *Fortuna* ; for in those days there were no steam-packets traversing every sea, with almost the same rapidity and accuracy as railway carriages on shore. We touched on our way at Navarino to sell some potatoes to the splendidly-dressed and half-starved population of the Morea, numbers of whom we found lounging about in a temporary wooden bazaar, where there was nothing to sell. In various parts of the harbour the wrecks of the Turkish and Egyptian ships of war, stripped of their outer coverings, and looking like the gigantic skeletons of antediluvian animals, gave awful evidence of the destruction which had taken place not very long before in the battle between the Christian and Mohammedan fleets in this calm, land-locked harbour.

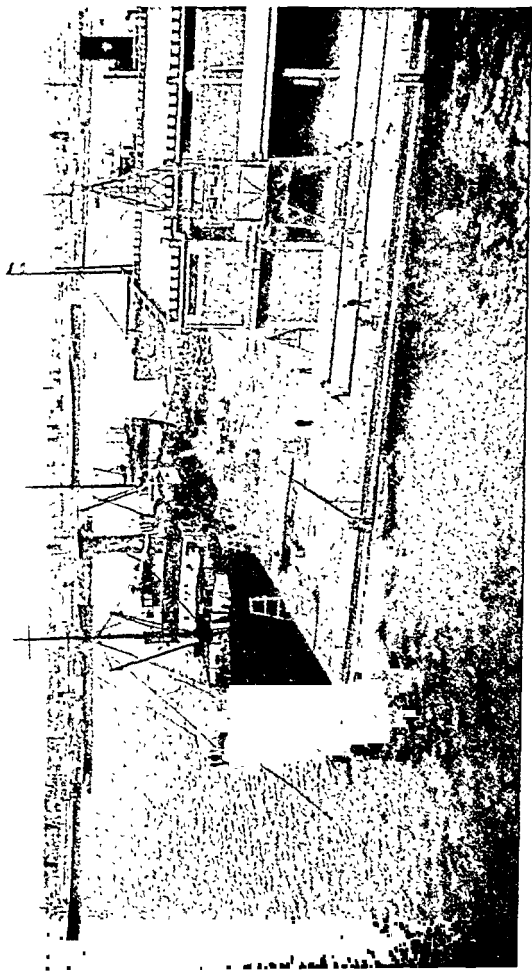
On the 31st we found ourselves approaching the castle of Alexandria, and were soon hailed by some

people in a curious-looking pilot-boat with a lateen¹ sail. The pilot was an old man with a turban and a long grey beard, and sat cross-legged in the stern of his boat. We looked at him with vast interest, as the first live specimen we had seen of an Arab sailor. He was just the sort of man that I imagine Sinbad the Sailor must have been.

Having by his directions been steered safely into the harbour, we cast anchor not far from the shore, a naked dusty plain, which the blazing sun seemed to dare any one to cross, on pain of being shrivelled up immediately. The intensity of the heat was tremendous ; the pitch melted in the seams of the deck ; we could scarcely bear it even when we were under the awning. Malta was hot enough, but the temperature there was cool in comparison to the fiery furnace in which we were at present grilling. However, there was no help for it ; so, having got our luggage on shore, we sweltered through the streets to an inn called the Tre Ancore—the only hotel in Africa, I believe, in those days. It was a dismal little place, frequented by the captains of merchant vessels, who, not being hot enough already, raised the temperature of their blood by drinking brandy and water, arrack, and other combustibles, in a dark oven-like room below stairs.

We took possession of all the rooms upstairs, of which the principal one was long and narrow, with two windows at the end, opening on to a covered balcony or verandah : this overlooked the principal street and the bāzaar. Here my companion and I

¹ A triangular sail common in the Mediterranean.



ALEXANDRIA.—A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR.

soon stationed ourselves, and watched the novel and curious scene below ; and strange indeed to the eye of an European, when for the first time he enters an Oriental city, is all he sees around him. The picturesque dresses, the buildings, the palm-trees, the camels, the people of various nations, with their long beards, their arms, and turbans, all unite to form a picture which is indelibly fixed in the memory. Things which have since become perfectly familiar to us were then utterly incomprehensible, and we had no one to explain them to us, for the one waiter of the poor inn, who was darting about in his shirt-sleeves after the manner of all waiters, never extended his answers to our questions beyond " Si, Signore," so we got but little information from him ; however, we did not make use of our eyes the less for that.

Among the first things we noticed was the number of half-naked men who went running about, each with something like a dead pig under his arm, shouting out " Mother ! mother ! " ¹ with a doleful voice. These were the sakis or water-carriers, with their goat-skins of the precious element, a bright brass cupful of which they sell for a small coin to the thirsty passengers. An old man with a fan in his hand made of a palm branch, who was crumpled up in the corner of a sort of booth among a heap of dried figs, raisins, and dates, just opposite our window, was an object of much speculation to us how he got in, and how he would ever manage to get out of the niche into which he was so closely wedged. He was the merchant, as the Arabian Nights would call

¹ Moyah—" water."

him, or the shop-keeper as we should say, who sat there cross-legged among his wares waiting patiently for a customer, and keeping off the flies in the meanwhile, as in due time we discovered that all merchants did in all countries of the East. Soon there came slowly by a long procession of men on horse-back with golden bridles and velvet trappings, and women muffled up in black silk wrappers: how they could bear them, hot as it was, astonished us. These ladies sat upon a pile of cushions placed so high above the backs of the donkeys on which they rode that their feet rested on the animals' shoulders. Each donkey was led by one man, while another walked by its side with his hand upon the crupper. With the ladies were two little boys covered with diamonds, mounted on huge fat horses, and ensconced in high-backed Mameluke saddles made of silver gilt. These boys we afterwards found out were being conducted in state to a house of their relations for a ceremony. Our attention was next called to something like a four-post bed, with pink gauze curtains, which advanced with dignified slowness preceded by a band of musicians, who raised a dire and fearful discord by the aid of various windy engines. This was a canopy, the four poles of which were supported by men, who held it over the heads of a bride and her two bridesmaids or friends, who walked on each side of her. The bride was not veiled in the usual way, as her friends were, but was muffled up in Cashmere shawls from head to foot. Something there was on the top of her head which gleamed like gold or

jewels, but the rest of her person was so effectively wrapped up and concealed that no one could tell whether she was pretty or ugly, fat or thin, old or young ; and although we gave her credit for all the charms which should adorn a bride, we rejoiced when the villainous band of music which accompanied her turned round a corner and went out of hearing.

Some miserable-looking black slaves caught our attention, clothed each in a piece of Isabel-coloured canvas and led by a well-dressed man, who had probably just bought them. Then a great personage came by on horseback, with a number of mounted attendants and some men on foot, who cleared the way before him, and struck everybody on the head with their sticks who did not get out of the way fast enough. These blows were dealt all round in the most unceremonious manner ; but what appeared to us extraordinary was, that all these beaten people did not seem to care for being beat. They looked neither angry nor affronted, but only grinned and rubbed their shoulders, and moved on one side to let the train of the great man pass by. Now, if this were done in London, what a ferment would it create ! what speeches would be made about tyranny and oppression ! what a capital thing some high-minded and independent patriot would make of it ! how he would call a meeting to defend the rights of the subject ! and how he would get his admirers to vote him a piece of plate for his noble and glorious exertions ! Here nobody minded the thing ; they took no heed of the indignity ; and I verily believe my friend and I, who were safe up at

the window, were the only persons in the place who felt any annoyance.

The prodigious multitude of donkeys formed another strange feature in the scene. There were hundreds of them, carrying all sorts of things in panniers ; and some of the smallest were ridden by men so tall that they were obliged to hold up their legs that their feet might not touch the ground. Donkeys, in short, are the carts of Egypt and the hackney-coaches of Alexandria.

In addition to the donkeys, long strings of ungainly-looking camels were continually passing, generally preceded by a donkey, and accompanied by swarthy men clad in a short shirt, with a red and yellow handkerchief tied in a peculiar way over their heads, and wearing sandals ; these savage-looking people were Bedouins, or Arabs of the desert. A very truculent set they seemed to be, and all of them were armed with a long crooked knife and a pistol or two, stuck in a red leathern girdle. They were thin, gaunt, and dirty, and strode along looking fierce and independent. There was something very striking in the appearance of these untamed Arabs ; I had never pictured to myself that anything so like a wild beast could exist in human form. The motions of their half-naked bodies were singularly free and light, and they looked as if they could climb, and run, and leap over anything. The appearance of many of the older Arabs, with their long white beard and their ample cloak of camel's hair, called an *abba*, is majestic and venerable. It was the first time that I had seen these " Children of the Desert,"

and the quickness of their eyes, their apparent freedom from all restraint, and their disregard of any conventional manners, struck me forcibly. An English gentleman in a round hat, and a tight neck-handkerchief and boots, with white gloves and a little cane in his hand, was a style of man so utterly and entirely unlike a Bedouin Arab, that I could hardly conceive the possibility of their being only different species of the same animal.

After we had dined, being tired with the heat and the trouble we had had in getting our luggage out of the ship, I resolved to retire to bed at an early hour, and on going to the window to have another look at the crowd, I was surprised to find that there was scarcely anybody left in the streets, for these primitive people all go to bed when it gets dark, as the birds do ; and except a few persons walking home with paper lanterns in their hands, the place seemed almost entirely deserted.

II

CAIRO

The early hours kept in the Levant cannot fail to strike the European stranger. At Cairo every one is up and about at sunrise ; all business is transacted in the morning, and some of the bezesteins¹ and principal bazaars are closed at twelve o'clock, at which hour many people retire to their homes and only appear again in the cool of the evening, when

¹ Oriental market-places.

they take a ride or sit and smoke a pipe and listen to a story-teller in a coffee-house or under a tree. Soon after sunset the whole city is at rest. Every one who then has any business abroad is obliged to carry a small paper lantern, on pain of being taken up by the guard if he is found without it. Persons of middle rank have a glass lamp carried before them by a servant, and people of consequence are preceded by men who run before their train of horses with a fire of resinous wood, carried aloft on the top of a pole, in an iron grating called a mashlak. This has a picturesque effect, and throws a great light around.

Each different district of the city is separated from the adjoining one by strong gates at the end of the streets : these are all closed at night, and are guarded by a drowsy old man with a long beard, who acts as porter, and who is roused with difficulty by the promise of a small coin when any one wants to pass. These gates contribute greatly to the peace and security of the town ; for as the Turks, Arabs, Christians, Jews, Copts, and other religious sects reside each in a different quarter, any disturbance which may arise in one district is prevented from extending to another ; and the drunken Europeans cannot intrude their civilisation on their quiet and barbarous neighbours. There are here no theatres, balls, parties, or other nocturnal assemblies ; and before the hour at which London is well lit up, the gentleman of Cairo ascends to the top of his house and sleeps upon the terrace, and the servants retire to the court-yard ; for in the hot weather most people sleep in the open air. Many of the poorer

class sleep in the open places and the courts of the mosques, all wrapping up their heads and faces that the moon may not shine upon them.

The Mohammedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed ; the second is about two hours after sunset ; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. First one or two are heard faintly in the distance, then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits, calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for a while, and then commence the hum and bustle of the awakening city. This cry of man to call his brother man to prayer seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells.

The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert—who, however, are not much given to praying—consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a shadow of

its own height upon the ground. This time of the day is called "Al Assr." When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations respecting the time of the Assr. I knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length.

The minarets of Cairo are the most beautiful of any in the Levant ; indeed no others are to be compared to them. Some are of a prodigious height, built of alternate layers of red and white stone. A curious anecdote is told of the most ancient of all the minarets, that attached to the great mosque of Sultan Tayloon, an immense cloister or arcade surrounding a great square. The arches are all pointed, and are the earliest extant in that form, the mosque having been built in imitation of that at Mecca, in the year of the Hegira 265, Anno Domini 879. The minaret belonging to this magnificent building has a stone staircase winding round it outside : the reason of its having been built in this curious form is said to be, that the vizier of Sultan Tayloon found the king one day lolling on his divan and twisting a piece of paper in a spiral form ; the vizier remarking upon the trivial nature of the employment of so great a monarch, he replied, " I was thinking that a minaret in this form would have a good effect : give orders, therefore, that such a one be added to the mosque which I am building." ¹

¹ This, the first mosque built at Cairo, is said to have been paid for by Sultan Tayloon with a part of an immense treasure in gold, which he found under a monument called the Altar of Pharaoh, on

In ancient times the mosques consisted merely of large open courts, surrounded by arcades ; and frequently on that side of the court which stood nearest to Mecca this arcade was double. In later times covered buildings with large domes were added to the court ; a style of building which has always been adopted in more northern climates.

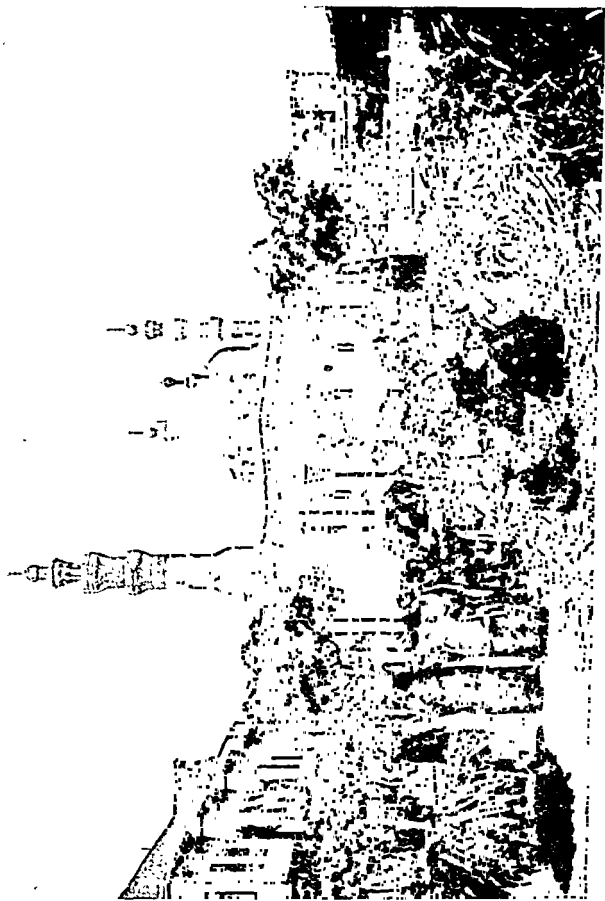
The finest mosque of this description is that of Sultan Hassan, in the place of the Roumayli, near the citadel. It is a magnificent structure, of prodigious height ; it was finished about the year A.D. 1362. The money necessary for its construction is said to have been procured by the following ingenious device. The good Sultan Hassan was determined to build a mosque and a tomb for himself, but finding a paucity of means in his treasury, he sent out invitations to all the principal people of the country to repair to a grand feast at his court, when he said he would present each of his loving subjects with a robe of honour. On the appointed day they accordingly all made their appearance, dressed in their richest robes of state. There was not one but had a Cashmere shawl round his turban, and another round his waist, with a jewelled dagger stuck in it ; besides other ornaments, and caftans of brocade and cloth of gold. They entered the place

the mountain of Mokattam. This building was destroyed by Tayloón, who founded a mosque upon the spot in the year 873, in honour of Judah, the brother of Joseph, who resorted there to pray when he came to Egypt. This mosque becoming ruined, another was built upon the spot by the Emir El Guyoosh, minister of the Caliph Mostansir, A.D. 1094, which still remains perched on the corner of a rock, which is excavated in various places with ancient tombs.

of the Roumayli each accompanied by a magnificent train of guards and attendants, who, according to the jealous custom of the times, remained below ; while the chiefs, with one or two of their personal followers only, ascended into the citadel, and were ushered into the presence of the Sultan. They were received most graciously ; how they contrived to pass their time in the fourteenth century, before the art of smoking was invented, I do not know, but doubtless they sat in circles round great bowls of rice, piled over sheep roasted whole, discussed the merits of lambs stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and ate cucumbers for dessert. When the feast was concluded, the Sultan announced that each guest at his departure should receive the promised robe of honour ; and as these distinguished personages, one by one, left the royal presence, they were conducted to a small chamber near the gate, in which were several armed officers of the household, who, with expressions of the most profound respect and solicitude, divested them of their clothes, which they immediately carried off. The astonished noble was then invested with a long white shirt, and ceremoniously handed out of an opposite door, which led to the exterior of the fortress, where he found his train in waiting. The Sultan kept all that he found worth keeping of the personal effects of his guests, who were afterwards glad to bargain with the chamberlain of the court for the restoration of their robes of state, which were ultimately returned to them—for a consideration. The mosque of Sultan Hassan was built with the proceeds of this original

scheme ; and the tomb of the founder is placed in a superb Hall, seventy feet square, covered with a magnificent dome, which is one of the principal features of the city. But he that soweth in the whirlwind shall reap in the storm. In consequence of the great height and thickness of the walls of this stately building, as well as from the circumstance of its having only one great gate of entrance, it was frequently seized and made use of as a fortress by the insurgents in the numerous rebellions and insurrections which were always taking place under the rule of the Mameluke kings.¹ Stains of blood are still to be seen on the marble walls of the court-yard. and even in the very chamber of the tomb of the Sultan there are the indelible marks of the various conflicts which have taken place, when the guardians of the mosque have been stabbed and cut down in its most sacred recesses. The two minarets of this mosque, one of which is much larger than the other, are among the most beautiful specimens of decorated Saracenic architecture. Of the largest of these minarets the following story is related. There was a man endued with a superabundance of curiosity, who, like Peeping Tom of Coventry, had a fancy for spying at the ladies on the house-tops from the summit of this minaret : at last he made some signals to one of the neighbouring ladies, which were unluckily discovered by the master of the house, who happened to be reposing in the harem. The two muezzins (as they often are) were blind men,

¹ The Egyptian dynasty that originated in 1250 with the usurpation of supreme power by the bodyguard of Turkish slaves.



CAIRO.—THE SUGAR-CANE MARKET OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.
[L.N.A.]

and complaint was made to the authorities that the muezzins of Sultan Hassan permitted people to ascend the minarets to gaze into the forbidden precincts of the harems below. The two old muezzins were indignant when they were informed of this accusation, and were determined to watch for the intruder and kill him on the spot, the first time that they should find him ascending the winding staircase of the minaret. In the course of a few days a good-natured person gave the alarm, and told the two blind men that somebody had just entered the doorway on the roof of the mosque by which the minaret is ascended ; one of the muezzins therefore ascended the minaret, armed with a sharp dagger, and the other waited at the narrow door below to secure the game whom his companion should drive out of the cover. The young man was surprised by the muezzin while he was looking over the lower gallery of the minaret, but escaping from him he ran up the stairs to the upper gallery : here he was followed by his enemy, who cried to the old man at the bottom to be ready, for he had found the rascal who had brought such scandal on the mosque. The muezzin chased the intruder round the upper gallery, and he slipped through the door and ran down again to the lower one, where he waited till the muezzin passed him on the stairs, then taking off his shoes he followed him lightly and silently till he arrived near the bottom door, when he suddenly pushed the muezzin who had been up the minaret against the one who stood guard below ; the two blind men, each thinking he had got hold of the

villain for whom he was in search, seized each other by the throat, and engaged in mortal combat with their daggers, taking advantage of which the other escaped before the blind men had found out their mistake. At the next hour of prayer, their well-known voices not being heard as usual, some of the attendants at the mosque went up on the roof to see what had happened, when they found the two muezzins, who were just able to relate the particulars of their mistake before they died.

III

JERUSALEM

We left our camels and dromedaries, and wild Arabs of the desert, at Gaza ; and being now provided with horses, we took our way across the hills towards Jerusalem.

The road passes over a succession of rounded rocky hills, almost every step being rendered interesting by its connection with the events of Holy Writ. On our left we saw the village of Kobab, and on our right the ruins of a castle said to have been built by the Maccabees, and not far from it the remains of an ancient Christian church.

As our train of horses surmounted each succeeding eminence, every one was eager to be the first who should catch a glimpse of the Holy City. Again and again we were disappointed ; another rocky valley yawned beneath us, and another barren stony hill rose up beyond. There seemed to be no end to

the intervening hills and dales ; they appeared to multiply beneath our feet. At last, when we had almost given up the point, and had ceased to contend for the first view by galloping ahead, as we ascended another rocky brow we saw the towers of what seemed to be a Gothic castle ; then, as we approached nearer, a long line of walls and battlements appeared crowning a ridge of rock which rose from a narrow valley to the right. This was the valley of the pools of Gihon, where Solomon was crowned, and the battlements which rose above it were the long-looked-for walls of Jerusalem. With one accord our whole party drew their bridles, and stood still to gaze for the first time upon this renowned and sacred city.

It is not easy to describe the sensations which fill the breast of a Christian when, after a long and toilsome journey, he first beholds this, the most interesting and venerated spot upon the whole surface of the globe—the chosen city of the Lord, the place in which it pleased Him to dwell. Every one was silent for a while, absorbed in the deepest contemplation. The object of our pilgrimage was accomplished, and I do not think that anything we saw afterwards during our stay in Jerusalem made a more profound impression on our minds than this first distant view.

It was curious to observe the different effect which our approach to Jerusalem had upon the various persons who composed our party. A Christian pilgrim, who had joined us on the road, fell down upon his knees and kissed the holy ground ; two others embraced each other, and congratulated

themselves that they had lived to see Jerusalem. As for us Franks, we sat bolt upright upon our horses, and stared and said nothing ; whilst around us the more natural children of the East wept for joy, and, as in the army of the Crusaders, the word Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! was repeated from mouth to mouth ; but we, who consider ourselves civilised and superior beings, repressed our emotions ; we were above showing that we participated in the feelings of our barbarous companions. As for myself, I would have got off my horse and walked barefooted towards the gate, as some did, if I had dared ; but I was in fear of being laughed at for my absurdity, and therefore sat fast in my saddle. At last I blew my nose, and, pressing the sharp edges of my Arab stirrups on the lank sides of my poor weary jade, I rode on slowly towards the Bethlehem gate.

On the sloping sides of the valley of Gihon numerous groups of people were lying under the olive trees in the cool of the evening, and parties of grave Turks, seated on their carpets by the road-side, were smoking their long pipes in dignified silence. But what struck me most were some old white-bearded Jews, who were holding forth to groups of their friends or disciples under the walls of the city of their fathers, and dilating perhaps upon the glorious actions of their race in former days.

Jerusalem has been described as a deserted and melancholy ruin, filling the mind with images of desolation and decay, but it did not strike me as such. It is still a compact city, as it is described in

Scripture ; the Saracenic walls have a stately, magnificent appearance ; they are built of large and massive stones. Windsor Castle multiplied by ten would have very much the appearance of Jerusalem as seen from this point of view. The square towers, which are seen at intervals, are handsome and in good repair ; and there is an imposing dignity in the appearance of the grim old citadel, which rises in the centre of the line of walls and towers, with its batteries and terraces one above another, surmounted with the crimson flag of Turkey floating heavily over the conquered city of the Christians. I wonder whether in these times any portion of that spirit could be revived which animated our ancestors in the romantic days of the Crusades. I longed to tear down the red flag with its white crescent, and replace it with the banner of St. George. Nothing would please me more than to—

“ Chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.” ¹

We entered by the Bethlehem gate : it is commanded by the citadel, which was built by the people of Pisa, and is still called the castle of the Pisani. There we had some parleying with the Egyptian guards, and, crossing an open space, famous in monastic tradition as the garden where Bathsheba was bathing when she was seen by King David from the roof of his palace, we threaded a labyrinth of narrow streets, which the horses of our

¹ *Henry IV.*, part i.

party completely blocked up ; and as soon as we could, we sent a man with our letters of introduction to the superior of the Latin convent. I had letters which we presumed would ensure us a warm and hospitable reception ; and as travellers are usually lodged in the monastic establishments, we went on at once to the Latin convent of St. Salvador, where we expected to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of European civilisation after our weary journey over the desert from Egypt. We, however, quickly discovered our mistake ; for, on dismounting at the gate of the convent, we were received in a very cool way by the monks, who appeared to make the reception of travellers a mere matter of interest, and treated us as if we were dust under their feet. They put us into a wretched hole in the Casa Nuova, a house belonging to them near the convent, where there was scarcely room for our baggage ; and we went to bed not a little mortified at our inhospitable reception by our Christian brethren, so different from what we had always experienced from the Mohammedans. The convent of St. Salvador belongs to a community of Franciscan friars ; they were most of them Spaniards, and, being so far away from the superior officers of their order, they were not kept in very perfect discipline. It was probably owing to our being heretics that we were not better received. Fortunately we had our own beds, tents, cooking utensils, carpets, etc. ; so that we soon made ourselves comfortable in the bare vaulted rooms which were allotted to us, and for which, by the by, we had to pay pretty handsomely.

The next morning early we went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, descending the hill from the convent, and then down a flight of narrow steps into a small paved court, one side of which is occupied by the Gothic front of the church. The court was full of people selling beads and crucifixes and other holy ware. We had to wait some time till the Turkish doorkeepers came to unlock the door, as they keep the keys of the church, which is only open on certain days, except to votaries of distinction. There is a hole in the door, through which the heavily gave quantities of things to the monks I wonder where laid upon the sepulchre. At last the spirit could be revived and we went into the church.

In the romantic days sacred walls the attention is tear down the red firsge slab of marble on the floor replace it with the bath several lamps suspended would please me more than waxen tapers about

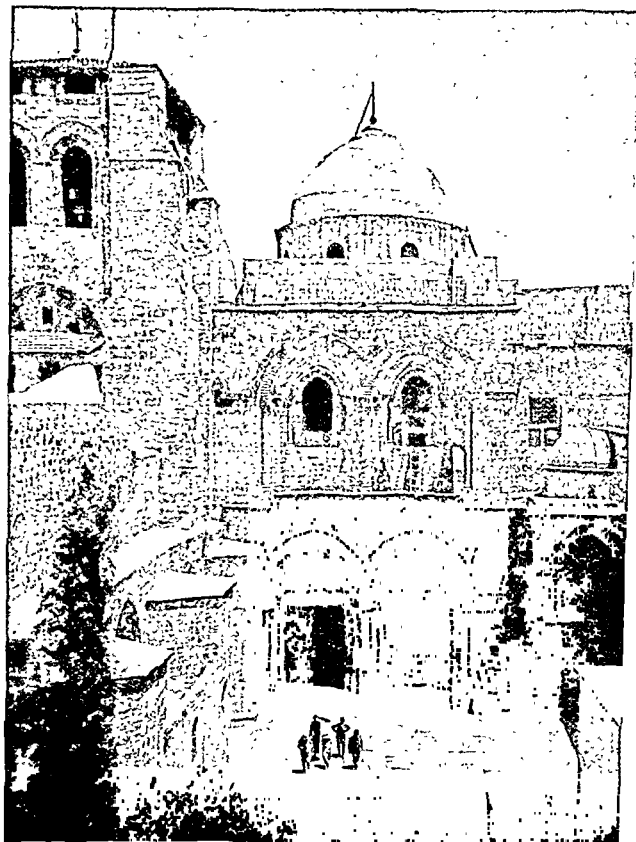
“Chase these pagans, in ending at each end. The
Over whose acres walked their knees, touch and kiss
Which eighteen hundred year before it, offer up
For our advantage, on the b told, is the stone on

We entered by the Bethlehem was washed and
manded by the citadel, whichomb.

people of Pisa, and is still called a round stone let
Pisani. There we had some ppy of ornamental
Egyptian guards, and, crossing in Mary is said to
famous in monastic tradition as thavious was taken
Bathsheba was bathing when she w

David from the roof of his palace, circular space
labyrinth of narrow streets, which to which is about

¹ Henry IV., part i. surrounded by



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM,
MARKING THE ALLEGED SITE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

eighteen large square piers, which support the front of a broad gallery. Formerly this circular gallery was supported by white marble pillars; but the church was burnt down in 1808, through the negligence of a drunken Greek monk, who set a light to some parts of the wood-work, and then endeavoured to put out the flames by throwing aqua vitæ upon them, which he mistook for water.

The Chapel of the Sepulchre stands under the centre of the dome. It is a small oblong house of stone, rounded at one end, where there is an altar for the Coptic¹ and Abyssinian Christians. At the other end it is square, and has a platform of marble in front, which is ascended by a flight of steps, and has a low parapet wall and a seat on each side. The chapel contains two rooms. Taking off our shoes and turbans, we entered a low narrow door, and went into a chamber, in the centre of which stands a block of polished marble. On this stone sat the angel who announced the blessed tidings of the resurrection.

From this room, which has a small round window on each side, we passed through another low door into the inner chamber, which contains the Holy Sepulchre itself, which, however, is not visible, being concealed by an altar of white marble. It is said to be a long narrow excavation like a grave or the interior of a sarcophagus hewed out of the rock just beneath the level of the ground. Six rows of lamps of silver gilt, twelve in each row, hang from the ceiling, and are kept perpetually burning. The

¹ Descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

tomb occupies nearly one-half of the sepulchral chamber, and extends from one end of it to the other on the right side of the door as you enter ; a space of three feet wide and rather more than six feet long in front of it being all that remains for the accommodation of the pilgrims, so that not more than three or four can be admitted at a time.

Leaving this hallowed spot, we were conducted first to the place where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene, and then to the Chapel of the Latins, where a part of the pillar of flagellation is preserved.

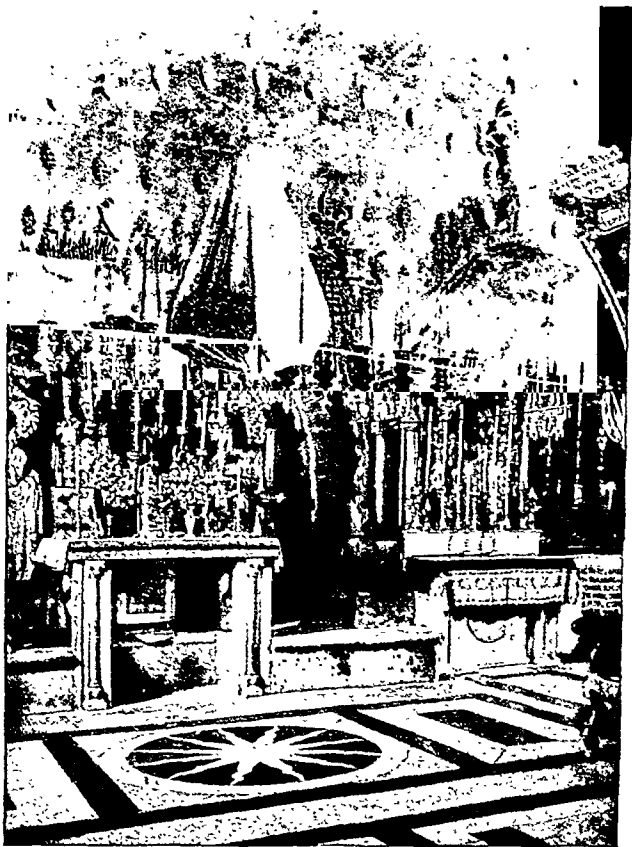
The Greeks have possession of the choir of the church, which is opposite the door of the Holy Sepulchre. This part of the building is of great size, and is magnificently decorated with gold and carving and stiff pictures of the saints. In the centre is a globe of black marble on a pedestal, under which they say the head of Adam was found ; and you are told also that this is the exact centre of the globe ; the Greeks having thus transferred to Jerusalem, from the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the absurd notions of the pagan priests of antiquity relative to the form of the earth.

Returning towards the door of the church, and leaving it on our right hand, we ascended a flight of about twenty steps, and found ourselves in the Chapel of the Cross on Mount Calvary. At the upper end of this chapel is an altar, on the spot where the crucifixion took place, and under it is the hole into which the end of the cross was fixed : this is surrounded with a glory of silver gilt, and on each side of it, at the distance of about six feet, are the

holes in which the crosses of the two thieves stood. Near to these is a long rent in the rock, which was opened by an earthquake at the time of the crucifixion. Although the three crosses appear to have stood very near to each other, yet, from the manner in which they are placed, there would have been room enough for them, as the cross of our Saviour stands in front of the other two.

Leaving this chapel, we entered a kind of vault under the stairs, in which the rent of the rock is again seen ; it extends from the ceiling to the floor, and has every appearance of having been caused by some convulsion of nature, and not formed by the hands of man. Here were formerly the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin his brother, who were buried beneath the cross for which they fought so valiantly : but these tombs have lately been destroyed by the Greeks, whose detestation of everything connected with the Latin Church exceeds their aversion to the Mohammedan creed. In the sacristy of the Latin monks we were shown the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon : the sword is apparently of the age assigned to it : it is double-edged and straight, with a cross-guard.¹

¹ This sword is used by the Reverendissimo, the title given to the superior of the Franciscans, when he confers the order of Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, which is only given to a Roman Catholic of noble birth. The Reverendissimo is also authorised by the Pope to give a flag bearing the Five Crosses of Jerusalem to the captain of any ship who has rendered service to the Catholic religion. These honours were first instituted by the Christian Kings of Jerusalem, but they are now sold by the monks.



[Photo : H. J. Shepstone.

CHAPEL OF CALVARY IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
UNDER THE ALTAR ON THE LEFT IS A SILVER STAR MARKING THE
SPOT WHERE THE CROSS STOOD.

IV

THE TRUE CROSS

In the middle ages, while the worship of our Saviour was completely neglected, the wooden cross upon which He was supposed to have suffered was the object of universal adoration to all sects of Christians ; armies fought with religious enthusiasm, not for the faith, but for the relic of the cross ; and the traditions regarding it were received as undoubted facts by the heroes of the crusades, the hierarchy of the Church, and all who called themselves Christians, in those iron ages, when with rope and fagot, fire and sword, the fierce piety even of good men sought to enforce the precepts of Him whose advent was heralded with the angels' hymn of "peace on earth and good will towards men."

It is related in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, that when Adam fell sick he sent his son Seth to the gate of the terrestrial paradise to ask the angel for some drops of the oil of mercy which distilled from the tree of life, to cure him of his disease ; but the angel answered that he could not receive this healing oil until 5,500 years had passed away. He gave him, however, a branch of this tree, and it was planted upon Adam's grave. In after ages the tree flourished and waxed exceeding fair, for Adam was buried in Mount Lebanon, not very far from the place near Damascus whence the red earth of which his body was formed by the Creator had been taken. When Balkis, Queen of Abyssinia, came to visit

Solomon the King, she worshipped this tree, for she said that thereon should the Saviour of the world be hanged, and that from that time the kingdom of the Jews should cease. Upon hearing this, Solomon commanded that the tree should be cut down and buried in a certain place in Jerusalem, where afterwards the pool of Bethesda was dug, and the angel that had charge of the mysterious tree troubled the water of the pool at certain seasons, and those who first dipped into it were cured of their ailments. As the time of the passion of the Saviour approached, the wood floated on the surface of the water, and of that piece of timber, which was of cedar, the Jews made the upright part of the cross, the cross beam was made of cypress, the piece on which His feet rested was of palm, and the other, on which the superscription was written, was of olive.

After the crucifixion the holy cross and the crosses of the two thieves were thrown into the town ditch, or, according to some, into an old vault which was near at hand, and they were covered with the refuse and ruins of the city. In her extreme old age the Empress Helena, making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, threatened all the Jewish inhabitants with torture and death if they did not produce the holy cross from the place where their ancestors had concealed it : and at last an old Jew named Judas, who had been put into prison and was nearly famished, consented to reveal the secret ; he accordingly petitioned Heaven, whereupon the earth trembled, and from the fissures in the ground a delicious aromatic odour issued forth, and on the soil being removed, the

three crosses were discovered ; and near the crosses the superscription ¹ was also found, but it was not known to which of the three it belonged. However, Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, repairing with the Empress to the house of a noble lady who was afflicted with an incurable disease, she was immediately restored to health by touching the true cross ; and the body of a young man which was being carried out to burial was brought to life on being laid upon the holy wood. At the sight of these miracles Judas the Jew became a Christian, and was baptised by the name of Quiriacus, to the great indignation of the devil, for, said he, " By the first Judas I gained much profit, but by this one's conversion I shall lose many souls."

¹ Now preserved in the church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme at Rome.

A JOURNEY TO YUNNAN-FU

From STELLA BENSON'S " Worlds within Worlds."

WE took our holiday in company with an American visitor of ours and her two children. Such a party as we were does not slip unobtrusively from its moorings—not, at any rate, in Mengtsh. To catch the main-line train which passes at four o'clock in the afternoon, we all had to get up at five in the morning. We breakfasted by candle-light at six to the tune of chanteys sung by coolies as they heaved our luggage away on poles. At half-past six, having managed to catch and shut up five or six dogs, we started in haste for the Chinese railway station. We were accompanied by a crowd consisting of six coolies with luggage, a children's *amah*, the husband of the *amah*, a cook, a travelling boy, three house-coolies, two gardeners, an ex-table boy unwilling to accept dismissal, and a stout, half-life-size teddy bear, for the honour of carrying which our junior American friends constantly manœuvred with high words. Half-way to the station there is a permanent mud-hole, four feet deep, that stretches right across the road. The only way to ford it, I believe, is on the back of a passing buffalo, but most of us prefer to leap, frog-like, from dyke to dyke among the roadside paddy-fields.

Our Chinese railway company manages to connect with the afternoon French main-line train by

launching a little expedition between seven and nine every morning on the doubtful hour's trip to the edge of the valley. True, there is supposed to be a Chinese train between two and four, but it generally misses the French train. Quite often our unlucky little train falls off the track, and then passengers must get out and push. A buffalo-calf on the rail can disorganise us for days. Half Mengtsz comes down twice a day to see the train off. The engine is exactly like Puffing Billy, the primitive engine displayed as a curiosity at Darlington—it is followed by a row of little springless wooden boxes. In the station it shows off shamelessly,—tooting, shunting, wheezing in all directions in a pillar of smuts. It is Mengtsz's darling pride. It is intoxicated with admiration ; it never starts less than an hour late.

But once on the road it has the greatest difficulty in going uphill. Sometimes it only manages to climb the hill to the French line after half-a-dozen attempts. It retires further and further back at each attempt to give itself a longer run. Passengers thus find themselves re-appearing at Mengtsz platform, to the surprise of the friends who came to see them off and have already said every imaginable form of good-bye. Then again, our engine cannot go very well downhill. Its trucks run away with it. It has a little brake which cannot curb the impatience of the trucks behind. I suppose in this case the more cautious passengers get out and pull backwards, but most of us, breathing a silent prayer, sit still and are whizzed down into a valley

of flooded paddy-fields as though we were in a water-chute. But the water-chutist's and switch-backer's feeling of ultimate safety is absent on our Chinese railway.

Pishihchai, the village where one must wait all day for the French train, makes its living out of pigs and coal. The nose of every passer-by is in constant grave danger both from smuts and smells, and no face on leaving Pishihchai is ever as clean as it was on arrival. Poor Pishihchai, it is a purgatory on the edge of loveliness; all its far horizons—even seen through a haze of coal-dust—are gracious. Brigands are the only travellers who visit Pishihchai with pleasure and profit; they even come down from those same castled mountain horizons for the purpose.

To us the little French train—a toy only a little bigger, only a little less absurd than the Chinese train—came like a delivering angel. It only carried us for two hours, looping round the shoulders of mountains, tunnelling under peaks on which needle-sharp pagodas pricked the clouds, hissing through floods, leaping little garrulous rivers—only two hours and we were thrown out at A-mi-chou for the night. (Every Yunnanese train is Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.) A-mi-chou is a town that knows no change from year to year. If you go there next month or next year or—I think—in fifty years, you will see all the stupid little things I saw last night, the noisy river of laden Chinese passengers flowing away from the train up the straight, dimly lighted avenue, the slovenly file of soldiers snaking

through the protesting stream of civilians, the little sad trees on either side, each with a fat, smug pony of a Chinese officer tied to it (ponies of the military profession in China are always reincarnations of chargers in old Chinese pictures ; their manes are cut in a way that accentuates their thickness of neck, their shortness of head, and their inadequacy of leg).

Always the Greek hotel man stands at his door looking with hatred at his arriving guests ; always he affects to make an elaborate choice of keys while knowing very well that he has only about three habitable rooms. (Unfortunately the bugs know this too.) Always the fat French railwaymen are arguing over whist in the *salle-à-manger*, while absinthe drips through sugar into their glasses. Always the servants of the inn wake you up by quarrelling all night and forget to wake you at five when the train begins shrieking for its passengers. Always the whistles themselves bring you to a shocked and sickening awakening from dreams that you have already missed the train.

It is a beautiful journey from A-mi-chou to Yunnan-fu—and so it ought to be. Man has done so much to make the journey unbearable that nature must work hard to reward travellers with her spell woven of crooked gorges and red rivers, of waterfalls and streaked precipices, of flowers and young tasselled pine trees.

To me, too, the arrival at Yunnan-fu by first lantern-light is lovely. There is a happy excitement in a chair-ride through the city in the busy evening.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

WILLIAM DAMPIER, a Somerset man of the second half of the seventeenth century, was not a great sea-captain, but, serving before the mast or as subordinate officer in many ships, he circumnavigated the world and took twelve and a half years in doing so. He was a buccaneer, that is to say a pirate, and although boys, young and old, enjoy reading about pirates, the buccaneers were a villainous crew whose sole pursuit was plunder, who were often cruel, drunken, disloyal, and had not always the saving virtue of courage. The men with whom Dampier sailed were more humane than the pirates of the generation before them, and Dampier himself was not built for a buccaneer. He said that he voyaged with the buccaneers more "to indulge my curiosity than to get wealth, though I confess at that time I did think the trade lawful," and we must remember that Englishmen of the time did not regard privateering as a great crime.

Dampier tells the story of his voyages with most winning modesty and directness. He was a born observer, interested in all natural phenomena and the customs of the people in the places he visited. In his journal he describes the people he saw and the plant and animal life, and he made careful notes on tides and winds to the accuracy and value of which tributes have been paid by many great seamen since his time. He seems to have been a quiet-mannered gentleman, who kept himself from his companions' revelries, and was much more occupied in making his observations than the search for booty.

The last voyage he made was as a pilot on a privateering expedition organised by the merchants of Bristol, and a very interesting feature of it was the rescue by his ship of Alexander Selkirk from the Island of Juan Fernandez.

His fame is secure with his journal, from which these extracts are taken, and his name has been given to several places, in chief to Dampier Strait at the west end of New Guinea and Dampier Island.

I

SETTING OUT (1679)

I FIRST set out of *England* on this Voyage at the beginning of the year 1679, in the *Loyal Merchant* of *London*, bound for *Jamaica*, Captain *Knapman* Commander. I went a Passenger, designing when I came thither, to go from thence to the Bay of *Campeachy*, in the Gulf of *Mexico*, to cut Log-wood : where in a former Voyage I had spent about three years in that employ ; and so was well acquainted with the place and the work.

We sailed with a prosperous Gale without any impediment or remarkable Passage in our Voyage : unless that when we came in Sight of the Island *Hispaniola*, and were coasting along on the South-side of it by the little Isles of *Vacca*, or *Ash*, I observed Captain *Knapman* was more vigilant than ordinary, keeping at a good distance off Shore, for fear of coming too near those small low Islands ; as he did once, in a Voyage from *England*, about the Year 1673, losing his Ship there, by the Carelessness of his Mates. But we succeeded better ; and arrived safe at *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica* some time in *April* 1679, and went immediately ashore.

I had brought some Goods with me from *England*, which I intended to sell here, and stock myself with Rum and Sugar, Saws, Axes, Hats, Stockings, Shoes and such other Commodities, as I knew would sell among the *Campeachy* Log-wood-Cutters. Accord-

ingly I sold my *English* Cargo at *Port-Royal*; but upon some maturer Considerations of my intended Voyage to *Campeachy*, I changed my Thoughts of that design, and continued at *Jamaica* all that Year, in Expectation of some other Business.

I shall not trouble the Reader with my Observations at that Isle, so well known to *English-men*; nor with the Particulars of my own Affairs during my Stay there. But in short, having there made a Purchase of a small Estate in *Dorsetshire*, near my Native Country of *Somerset*, of one whose Title to it I was well assured of, I was just embarking myself for *England*, about *Christmas* 1679, when one Mr. *Hobby* invited me to go first a short Trading Voyage to the Country of the *Moskito's*. I was willing to get up some Money before my return, having laid out what I had at *Jamaica*; so I sent the Writing of my new Purchase along with the same Friends whom I should have accompanied to *England*, and went on board Mr. *Hobby*.

Soon after our setting out we came to an anchor again in *Negril Bay*, at the West-end of *Jamaica*; but finding there Captain *Coxon*, *Sawkins*, *Sharp*, and other Privateers, Mr. *Hobby's* Men all left him to go with them, upon an Expedition they had contrived, leaving not one with him, beside myself; and being thus left alone, after three or four days' stay with Mr. *Hobby*, I was the more easily persuaded to go with, [†]*Juan Feo*.

His name is secure with [†]ter *Christmas* 1679 when we set taken, and his name has been taken. Condition was to *Portobelo*; which *Dampier Strait* at the we. was resolved to march by Land Island.



WILLIAM DAMPIER.

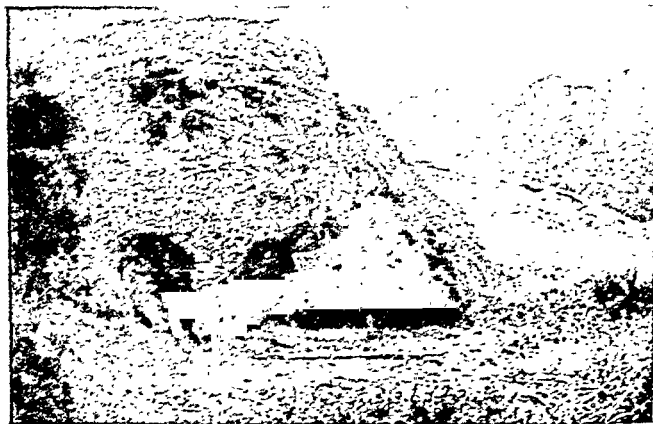
over the Isthmus of *Darien*, upon some new Adventures in the *South-Seas*. Accordingly on the 5th of *April* 1680, we went ashore on the Isthmus, near *Golden-Island*, one of the *Sambaloes*, to the number of between three and four hundred Men, carrying with us such Provisions as were necessary, and Toys wherewith to gratify the *Wild Indians*, through whose Country we were to pass. In about nine days' march we arrived at *Santa Maria*, and took it, and after a Stay there of about three days, we went on to the *South-Sea* Coast, and there embarked ourselves in such Canoes and Periago's, as our *Indian* Friends furnished us withal. We were in Sight of *Panama* by the 23rd of *April*, and having in vain attempted *Puebla Nova*, before which *Sawkins*, then Commander in chief, and others, were killed, we made some Stay at the neighbouring Isles of *Quibo*.

Here we resolved to change our Course, and stand away to the southward for the Coast of *Peru*. Accordingly we left the Keys or Isles of *Quibo* the 6th of *June*, and spent the rest of the Year in that southern Course; for touching at the Isles of *Gorgonia* and *Plata*, we came to *Ylo*, a small Town on the Coast of *Peru*, and took it. This was in *October*, and in *November* we went thence to *Coquimbo* on the same Coast, and about *Christmas* were got as far as the Isle of *Juan Fernandez*, which was the farthest of our Course to the Southward.

After *Christmas* we went back again to the Northward, having a design upon *Arica*, a strong Town advantageously situated in the hollow of the Elbow, or bending of the *Peruvian* Coast. But being there

repulsed with great Loss, we continued our Course northward, till by the middle of *April* we were come in sight of the Isle of *Plata*, a little to the Southward of the Equinoctial Line.

While we lay at the Isle of *Juan Fernandez*, Captain *Sharp* was, by general Consent, displaced from



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE AT JUAN FERNANDEZ.

[E.N.A.]

being Commander ; the Company being not satisfied either with his Courage or Behaviour. In his stead, Captain *Walling* was advanced ; but he being killed shortly after before *Arica*, we were without a Commander during all the rest of our Return towards *Plata*. Now *Walling* being killed, a great number of the meaner sort began to be as earnest for choosing Captain *Sharp* again into the Vacancy, as before they had been as forward as any to turn him out : And on the other side, the abler

and more experienced Men, being altogether dissatisfied with *Sharp's* former Conduct, would by no means consent to have him chosen. In short, by that time we were come in Sight of the Island *Plata*, the difference between the contending Parties was grown so high, that they resolved to part Companies ; having first made an Agreement, that which Party soever should upon Polling, appear to have the Majority, they should keep the Ship : And the other should content themselves with the Launch or Long-boat, and Canoes, and return back over the Isthmus, or go to seek their Fortune other-ways, as they would.

Accordingly we put it to the Vote ; and upon dividing, Captain *Sharp's* Party carried it. I, who had never been pleased with his Management, though I had hitherto kept my Mind to myself, now declared myself on the side of those that were Out-voted ; and according to our Agreement, we took our Shares of such Necessaries, as were fit to carry over Land with us, (for that was our Resolution) : and so prepared for our Departure.

II

RETURN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS (1681)

An account of the Author's Return out of the South Seas, to his Landing near Cape St. Lawrence, in the Isthmus of Darien : With an Occasional Description of the Moskito Indian.

April the 17th 1681, about Ten o'Clock in the Morning, being 12 Leagues N.W. from the Island *Plata*, we left Captain *Sharp* and those who were willing to go with him in the Ship, and embarked

into our Launch and Canoes, designing for the River of *Santa Maria*, in the Gulf of St. *Michael*, which is about 200 Leagues from the Isle of *Plata*. We were in Number 44 white Men who bore Arms, a *Spanish Indian*, who bore Arms also ; and two *Moskito Indians*, who always bear Arms amongst the Privateers, and are much valued by them for striking Fish, and Turtle or Tortoise, and Manatee or Sea-Cow ; and five Slaves taken in the South-Seas, who fell to our share.

The Craft which carried us was a Launch, or Long-Boat, one Canoe, and another Canoe which had been sawn asunder in the Middle, in order to have made Bumkins, or Vessels for carrying Water, if we had not separated from our Ship. This we joined together again and made it tight ; providing Sails to help us along : And for 3 Days before we parted, we sifted so much Flour as we could well carry, and rubbed up 20 or 30 pounds of Chocolate with Sugar to sweeten it ; these Things and a Kettle, the Slaves carried also on their Backs after we landed. And because there were some who designed to go with us that we knew were not well able to march, we gave out, that if any Man faltered in the Journey over Land he must expect to be shot to Death ; for we knew that the *Spaniards* would soon be after us, and one Man falling into their Hands might be the ruin of us all, by giving an account of our Strength and Condition ; yet this would not deter them from going with us. We had but little Wind when we parted from the Ship ; but before 12 o'Clock the Sea-breeze came in strong, which was like to founder us

RETURN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS (1681)

before we got in with the shore ; for our security, therefore, we cut up an old dry Hide that we brought with us, and barricaded the Launch all round with it to keep the Water out. About 10 o'Clock at Night we got in about 7 Leagues to windward of Cape *Passao* under the *Line*, and then it proved calm ; and we lay and drove all Night, being fatigued the preceding Day. The 18th Day we had little Wind till the Afternoon ; and then we made sail, standing along the shore to the Northward, having the Wind at S.S.W. and fair Weather.

At 7 o'Clock we came abreast of Cape *Passao*, and found a small Barque at an Anchor in a small Bay to Leeward of the Cape, which we took, our own Boats being too small to transport us. We took her just under the Equinoctial Line, she was not only a help to us, but in taking her we were safe from being descried : we did not design to have meddled with any when we parted with our Consorts, nor to have seen any if we could have helped it. The Barque came from *Gallio* laden with Timber, and was bound for *Guiaquil*.

The 19th Day in the Morning we came to an Anchor about 12 Leagues to the Southward of Cape *St. Francisco*, to put our new Barque into a better trim. In 3 or 4 Hours time we finished our Business, and came to sail again, and steered along the Coast with the Wind at S.S.W. intending to touch at *Gorgonia*.

Being to the Northward of Cape *St. Francisco* we met with very wet Weather ; but the Wind continuing we arrived at *Gorgonia* the 24th Day in the

Morning, before it was light ; we were afraid to approach it in the Day Time, for fear the *Spaniards* should lie there for us, it being the place where we careened lately, and there they might expect us.

When we came ashore we found the *Spaniards* had been there to seek after us, by a House they had built, which would entertain 100 Men, and by a great Cross before the Doors. This was token enough that the *Spaniards* did expect us this Day again ; therefore we examined our Prisoners if they knew anything of it, who confessed they had heard of a *Pereago* (or large Canoe) that rowed with 14 Oars, which was kept in a River on the Main, and once in two or three Days came over to *Gorgonia* purposely to seek for us ; and that having discovered us, she was to make all speed to *Panama* with the News ; where they had three Ships ready to send after us.

We lay here all the Day, and scrubbed our new Barque, that if ever we should be chased we might the better escape : we filled our Water, and in the Evening went from thence, having the Wind at S.W. a brisk gale.

The 25th Day we had much Wind and Rain, and we lost the Canoe that had been cut and was joined together ; we would have kept all our Canoes to carry us up the River, the Barque not being so convenient. The 27th Day we went from thence with a moderate gale of Wind at S.W. In the Afternoon we had excessive Showers of Rain.

The 28th Day was very wet all the Morning ; betwixt 10 and 11 it cleared up, and we saw two

great Ships about a League and half to the Westward of us, we being then two Leagues from the shore, and about 10 Leagues to the Southward of point *Garrachina*. These Ships had been cruising between *Gorgonia* and the Gulf 6 Months ; but whether our Prisoners did know it I cannot tell.

We presently furled our Sails, and rowed in close under the shore, knowing that they were Cruisers ; for if they had been bound to *Panama* this Wind would have carried them thither ; and no Ships bound from *Panama* come on this side of the Bay, but keep the North-side of the Bay till as far as the Keys of *Quibo* to the Westward ; and then if they are bound to the Southward they stand over and may fetch *Galleo*, or betwixt it and Cape St. *Francisco*.

The Glare did not continue long before it rained again, and kept us from the sight of each other : but if they had seen and chased us, we were resolved to run our Barque and Canoes ashore, and take ourselves to the Mountains and travel over Land ; for we knew that the *Indians* which lived in these parts never had any Commerce with the *Spaniards* ; so we might have had a chance for our lives.

The 29th Day, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, we came to an Anchor at Point *Garrachina*, about 7 Leagues from the Gulf of St. *Michael*, which was the Place where we first came into the South-Seas, and the way by which we designed to return.

Here we lay all the Day, and went ashore and dried our Clothes, cleaned our Guns, dried our Ammunition, and fixed ourselves against our Enemies, if we should be attacked ; for we did

expect to find some Opposition at Landing ; we likewise kept a good Look-out all the Day, for fear of those two Ships. that we saw the Day before.

The 30th Day in the Morning at 8 o'clock we came into the Gulf of *St. Michael's* Mouth ; for we put from Point *Garrachina* in the Evening, designing to have reached the Islands in the Gulf before Day ; that we might the better work our Escape from our Enemies, if we should find any of them waiting to stop our Passage.

About 9 o'clock we came to an Anchor a Mile without a large Island, which lies 4 Miles from the Mouth of the River ; we had other small Islands without us, and might have gone up into the River, having a strong tide of flood, but would not adventure farther till we had looked well about us.

We immediately sent a Canoe ashore on the Island, where we saw (what we always feared) a Ship at the Mouth of the River, lying close by the shore, and a large Tent by it, by which we found it would be a hard Task for us to escape them.

When the Canoe came aboard with this News, some of our Men were a little disheartened ; but it was no more than I ever expected.

Our Care was now to get safe over Land, seeing we could not land here according to our desire : Therefore before the Tide of Flood was spent, we manned our Canoe and rowed again to the Island, to see if the Enemy was yet in Motion. When we came ashore we dispersed ourselves all over the Island, to prevent our Enemies from coming any way to view us ; and presently after High-water

we saw a small Canoe coming over from the Ship to the Island that we were on ; which made us all get into our Canoe, and wait their coming ; and we lay close till they came within Pistol-shot of us, and then being ready, we started out and took them. There were in her one white Man and two *Indians* ; who being examined, told us that the Ship which we saw at the River's Mouth, had lain there six Months, guarding the River, waiting for our coming ; that she had 12 Guns, and 150 Seamen and Soldiers : that the Seamen all lay aboard, but the Soldiers lay ashore in their tents ; that there were 300 Men at the Mines, who had all small Arms, and would be aboard in two Tides time. They likewise told us, that there were two Ships cruising in the Bay, between this place and *Gorgonia* ; the biggest had 20 Guns, and 200 Men, the other 10 Guns, and 150 Men : Besides all this they told us that the *Indians* on this side the Country were our Enemies ; which was the worse News of all. However we presently brought these Prisoners aboard, and got under sail, turning out with the Tide of Ebb, for it was not convenient to stay longer there.

We did not long consider what to do ; but intended to land that Night, or the next Day betimes ; for we did not question but we should either get a good Commerce with the *Indians*, by such Toys as we had purposely brought with us, or else force our way through their Country, in spite of all their Opposition ; and we did not fear what these *Spaniards* could do against us, in case they should land and come after us. We had a strong Southerly

Wind, which blew right in ; and the Tide of Ebb being far spent, we could not turn out.

I persuaded them to run into the River of *Congo*, which is a large River, about three Leagues from the Island where we lay ; which with a Southerly Wind we could have done : and when we were got so high as the Tide flows, then we might have landed. But all the Arguments I could use were not of force sufficient to convince them that there was a large River so near us, but they would land somewhere, they neither did know how, where, nor when.

When we had rowed and towed against the Wind all Night, we just got about Cape *St. Lorenzo* in the Morning ; and sailed about 4 Miles farther to the Westward, and run into a small Creek within two Keys, or little Islands, and rowed up to the Head of the Creek, being about a Mile up, and there we landed *May 1, 1681*.

We got out all our Provision and Clothes, and then sunk our Vessel.

While we were landing and fixing our Snap-Sacks to march, our *Moskito Indians* struck a plentiful Dish of Fish, which we immediately dressed, and therewith satisfied our Hunger.

Having made mention of the *Moskito Indians*, it may not be amiss to conclude this Chapter with a short account of them. They are tall, well-made, raw-boned, lusty, strong, and nimble of Foot, long-visaged, lank black Hair, look stern, hard favoured, and of a dark Copper-colour Complexion. They are but a small Nation or Family, and not 100 Men

of them in Number, inhabiting on the Main on the North-side, near Cape *Gratia Dios* ; between Cape *Honduras* and *Nicaragua*. They are very ingenious at throwing the Lance, Fisgig, Harpoon, or any manner of Dart, being bred to it from their Infancy ; for the Children imitating their Parents, never go abroad without a Lance in their Hands, which they throw at any Object, till use hath made them Masters of the Art. Then they learn to put by a Lance, Arrow, or Dart : The manner is thus. Two Boys stand at a small distance, and dart a blunt stick at one another ; each of them holding a small stick in his right Hand, with which he strikes away that which was darted at him. As they grow in Years they become more dexterous and courageous, and then they will stand a fair Mark, to any one that will shoot Arrows at them ; which they will put by with a very small stick, no bigger than the Rod of a Fowling-piece ; and when they are grown to be Men, they will guard themselves from Arrows, though they come very thick at them, provided two do not happen to come at once. They have extraordinary good Eyes, and will descry a Sail at Sea farther, and see any Thing better than we. Their chiefest Employment in their own Country is to strike Fish, Turtle, or Manatee. For this they are esteemed and coveted by all Privateers ; for one or two of them in a Ship, will maintain 100 Men : So that when we careen our Ships, we choose commonly such Places where there is plenty of Turtle or Manatee for these *Moskito* Men to strike : and it is very rare to find Privateers destitute

of one or more of them, when the Commander, or most of the Men are *English* ; but they do not love the *French*, and the *Spaniards* they hate mortally. When they come among Privateers, they get the use of Guns, and prove very good Marks-Men : they behave themselves very bold in fight, and never seem to flinch nor hang back ; for they think that the white Men with whom they are, know better than they do when it is best to fight, and let the disadvantage of their Party be never so great, they will never yield nor give back while any of their Party stand. I could never perceive any Religion nor any Ceremonies, or superstitious Observations among them, being ready to imitate us in whatsoever they saw us do at any time. Only they seem to fear the Devil, whom they call *Wallesaw* ; and they say he often appears to some among them, whom our Men commonly call their Priest, when they desire to speak with him on urgent Business ; but the rest know not anything of him, nor how he appears, otherwise than as these Priests tell them. Yet they all say they must not anger him, for then he will beat them, and that sometimes he carries away these their Priests. Thus much I have heard from some of them who speak good *English*.

They marry but one Wife, with whom they live till Death separates them. At their first coming together, the Man makes a very small Plantation, for there is Land enough, and they may choose what spot they please. They delight to settle near the Sea, or by some River, for the sake of striking Fish, their beloved Employment.

For within Land there are other *Indians*, with whom they are always at War. After the Man hath cleared a Spot of Land, and hath planted it, he seldom minds it afterwards, but leaves the managing of it to his Wife, and he goes out a striking. Sometimes he seeks only for Fish, at other times for Turtle, or Manatee, and whatever he gets he brings home to his Wife, and never stirs out to seek for more till it is all eaten. When hunger begins to bite, he either takes his Canoe and seeks for more Game at Sea, or walks out into the Woods and hunts for Peccary, Warree, each a sort of wild Hogs or Deer ; and seldom returns empty-handed, nor seeks for any more so long as any of it lasts. Their plantations are so small, that they cannot subsist with what they produce : for their largest Plantations have not above 20 or 30 Plantain-trees, a Bed of Yams and Potatoes, a Bush of *Indian* Pepper, and a small Spot of Pine-apples ; which last Fruit is a main thing they delight in ; for with these they make a sort of Drink which our Men call Pine-drink, much esteemed by these *Moskito's*, and to which they invite each other to be merry, providing Fish and Flesh also. Whoever of them makes of this Liquor treats his Neighbours, making a little Canoe full at a time, and so enough to make them all drunk ; and it is seldom that such Feasts are made, but the Party that makes them hath some design, either to be revenged for some Injury done him, or to debate of such Differences as have happened between him and his Neighbours, and to examine into the Truth of such Matters. Yet

before they are warmed with drink, they never speak one word of their Grievances : and the Women, who commonly know their Husbands' Designs, prevent them from doing any Injury to each other, by hiding their Lances, Harpoons, Bows and Arrows, or any other Weapon that they have.

The *Moskito's* are in general very civil and kind to the *English*, of whom they receive a great deal of Respect, both when they are aboard their Ships, and also ashore, either in *Jamaica*, or elsewhere, whither they often come with the Seamen. We always humour them, letting them go any whither as they will, and return to their Country in any Vessel bound that way, if they please. They will have the management of themselves in their striking, and will go in their own little Canoe, which our Men could not go in without danger of oversetting : nor will they then let any white Man come in their Canoe, but will go a striking in it just as they please : All which we allow them. For should we cross them, though they should see Shoals of Fish, or Turtle, or the like, they will purposely strike their Harpoons and Turtle-Irons aside, or so glance them as to kill nothing. They have no form of Government among them, but acknowledge the King of *England* for their Sovereign. They learn our Language, and take the Governor of *Jamaica* to be one of the greatest Princes in the *World*.

While they are among the *English* they wear good Clothes, and take delight to go neat and tight ; but when they return again to their own Country they put by all their Clothes, and go after their own

RETURN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS (1681)

Country fashion, wearing only a small Piece of Linen tied about their Waists, hanging down to their Knees.

III

THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS (1684)

The *Galapagos* Islands are a great number of uninhabited Islands, lying under, and on both sides of the Equator. The Eastermost of them are about 110 Leagues from the Main. They are laid down in the Longitude of 181, reaching to the Westward as far as 176, therefore their Longitude from *England* Westward is about 68 degrees. But I believe our Hydrographers do not place them far enough to the Westward. The *Spaniards* who first discovered them, and in whose draughts alone they are laid down, report them to be a great number stretching North-West from the Line, as far as 5 degrees N.; but we saw not above 14 or 15. They are some of them 7 or 8 Leagues long, and 3 or 4 broad. They are of a good height, most of them flat and even on the top; 4 or 5 of the Eastermost are rocky, barren and hilly, producing neither Tree, Herb, nor Grass, but a few Dildoe-trees, except by the Sea-side. The Dildoe-tree is a green prickly shrub, that grows about 10 or 12 foot high, without either Leaf or Fruit. It is as big as a Man's Leg, from the root to the top, and it is full of sharp prickles, growing in thick rows from top to bottom; this shrub is fit for no use, not so much as to burn. Close by the Sea there grows in some Places Bushes of Burton-wood, which is very good firing. This sort of Wood grows in many

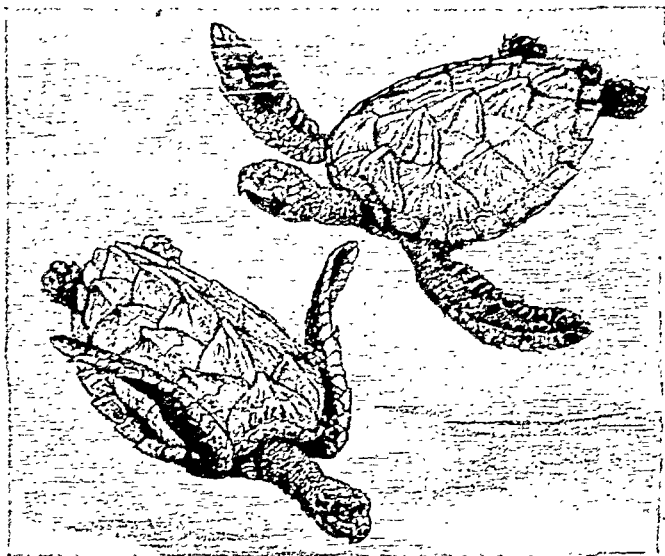
Places in the *West-Indies*, especially in the Bay of *Campeachy*, and the *Samballoe*s. I did never see any in these Seas but here. There is Water on these barren Islands, in ponds and holes among the Rocks. Some other of these Islands are mostly plain and low, and the Land more fertile, producing Trees of divers sorts, unknown to us. Some of the Westernmost of these Islands are nine or ten Leagues long, and six or seven broad ; the Mould deep and black. These produce Trees of great and tall Bodies, especially Mammee-trees, which grow here in great Groves. In these large Islands there are some pretty big Rivers ; and in many of the other lesser Islands, there are Brooks of good Water. The *Spaniards* when they first discovered these Islands, found Multitudes of Guanoes, and Land-turtle or Tortoise, and named them the *Galapagos* Islands. I do believe there is no place in the World that is so plentifully stored with those Animals. The Guanoes here are fat and large as any that I ever saw ; they are so tame, that a Man may knock down twenty in an Hour's Time with a Club. The Land-turtle are here so numerous, that 5 or 600 Men might subsist on them alone for several Months, without any other sort of Provision : They are extraordinary large and fat ; and so sweet, that no Pullet eats more pleasantly. One of the largest of these Creatures will weigh 150 or 200 pound weight, and some of them are 2 foot, or 2 foot 6 inches over the Challapee or Belly. I did never see any but at this place, that will weigh above 30 pound weight.

There are good wide Channels between these Islands fit for Ships to pass, and in some places shoal

Water, where there grows plenty of Turtle-Grass ; therefore these Islands are plentifully stored with Sea-turtle, or that sort which is called the green Turtle. I have hitherto deferred the description of these Creatures, therefore I shall give it here. There are 4 sorts of Sea-turtle, *viz.* the Trunk-turtle, the Loggerhead, the Hawks-bill, and the Green-turtle. The Trunk-turtle is commonly bigger than the other, their Backs are higher and rounder, and their Flesh rank and not wholesome. The Loggerhead is so called, because it hath a great Head, much bigger than the other sorts ; their flesh is likewise very rank, and seldom eaten but in case of Necessity : They feed on Moss that grows about Rocks. The Hawks-bill Turtle is the least kind, they are so called because their Mouths are long and small, somewhat resembling the Bill of a Hawk : on the Backs of these Hawks-bill Turtle grows that shell which is so much esteemed for making Cabinets, Combs, and other things. The largest of them may have 3 pound and an half of shell : I have taken some that have had 3 pound 10 Ounces : But they commonly have a pound and half, or two pound ; some not so much. These are but ordinary food, but generally sweeter than the Loggerhead.

Hawks-bill Turtle are in many places of the *West-Indies* : They have Islands and places peculiar to themselves, where they lay their Eggs, and seldom come among any other Turtle. These and all other Turtle lay Eggs in the Sand ; their Time of laying is in *May, June, July*. Some begin sooner, some later. They lay 3 Times in a Season, and at each Time 80

or 90 Eggs. Their Eggs are as big as a Hen's Egg, and very round, covered only with a white tough Skin. There are some Bays on the North-side of *Jamaica*, where these Hawks-bills resort to lay. In the Bay of *Honduras* are Islands which they likewise make their breeding-places, and many places along



YOUNG "HAWKSBILL TURTLE."

all the Coast on the Main of the *West-Indies*, from *Trinidad* to *La Vera Cruz*, in the Bay of *Nova Hispania*. When a Sea-turtle turns out of the Sea to lay, she is at least an Hour before she returns again, for she is to go above High-water Mark, and if it be low-water when she comes ashore, she must rest once or twice,

being heavy, before she comes to the place where she lays. When she hath found a place for her purpose, she makes a great hole with her Fins in the Sand, wherein she lays her Eggs, then covers them 2 foot deep with the same Sand which she threw out of the hole, and so returns. Sometimes they come up the Night before they intend to lay, and take a view of the place, and so having made a Tour, or Semi-circular March, they return to the Sea again, and they never fail to come ashore the next night to lay near that place. All sorts of Turtle use the same methods in laying. I knew a Man in *Jamaica*, that made 8 pound Sterling of the shell of these Hawks-bill Turtle, which he got in one Season, and in one small Bay, not half a Mile long. The manner of taking them is to watch the Bay, by walking from one part to the other all night, making no noise, nor keeping any sort of light. When the Turtle comes ashore, the Man that watches for them turns them on their Backs, then hauls them above high-water mark, and leaves them till the Morning. A large green Turtle, with her weight and struggling, will puzzle 2 Men to turn her. The Hawks-bill Turtle are not only found in the *West-Indies*, but on the Coast of *Guinea*, and in the *East-Indies*. I never saw any in the *South-Seas*.

The green Turtle are so called, because their shell is greener than any other. It is very thin and clear, and better clouded than the Hawks-bill ; but 'tis used only for inlays, being extraordinary thin. These Turtles are generally larger then the Hawks-bill ; one will weigh 2 or 3 hundred Pound. Their

Backs are flatter than the Hawks-bill, their Heads round and small. Green Turtle are the sweetest of all the kinds ; but there are degrees of them, both in respect to their flesh and their bigness. I have observed that at *Blanco* in the *West-Indies*, the green Turtle (which is the only kind there) are larger than any other in the North-Seas. There they will commonly weigh 280 or 300 pound ; Their Fat is yellow, and the Lean white, and their Flesh extraordinary sweet.

IV

COCHINEAL IN GUATEMALA (1685)

The *Cochineal* is an Insect, bred in a sort of Fruit much like the Prickle-Pear. The Tree or Shrub that bears it is like the Prickle-Pear-Tree, about five Foot high, and so prickly ; only the Leaves are not quite so big, but the Fruit is bigger. On the top of the Fruit there grows a red Flower : This Flower, when the Fruit is ripe, falls down on the top of the Fruit, which then begins to open, and covers it so, that no Rain nor Dew can wet the inside. The next day, or two days after its falling down, the Flower being then scorched away by the heat of the Sun, the Fruit opens as broad as the mouth of a Pint-Pot, and the inside of the Fruit is by this time full of small red Insects, with curious thin Wings. As they were bred here, so here they would die for want of food, and rot in their husks, (having by this time eaten up their Mother-Fruit) did not the *Indians*, who plant large Fields of these Trees, when once they perceive the Fruit open, take care to drive them out : for they

spread under the branches of the Tree a large Linen Cloth, and then with sticks they shake the branches, and so disturb the poor Insects, that they take wing to be gone, yet hovering still over the head of their native Tree, but the heat of the Sun so disorders them, that they presently fall down dead on the Cloth spread for that purpose, where the *Indians* let them remain two or three days longer, till they are thoroughly dry. When they fly up they are red, when they fall down they are black ; and when first they are quite dry they are as white as the sheet wherein they lie, though the Colour change a little after. These yield the much esteemed Scarlet.

V

NATIVES OF THE ISLAND OF GUAM IN THE
LADRONE ISLANDS (1686)

The Natives of this Island are strong-bodied, large-limbed, and well-shaped. They are Copper-coloured, like other *Indians* : their Hair is black and long, their Eyes meanly proportioned ; they have pretty high Noses ; their Lips are pretty full, and their Teeth indifferent white. They are long-visaged, and stern of countenance ; yet we found them to be affable and courteous. They are many of them troubled with a kind of Leprosy. This Distemper is very common at *Mindanao*. They of *Guam* are otherwise very healthy, especially in the dry season : but in the wet season, which comes in in *June*, and holds till *October*, the Air is more thick and unwholesome ; which occasions Fevers ; but the

Rains are not violent nor lasting. For the Island lies so far westerly from the *Philippine* Islands, or any other Land, that the westerly Winds do seldom blow so far ; and when they do, they do not last long : but the easterly Winds do constantly blow here, which are dry and healthy ; and this Island is found to be very healthful, as we were informed while



[E.N.A.]

THE LADRONES (MARIANA ISLAND), ISLAND OF GUAM.—A
PRIMITIVE TWO-WHEELED BULL-CART AND TYPICAL GOVERN-
MENT ROAD.

we lay by it. The Natives are very ingenious beyond any People, in making Boats, or Proes, as they are called in the *East-Indies*, and therein they take great delight. These are built sharp at both ends ; the bottom is of one piece, made like the bottom of a little Canoe, very neatly dug, and left of a good substance. This bottom-part is instead of a Keel. It is about 26 or 28 Foot long ; the under-

part of this Keel is made round, but inclining to a wedge, and smooth ; and the upper-part is almost flat, having a very gentle hollow, and is about a Foot broad : From hence both sides of the Boat are carried up to about five Foot high with narrow Plank, not above four or five inches broad, and each end of the Boat turns up round, very prettily. But what is very singular, one side of the Boat is made perpendicular, like a Wall, while the other side is rounding, made as other Vessels are, with a pretty full belly. Just in the middle it is about four or five Foot broad aloft, or more, according to the length of the Boat. The Mast stands exactly in the middle, with a long Yard that peeps up and down like a Mizen-yard. One end of it reacheth down to the end or head of the Boat, where it is placed in a notch, that is made there purposely to receive it, and keep it fast. The other end hangs over the Stern : To this Yard the Sail is fastened. At the foot of the Sail there is another small Yard, to keep the Sail out square, and to roll up the Sail on when it blows hard ; for it serves instead of a Reef to take up the Sail to what degree they please, according to the strength of the Wind. Along the Belly-side of the Boat, parallel with it, at about six or seven Foot distance, lies another small Boat, or Canoe, being a Log of very light Wood, almost as long as the great Boat, but not so wide, being not above a foot and an half wide at the upper part, and very sharp like a Wedge at each end. And there are two Bamboos of about 8 or 10 Foot long, and as big as one's Leg, placed over the great Boat's side, one near each end

of it, and reaching about six or seven Foot from the side of the Boat ; By the help of which, the little Boat is made firm and contiguous to the other. These are generally called by the *Dutch*, and by the *English* from them, *Out-layer*. The use of them is to keep the great Boat upright from over-setting ; because the Wind here being in a manner constantly East, (or if it were at West it would be the same thing) and the Range of these Islands where their business lies to and fro, being mostly North and South, they turn the flat side of the Boat against the Wind, upon which they sail, and the Belly-side, consequently with its little Boat, is upon the Lee : And the Vessel having a Head at each end, so as to sail with either of them foremost (indifferently) they need not tack, or go about, as all our Vessels do, but each end of the Boat serves either for Head or Stern as they please. When they ply to Windward, and are minded to go about, he that steers bears away a little from the Wind, by which means the Stern comes to the Wind ; which is now become the Head, only by shifting the end of the Yard. This Boat is steered with a broad Paddle, instead of a Rudder. I have been the more particular in describing these Boats, because I do believe, they sail the best of any Boats in the World. I did here for my own satisfaction, try the swiftness of one of them ; sailing by our Log, we had 12 Knots on our Reel, and she run it all out before the half Minute-Glass was half out ; which, if it had been no more, is after the rate of 12 Mile an Hour ; but I do believe she would have run 24 Mile an Hour. It was very pleasant to see the little Boat running along so swift by the other's side.

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

This extract is taken from a translation of the great book which tells of the travels in the thirteenth century of the Venetian, MARCO POLO, of whose wonderful career you have already read a short description by Sven Hedin.

IN Great Turkey there is a king called Kaidu, who is the nephew of the grand khan, for he was son of the son of Ciagatai, who was brother to the grand khan. He possesses many cities and castles, and is a very great lord. He is Tartar, and his men also are Tartar, and they are good warriors, which is no wonder, for they are all men brought up to war ; and I tell you that this Kaidu never gave obedience to the grand khan, without first making great war. And you must know that this Great Turkey lies to the north-west when we leave Ormus, by the way already mentioned. Great Turkey is beyond the river Ion,¹ and stretches out northward to the territory of the grand khan. This Kaidu has already fought many battles with the people of the grand khan, and I will relate to you how he came to quarrel with him. You must know for a truth that Kaidu sent word one day to the grand khan that he wanted his part of what they had obtained by conquest, claiming a part of the province of Cathay and of that of Manji. The grand khan told him that he was quite willing to give him his share, as he had done to his other sons, if he, on his part, would

¹ The river Gihon ; the *Oxus* of the ancients.

repair to his court and attend his council as often as he sent for him ; and the grand khan willed further, that he should obey him like the others his sons and his barons ; and on this condition the grand khan said that he would give him part of their conquest (of China). Kaidu, who distrusted his uncle the grand khan, rejected this condition, saying that he was willing to yield him obedience in his own country, but that he would not go to his court for any consideration, as he feared lest he should be put to death. Thus originated the quarrel between the grand khan and Kaidu, which led to a great war, and there were many great battles between them. And the grand khan posted an army round the kingdom of Kaidu, to prevent him or his people from committing any injury to his territory or people. But, in spite of all these precautions of the grand khan, Kaidu invaded his territory, and fought many times with the forces sent to oppose him. Now king Kaidu, by exerting himself, could bring into the field a hundred thousand horsemen, all good men, and well trained to war and battle. And moreover he had with him many barons of the lineage of the emperor, that is of Jengiskhan, who was the founder of the empire. We will now proceed to narrate certain battles between Kaidu and the grand khan's people ; but first we will describe their mode of fighting. When they go to war, each is obliged to carry with him sixty arrows, thirty of which are of a smaller size, intended for shooting at a distance, but the other thirty are larger, and have a broad blade ; these they use near at hand, and strike their

enemies in the faces and arms, and cut the strings of their bows, and do great damage with them. And when they have discharged all their arrows, they take their swords and maces, and give one another heavy blows with them.

In the year 1266, this king Kaidu, with his cousins, one of whom was called Jesudar, assembled a vast number of people, and attacked two of the grand khan's barons, who also were cousins of king Kaidu, though they held their lands of the grand khan. One of these was named Tabai or Ciban. They were sons of Ciagatai, who had received Christian baptism, and was own brother to the grand khan Kublaï. Well, Kaidu with his people fought with these his two cousins, who also had a great army, for on both sides there were about a hundred thousand horsemen. They fought very hard together, and there were many slain on both sides ; but at last king Kaidu gained the victory, and did great damage to the others. But the two brothers, the cousins of king Kaidu, escaped without hurt, for they had good horses, which bore them away with great swiftness. Having thus gained the victory, Kaidu's pride and arrogance increased ; and he returned into his own country, where he remained full two years in peace, without any hostilities between him and the grand khan. But at the end of two years Kaidu again assembled a great army. He knew that the grand khan's son, named Nomogan, was at Caracorum, and that with him was George the grandson of Prester John, which two barons had also a very great army of horsemen. King Kaidu, having

assembled his host, marched from his own country, and, without any occurrence worth mentioning, arrived in the neighbourhood of Caracorum, where the two barons, the son of the grand khan and the grandson of Prester John, were with their army. The latter, instead of being frightened, prepared to meet them with the utmost ardour and courage ; and having assembled their whole army, which consisted of not less than sixty thousand horsemen, they marched out and established their camp very well and orderly at a distance of about ten miles from king Kaidu, who was encamped with his men in the same plain. Each party remained in their camp till the third day, preparing for battle in the best way they could, for their numbers were about equal, neither exceeding sixty thousand horsemen, well armed with bows and arrows, and a sword, mace, and shield to each. Both armies were divided into six squadrons of ten thousand men each, and each having its commander. And when the two armies were drawn up in the field, and waited only for the signal to be given by sounding the nacar,¹ they sang and sounded their instruments of music in such a manner that it was wonderful to hear. For the Tartars are not allowed to commence a battle till they hear the nacars of their lord begin to sound, but the moment it sounds they begin to fight ; and it is their custom, while thus waiting the signal of battle, to sing and sound their two-corded instruments very sweetly, and make great solace.

¹ The nacar, or nacaire, was a kind of drum or cymbal for warlike music.

As soon as the sound of the nacars was heard, the battle began, and they put their hands to their bows, and placed the arrows to the strings. In an instant the air was filled with arrows like rain, and you might see many a man and many a horse struck down dead, and the shouting and the noise of the battle was so great, that one could hardly have heard God's thunder. In truth, they fought like mortal enemies. And truly, as long as they had any arrows left, those who were able ceased not to shoot; but so many were slain and mortally wounded, that the battle commenced propitiously for neither party. And when they had exhausted their arrows, they placed the bows in their cases, and seized their swords and maces, and, rushing upon each other, began to give terrible blows with them. Thus they began a very fierce and dreadful battle, with such execution upon each other, that the ground was soon covered with corpses. Kaidu especially performed great feats of arms, and but for his personal prowess, which restored courage to his followers, they were several times nearly defeated. And on the other side, the son of the grand khan and the grandson of Prester John also behaved themselves with great bravery. In a word, this was one of the most sanguinary battles that had ever taken place among the Tartars; for it lasted till nightfall; and in spite of all their efforts, neither party could drive the other from the field, which was covered with so many corpses that it was pity to see, and many a lady that day was made a widow, and many a child an orphan. And when the sun set,

both parties gave over fighting, and returned to their several camps to repose during the night. Next morning, king Kaidu, who had received information that the grand khan had sent a very powerful army against him, put his men under arms at daybreak, and, all having mounted, he ordered them to proceed homewards. Their opponents were so weary with the previous day's battle, that they made no attempt to follow them, but let them go without molestation. Kaidu's men continued their retreat, until they came to Samarcand, in Great Turkey.

Now the grand khan was greatly enraged against Kaidu, who was always doing so much injury to his people and his territory, and he said in himself, that if he had not been his nephew, he should not have escaped an evil death. But his feelings of relationship hindered him from destroying him and his land ; and thus Kaidu escaped from the hands of the grand khan. We will now leave this matter, and we will tell you a strange history of king Kaidu's daughter.

You must know, then, that king Kaidu had a daughter named, in the Tartar language, Aigiarm, which means shining moon. This damsel was so strong, that there was no young man in the whole kingdom who could overcome her, but she vanquished them all. Her father the king wished to marry her ; but she declined, saying, that she would never take a husband till she met with some gentleman who should conquer her by force, upon which the king, her father, gave her a written promise that she might marry at her own will. She now caused

it to be proclaimed in different parts of the world, that if any young man would come and try strength with her, and should overcome her by force, she would accept him for her husband. This proclamation was no sooner made, than many came from all parts to try their fortune. The trial was made with great solemnity. The king took his place in the principal hall of the palace, with a large company of men and women ; then came the king's daughter, in a dress of cendal, very richly adorned, into the middle of the hall ; and next came the young man, also in a dress of cendal.¹ The agreement was, that if the young man overcame her so as to throw her by force to the ground, he was to have her for wife ; but if, on the contrary, he should be overcome by the king's daughter, he was to forfeit to her a hundred horses. In this manner the damsel gained more than ten thousand horses, for she could meet with no one able to conquer her, which was no wonder, for she was so well-made in all her limbs, and so tall and strongly built, that she might almost be taken for a giantess. At last, about the year 1280, there came the son of a rich king, who was very beautiful and young ; he was accompanied with a very fine retinue, and brought with him a thousand beautiful horses. Immediately on his arrival, he announced that he was come to try his strength with the lady. King Kaidu received him very gladly, for he was very desirous to have this youth for his son-in-law, knowing him to be the son of the king of Pamar ; on which account, Kaidu privately

¹ A rich thin silken stuff.

told his daughter that he wished her on this occasion to let herself be vanquished. But she said she would not do so for anything in the world. Thereupon the king and queen took their places in the hall, with a great attendance of both sexes, and the king's daughter presented herself as usual, and also the king's son, who was remarkable no less for his beauty than for his great strength. Now when they were brought into the hall, it was, on account of the superior rank of the claimant, agreed as the conditions of the trial, that if the young prince were conquered, he should forfeit the thousand horses he had brought with him as his stake. This agreement having been made, the wrestling began ; and all who were there, including the king and queen, wished heartily that the prince might be the victor, that he might be the husband of the princess. But, contrary to their hopes, after much pulling and tugging, the king's daughter gained the victory, and the young prince was thrown on the pavement of the palace, and lost his thousand horses. There was not one person in the whole hall who did not lament his defeat. After this the king took his daughter with him into many battles, and not a cavalier in the host displayed so much valour ; and at last the damsel rushed into the midst of the enemy, and seizing upon a horseman, carried him off to her own people.

THE WESTERN AVERNUS

This extract is from "The Western Avernus," an account of his early days "roughing it" in America as herdsman, sawyer, tramp, miner, lumberman and what not else by Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS, now famous in all English-speaking countries as a writer of many admirable books.

IN TEXAS

THE wide prairie of North-west Texas, with Nature's sweet breath bearing faint odours of spring flowers, was about me ; a plain of few scant trees or smaller brush, with here and there a rounded hill that emphasised the breadth of level land, and again the general surface broken, by quiet creeks and winter rain, into hollow cañons beneath me, and beyond them once more the gentle roll of grassy prairie, and hills again. I looked around me and I was alone ; and yet not wholly solitary, for close to me strayed a band of sheep, grazing the sweet grasses that were so green when near, and showed a faint tinge of purple or delicate blue afar off. I was a Texas sheep-herder. A month before I had walked the crowded desolation of unnatural London.

My life had been one of many changes. From the North of England to the wide brown plains of sun-burnt Australia ; from her again to the furrows of the ocean for many months of seaman's toil and danger ; then England's greatest city and life, irksome and delightful by turns, in her maze and prison ; then ill-health, with all its melancholy

train, and sudden feverish resolution to shake from myself the chains I began to loathe.

And it was thus I came to Texas, the land of revolution and rude romance, and pistol arbitration, whither my brother had long preceded me—a land of horses, cattle, and sheep, of cotton and corn, a land of refuge for many crimes, and for those tired and weary even as I was. So outward civilisation was gone, and it was with strange feelings of delight that I entered a new country to commence a new career, although I was aware that there would inevitably be much labour and perhaps much suffering for me.

I came into a Texas town by no means greatly different from other American towns that I had seen and passed through in my swift flight south and west from the Atlantic seaboard, save that all around it was open unfenced prairie, with no fertile farms or houses to indicate that a town was near at hand. But I found, to my surprise, that Colorado City was cold on that spring morning of 1884, and I was unprepared for it, for I thought myself far enough south to demand as my right perpetual warmth and sunshine ; and it was only when I learnt that I stood on a plateau two thousand feet above the sea-level that the cold did not seem unnatural. My impressions of the town and its people were favourable. There were many men walking round the streets dressed in wide-brimmed hats, leather leggings with fringe adornments, and long boots with large spurs rattling as they went. They were mostly tall and strong, and I noticed with interest the look of calm

assurance about many of them, as if they had said to themselves : " I am a man, distinctly a man, nobody dares insult me ; if any one does, there will be a funeral—and not mine."

Then the ordinary citizens of the place seemed ordinary citizens, in nowise remarkable, and, as far as I could see, neither they nor the others, who were, as I soon discovered, the much-talked-of cow-boys, wore knives or revolvers.

In fact my impressions were exactly what they should not have been, according to Bret Harte. From him I had taken my notions of Western America, and I had constructed an ideal in the air, in which red-shirted miners, pistolling cow-boys, reckless stage-drivers, gentlemanly gamblers, and self-sacrificing women figured in a kind of kaleidoscopic harlequinade, ending up in a snow-storm or the smoke of a gunpowder massacre. And I was disappointed ; but I must not be unjust to a favourite author of mine, for I owed it to my own imagination.

My brother was living in this town, and it was with very little difficulty that I discovered him. We shook hands and sat down, running through our different experiences. I detailed my disgust of London and the life I had led there. He gave discouraging accounts of Texas, averring that the water was vile, that " fever and ague " were common, that it was too hot in summer and too cold in winter. I learnt from him that almost everybody in town carried revolvers concealed under his coat-tails or inside his waistcoat, and that people were occasionally shot in spite of the peaceful look of the place. Never-

theless, there was little danger for a man who was in the habit of minding his own business, who was not a drinker and quarrelsome, and did not frequent gambling-houses and saloons. I vowed I would go into none of them, and promptly broke it when I went down town with my brother to get clothes such as Texans wear, for he himself took me into one and introduced me to a gentlemanly gambler, who might have stepped bodily out of the story of "Poker Flat"¹—a Georgian dark and slim, with long hair, dressed in black, amiable-looking, and a quiet desperado if need were.

I changed my apparel under Cecil's advice and appeared in the streets in a very wide-brimmed grey felt hat and long boots reaching to my knees, and then, when I was "civilised," as he declared, we went to his boarding-house, and he introduced me to a circle of Texan working men. I made myself at home, and sat quietly listening to the talk about the war²—a subject the Southerner is never weary of—of desperadoes, of cattle, and of sheep. Cecil and I held a council of two as to what was to be done. I wanted to work on a sheep or cattle ranch, as I had learnt the ways of these in Australia, and, although he had not ever followed that business himself, he agreed to go with me if we could obtain such work. A few days afterwards we left the city in the waggon of a sheep owner, hired to do the work of herders for 25 dols., or about £5, a month.

So I once more dwelt under canvas, living a pastoral life, cooking rude meals in the open air on

¹ By Bret Harte.

² The American Civil War.

the open prairies, forty long miles to the northward of the town. And we went to work, building sheep "corrals" or pens of heaped, thorny mesquite brush, bringing in firewood, cutting it, putting up tents—for my part glad to be so far from men in that sweet fresh air, for I began to feel alive, volitional, not dead and most basely mechanical as at home in England.

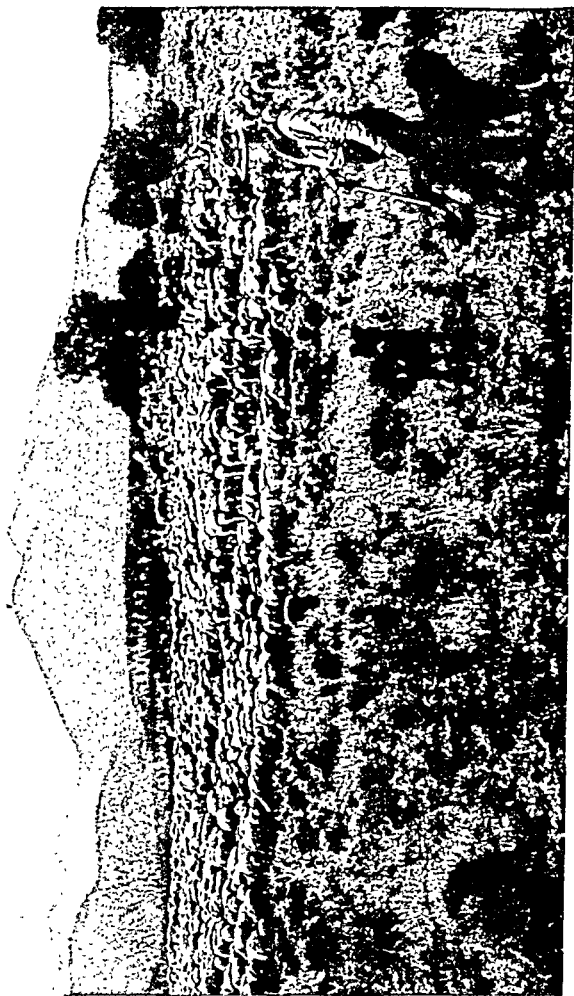
We were in camp on the border of the creek that ran by us with sluggish flow, as if it lacked the energy to go straight forward. In front of us, to the south, was a semicircle of bluffs, up which one had to climb to gain the open prairie, that stretched out green and grey as far as eye could reach. Beneath the bluffs was a level with thin mesquite trees, and on the banks of the creek a few cottonwoods, and beyond it another level with thicker brush, and then a mass of broken, watercut land, formed into small fantastic cañons that bit deep into the red earth, and clay, and gravel, that lay beneath.

I led a busy life—up before sunrise, in after sundown. Then we sat round the camp-fire, smoking and talking. Our boss was an Englishman, one Jones, fair and pleasant; with him another fatter, ruddier Englishman, young, bumptious, and green withal, but no bad companion. Beside them a Mexican, long-haired, with glittering dark eyes under the shade of his big sombrero, small and active, taciturn for want of English. I could have warranted him a talker had we known his own sweet tongue. But my Spanish was limited to a few oaths—*Caramba*!—with some others terrible to be

translated, and *Don Quixote* in the original has yet to be mastered. Then another herder, myself, and Cecil. Decidedly, England was in the ascendant, and our Spaniard looked on dumbly in contemplation, as his lithe fingers rolled cigarettes one after another in the yellow Mexican paper, dipping into his little linen bag for the dry tobacco.

At daylight breakfast, after a wash in the creek. Bacon and bread and coffee, morning, noon, and night, with rare mutton and beans, red and white, cooked with grease and greasy. Then I went to the corrals and let out my sheep and their lambs, the oldest skipping merrily and the little new-born ones tottering weakly and baaing piteously, while the anxious mothers watched their offspring, turning round to lick them, looking at me suspiciously the while.

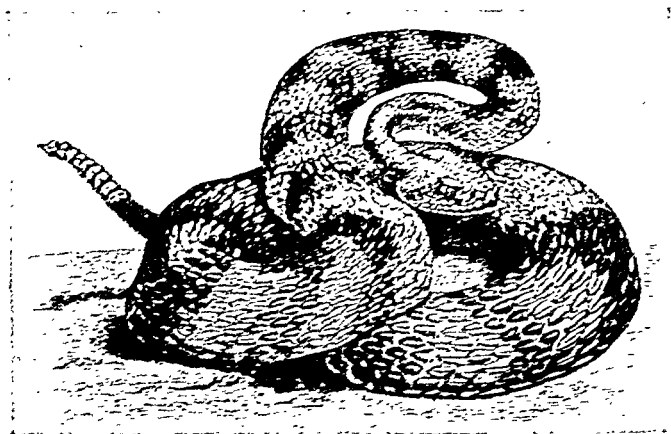
With them I spent day after day on the prairie in almost utter solitude, save for the gentle animals I held in charge. These would scatter out and flock the green prairie with white of wool, browsing on brush and sweet grass, while the lambs played round them, taking tentative doubtful bites at the grass, as if not yet assured that anything but milk was good for them, or stood sucking or lay asleep ; sometimes waking suddenly with a loud baa of surprise to find themselves in such a strange wide world, and then rushing motherwards for milk, butting with persistence the patient ewes who moved along gently after other uncropped grasses. And at ten o'clock, when the sun grew fierce, they would take their noon-time's siesta, lying down under the scant shade



A SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, TEXAS, U.S.A.

[E.N.A.]

of mesquites or the few rocks at the end of the bluffs that ran down to the creek. They slept and woke, got up one at a time, walking round, and then lay down again. And I picked a shady tree myself, taking all the shade, not through selfishness, but they yielded it to me for fear. I ate my little lunch, and drank water from the round tin flask encased in canvas that I bore over my shoulder, and smoked a



A RATTLESNAKE.

peaceful pipe, and read a book I had brought out with me, or dreamed of things that had been, and of things not yet to be. And birds came round, perching on the woolly backs of sheep—birds of blue and birds of red, some with sweet songs. And from the shelter of low thick brush or tufts of heavier grass peeped a silvery-skinned snake with beady eyes, drawing back on seeing me. Or a little soft-

furred cotton-tail rabbit whisked from one bush to another, throwing up his tuft of a tail and showing the white patch of under-fur that gives him his name, gleaming like cotton from the bursting pod. And that yonder? It was a jack-rabbit, a hare, long-legged, quick-running; but then he went slowly, and sat up and looked at me as if he were a prairie dog of yonder town of quaint, brown, sleek-furred marmots, whose cry is like that of chattering angry birds. But Mr. Jack Rabbit swerved aside suddenly. The sheep would not frighten him, and I was as quiet as the windless tree I sat under. It was a snake, not silver, but brown and diamonded, that scared him. But he saw me, and slipped under the rock, and lay there, making a strange noise, new to me but unmistakable. He was a rattlesnake. Then maybe I would go a little way from my herd and see an antelope on the distant prairie, and between me and the deer, a sly, slinking coyoté, swift-footed and cunning, a howler at nights, making a whole chorus by himself; by quick change of key persuading the awakened shepherd that there was a band of them on the bluff in the moonlight looking down hungrily on the corralled and guarded sheep.

Day by day this pastoral life went on, not all as sweet as an idyll, yet with some content. But my brother fell ill, and went back to town, and I was left to my own experience, which grew by contact with my Texan neighbours, with whom I got along pleasantly, as I was fast relapsing into primitive barbarism. I read little, and the noon I spent in contemplation, or observation of the denizens of the

prairie, and at night the hour before sleep was spent in smoking and chatter, and grumbling at the sameness of the cookery.

I herded through all April, but in the beginning of May I began to grow very weary of the work, and begged Jones to give me something else to do, no matter what, so that I was not compelled to act dog to his sheep any more. I was evidently unfit for a herder, for the task grew harder instead of easier. At last my "boss" went into town and brought out another man, and released me. I went to corral-building, and wood-chopping, and to preparations for shearing, which would soon be; and as I then had Sunday free, I used to go fishing for cat-fish in the creek, and caught more often demoniacal mud turtles, which I unhooked with much fear of their snappish jaws. And one Sunday I slew a great rattlesnake nearly five feet long, as thick as my fore-arm. At the end of his tail, as he lay half coiled up, was a cloud—strange, undiscernible—the loud rattles in fierce, quick vibration. I went into a state of instinctive animal fury, and killed him with a branch wrenched from a mesquite, regardless of the sharp thorns that made my hands bleed.

Our days and nights now grew warmer with advancing summer, which passed across the prairie and left it barer and brown, and doubtless made the dull sheep remember, if remember they can, past shearings of other years' fleeces and quick coolness. And shearing-time came on apace, for there were no more sudden "northers" that came from the frozen north, that knows no early spring, to make us shiver

in our sleep and awake in early morning cursing the climate.

So, when our preparations were complete, the wool-table set up in the corral, the wool-boxes for tying the soft fleeces ready, the posts and cross-pieces erected for the canvas shelter to keep the glaring noon sun from the backs and bared necks of the stooping shearers, Jones went round and summoned the "boys" to start to work. And our camp took a livelier aspect with its Texan youngsters. The English element was in the minority. Then the "boss" went to town for more shearers, and came back with a band of Mexicans, who looked at the white men sulkily, thinking, no doubt, that there would not be so much money to be made, as they were not to have "las borregas" to themselves. Among them was an Indian, a dark-skinned Chickasaw, who spoke a little English, and confided to me that he thought very little of the Mexicans. These were finer men, though, than my little wizened Indian—tall, some of them, with easy motion, dark eyes, dark hair, over which the inevitable sombrero of wide shade, with vast complications of plaited adornments around it, making it look heavy and cumbersome.

Next day shearing began. The sheep huddled together in the corral bleating for their lambs, or ran to and fro for those left outside. Under the rude festoons and curves of canvas, the wooden platform, with a few sheep in front, and on the board itself seven Mexicans, and the Chickasaw, and four Texan boys bending over the sheep. The sharp click-click

of the moving, devouring shears of sharp steel, and the fair fleece, white and pure, falling back over the outer unclean wool yet unshorn. The last cut, and the loosed fleece-bearer, uncloaked and naked, runs shaking itself into the crowding others, wondering "if it be I," and another is dragged unwillingly by the hind leg from its companions, while the parted fleece goes in a bundle of softness to the table, to be tied and tossed to the man who treads down the wool in the suspended woolsack, for we are primitive here and have no press. The clean new boards underneath us grow black, and every splinter has its lock of wool. There is wool everywhere, and the taste and smell of it; we are greasy with the grease of it, and hurt fingers smart with it, some little revenge for the pain the sheep have from careless cuts, that run red blood on the divided fleece.

And night-time came, and the sheep stood in the corral hungry, wishing the vile yearly business was over. And when we got up next morning there was not a Mexican to be seen. They had disappeared in the night, doubtless angry that there were white men to divide the profits with them. Jones "cavorted" round somewhat, abusing Mexicans generally, swore he would have no more to do with them, and went for more white men. I sheared among these in order to learn this noble pastoral art, as I wished to learn everything else, for no man knows when his knowledge may be useful and even necessary to him. So we had none of "los Mexicanos," with their fearful oaths, among us, and no Chickasaws or Choctaws. And for two days the



[E.N.A.]

SHEARING TIME ON A SHEEP RANCH, TEXAS, U.S.A.

shearing went well ; then came a cold day, congealing the grease in the wool until it clogged the shears. One man, the boaster of the crowd, left, as *he* said, because the sheep were too hard to shear ; as *we* said, because he was irritated that a boy sheared eighty while he got through no more than fifty. Then, as Jones was away, my fat ruddy young countryman had charge, and, being unaccustomed to authority and lacking tact, quarrelled with one, which led to all the rest leaving. So the patient sheep were not yet shorn. Jones came back to find things at a standstill, and being a good-tempered man, only swore a little at white men. But the shearing had to be done, and the vow about Mexicans had to be recanted. The waggon went into town, and in two days eleven more Mexicans came out, better men and better shearers than our first band. The captain—*el capitan*—was a broad-shouldered, lithe-waisted man, quick, keen, black, and comely ; with him a one-armed shearer, a great surprise to me, whose first movements on the board I watched with interest. He and the captain sheared in company ; and between them made more money than any other two—made it shearing and gambling as well, for the maimed man was an adept at the cards, handling them with a rapidity and dexterity many of his two-handed companions envied and suffered from. I still sheared with them, but not regularly, for sometimes I tied wool, and sometimes pressed it, and even occasionally herded again. I found them friendly, and at night they sang melancholy Mexican love-songs or gambled with the light

of a solitary candle, crowding together in one small tent, while I sat amongst them rolling up cigarettes, as they did, catching a few words of their talk ; or I left them and sat by the fire with Jones and the other herders, and perhaps a stray cow-boy who came to sleep at our camp, or some of the young sons of our near neighbours ; and in their conversation I got the relish of a new dish that tickled my civilised palate strangely. The flash of humour, the ready rough repartee that permitted no answer, tumbling one to the ground like a sudden tightening lasso dropped over head and shoulders, were like single-stick play after rapier and dagger, hard but harmless.

And at last shearing was over, and my Mexican friends took their money, doubtless resolving to get drunk and gamble in town, and make up for the labour through which they had gone ; and I began to think of going too, for I had heard from my brother in far northern Minnesota, and he asked me to come if it were possible. I was ready enough to go, for it did not seem to me that I was as well as I should be. Perhaps the alkali water was doing me no good, and I should feel better doubtless in the more bracing northern air, drinking the purer streams that ran from Minnesota's lakes and sweet-scented pine-woods. I would leave Texas behind me, and the open prairie and its sheep and bands of long-horned cattle, its chattering prairie dogs and howling coyotés, and prowling cougars, and try another country.

But before I could get away there were many

things to do, and some things to suffer—notably a storm one night, a surprise to me, for it seemed that the wind blew calmly on the high plateau, using its energy in ceaseless breezes, not in sudden destructive cyclonic convulsion. But one day the breeze failed. The clouds came up from all quarters, opening and shutting, closing in the blue, dark and thunderous with pallid leaden edges. We sat in our camp, not thinking greatly about the matter, for so many threatened storms had blown over. But presently Jones got up, and went across the creek to the house, remarking that he thought we should have rain. The young Englishman soon followed, leaving me with Alexander, a Californian herder, and Bill, a Missourian.

Presently we heard thunder, and a few heavy drops of rain fell. We left the fire, and went into the big tent and sat down. Then there was a low roar of wind, and the rush of rain came with the wind and struck the tent, that bellied in and strained like a sail at sea. One moment of suspense, and, before we could move, the tent was flat on top of us, and the howl of the gale and the pattering of rain so tremendous that we could not hear ourselves shouting. One by one we crawled out, and in a moment were drenched to the skin. Our oilskins were under the tent; it was utterly impossible to get them. The force of the wind was so great that I could not stand upright, and the rain, coming level on it, blinded me if I tried to look to windward. The lightning, too, was fearful, and the thunder seemed right over and round me. In the dark I got

separated from my companions, and crawled on my hands and knees to a small mesquite and held on to it, while every blast bent it down right over me. After a while I grew tired of staying there, and in a little lull I made a bolt for the end of the corral, which was a stone wall. Here I got some shelter, though I was afraid that the whole wall might blow over on me. As it was, some of the top stones were dislodged. So I stood up and leaned on it, with my face towards the wind and my broad-brimmed hat over my eyes to keep the sharp sting of the rain off. In front of me were the sheep, and leaning over the wall I could touch them ; yet such was the darkness that I could see nothing till the lightning came, and then they stood out before me a mass of white wool, with the lightning glistening on their eyeballs for a momentary space. Then darkness. In one flash I could see Alexander under one mesquite, and, twenty yards from him, Bill under another. I shouted to them, but the wind carried my voice away. Here I stayed for two hours. Then the wind began to lull and the lightning to grow more distant ; so, plucking up courage, and waiting for lightning to give me my direction, I walked over to Alexander, and then all three got together again. I wanted them to come over to the house, for we could go round by the road without crossing the creek, which here ran in a horse-shoe. Alexander said he would come, for he did not want to be wet all night without any sleep, but we could not persuade Bill. No, he wasn't going to get lost on the prairie such a night as that ; he knew where he was, and that was

something. So we left him. It took us more than an hour to go less than a mile, for it was still blowing and raining hard, and the lightning was even yet vivid enough to blind us. Once we got off the road, but I managed to find it again, and about one o'clock we came to the house, where Jones and Harris laughed at the wretched figures we cut. However, we got out blankets, and, throwing off our wet clothes, we soon forgot the storm. Next morning the creek was full to its banks, and rising yet. We found Bill at the camp, still wet through, though he had managed to find some dry matches and light a fire. Both tents were down. The provisions in the smaller one were all wet and much damage done. Still it was well nothing worse happened. I do not think I shall ever forget that night in Texas.

Three days afterwards, when Jones began to haul his wool to town, I went in with him and Colonel Taylor, his next neighbour, who was hauling for him. It took a day and a half to get to Colorado, and during the first day I killed seven rattlesnakes and two others.

On getting near to town we began to see signs of the damage done by the storm. We were on the banks of the Lone Wolf Creek, that runs into the Colorado River. The waters had run out on the prairie on both sides and swept the grass flat. Against every tree was a bunch of drifted bush and grasses, while here and there I saw a poor little prairie owl or prairie dog, or a snake, strangled by the water or struck by blown branches. In town, houses had been washed

away bodily, going down the creek, and others had been turned round on the wooden blocks beneath them. The whole place wore a dishevelled, disarranged look, as if some mischievous giant had been through it, making sport for himself. It was the severest gale ever known in North-west Texas.

A TRAMP'S SKETCHES

Extracts from "A Tramp's Sketches," by STEPHEN GRAHAM, who has lived with Russian peasants and students in Moscow and elsewhere, tramped in the Caucasus, the Crimea, and the Urals, and accompanied Russian peasants on pilgrimage to Jerusalem and to America.

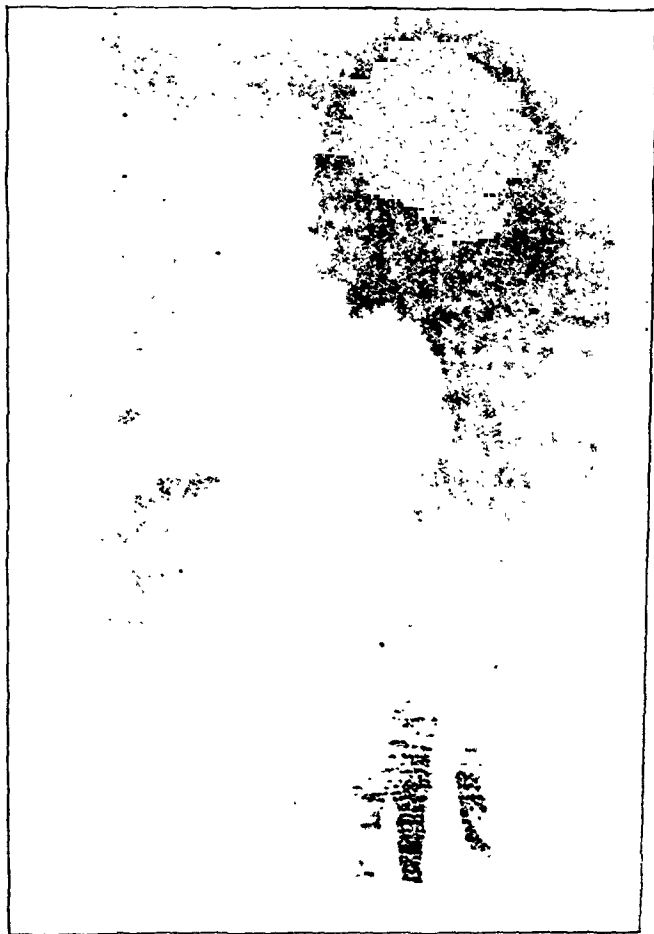
I

NIGHTS OUT ON A PERFECT VAGABONDAGE

I HAVE been a whole season in the wilds, tramping or idling on the Black Sea shore, living for whole days together on wild fruit, sleeping for the most part under the stars, bathing every morning and evening in the clear warm sea. It is difficult to tell the riches of the life I have had, the significance of the experience. I have felt pulse in my veins wild blood which my instincts had forgotten in the town. I have felt myself come back to Nature.

During the first month after my departure from the town I slept but thrice under man's roof. I slept all alone, on the hillside, in the maize-fields, in the forest, in old deserted houses, in caves, ruins, like a wild animal gone far afield in search of prey. I never knew in advance where I should make my night couch ; for I was Nature's guest and my hostess kept her little secrets. Each night a new secret was opened, and in the secret lay some pleasant mystery. Some of the mysteries I guessed—there are many guesses in these pages—some I only tried to guess,

NIGHTS OUT ON A PERFECT VAGABONDAGE



NIGHT OVER THE BLACK SEA.

and others I could only wonder over. All manner of mysterious things happen to us in sleep ; the sick man is made well, the desperate hopeful, the dull man happy. These things happen in houses which are barred and shuttered and bolted. The power of the Night penetrates even into the luxurious apartments of kings, even into the cellars of the slums. But if it is potent in these, how much more is it potent in its free unrestricted domain, the open country. He who sleeps under the stars is bathed in the elemental forces which in houses only creep to us through keyholes. I may say from experience that he who has slept out of doors every day for a month, nay even for a week, is at the end of that time a new man. He has entered into new relationship with the world in which he lives, and has allowed the gentle creative hands of Nature to reshape his soul.

The first of my nights after leaving the town was spent on a shaggy grass patch on a cliff, under three old twisted yew trees. Underfoot was an abundance of wild lavender and the air was laden with the scent. I am now at New Athos monastery, ten miles from Sukhum, and am writing this in the cell that the hospitable monks have given me. My last night was in a deep cavern at the base of a high rock on a desert shore.

The first night was warm and gentle, though it was followed by several that were stormy. Wrapped in my rug I felt not a shiver of cold, even at dawn. As I lay at my ease, I looked out over the far southern sea sinking to sleep in the dusk. The glistening and sparkling of the water passed away—the sea became

NIGHTS OUT ON A PERFECT VAGABONDAGE

a great bale of grey-blue silk, soft, smooth, dreamy, like the garment of a sorceress queen.

I slipped into sleep and slipped out again as easily as one goes from one room to another, sometimes sleeping one hour or half an hour at a time, or more often one moment asleep, one moment awake, like the movement of a boat on the waves.

II

NEAR CAPE PITSOONDA

How different was last night, how full of weariness after heavy tramping through leagues of loose stones. I had been tramping from desolate Cape Pitsoonda over miles and miles of sea holly and scrub through a district where were no people. I had been living on crab-apples and sugar the whole day, for I could get no provisions. It is a comic diet. I should have liked to climb up inland to find a resting-place and seek out houses, but I was committed to the seashore, for the cliffs were sheer, and where the rivers made what might have been a passage, the forest tangles were so barbed that they would tear the clothes off one's back. In many places the sea washed the cliffs and I had to undress in order to get past. It was with resignation that I gave up my day's tramping and sought refuge for the night in a deep and shapely cavern.

There was plenty of dry clean sand on the floor, and there was a natural rock pillow. I spread out my blanket and lay at length, looking out to the sea. I lay so near the waves that at high tide I could have

touched the foam with my staff. I watched the sun go down and felt pleased that I had given up my quest of houses and food until the morrow. As I lay so leisurely watching the sun, it occurred to me that there was no reason why man should not give up quests when he wanted to—he was not fixed in a definite course like the sun.

Sunset was beautiful, and dark-winged gulls continually alighted on the glowing waves, alighted and swam and flew again till the night. Then the moon lightened up the sea with silver, and all night long the waves rolled and rolled again, and broke and splashed and lapped. The deep cavern was filled with singing sounds that at first frightened me, but at last lulled me to sleep as if a nurse had sung them.

III HOSPITALITY

Tramping across the Crimean moors I lost my way in the mist near the monastery of St. George, and was conducted by a peasant to the Greek village of Kalon, well known to old campaigners—it is between Sebastopol and Balaklava. The village remains the same to-day as it was in the days of the Crimean War, and the same families as lived there then, or their descendants, live there now. I visited the *starosta*, and he indicated a home where I might sleep the night. I was taken in by an aged Greek woman and entertained among her family. They brought me bread and wine, and spread out the best couch

for me. The sons told me of hunting exploits with the bear and the wild boar ; they told me how at Christmas time the wild turkeys fly overhead in such numbers that it is the easiest thing in the world to shoot one's Christmas dinner—and I thought that very convenient. When the sons were silent, or talking among themselves, the old dame told me about her youth : how she was only seventeen years old at the time of the war ; how the English were the most handsome of all the soldiers, how the Turks were the most lazy and the most brutal, how the French and the Italians simpered ; how the English soldiers were loved by the Greek girls, how they were also more generous than the other troops and gave freely clothes and tea and sugar and whatever was needed in the cottages and asked no money for it whatever ; how in these days the little children played with the cannon-balls, rolling them over the moors and up the village street—all manner of gossip the good old lady told me, beguiling the hours and my ears till it was bedtime. Next day I offered to pay at least for my food, but the old lady, though poor, waved her hand and said, “ Oh no, it is for the love of God ! ” How often have I had that said to me day after day in Russia, especially in the north !

Another day in Imeritia, when I passed at evening through a little Caucasian village and was beginning to wonder where I should have my supper and find a night's lodging, a Georgian suddenly hailed me unexpectedly. He was sitting, not in his own house, but at a table in an inn. There were of course no windows to the inn, and all the company assembled

could easily converse with the horsemen and pedestrians in the street below. He called out to me and I went up to him. A place was made for me at the table, and he ordered a chicken and a bottle of wine. I was just a little doubtful, for I had never seen the man before and his anticipation of my needs was surprising, but I accepted his invitation, drank his health, and ate my meal. He looked at me very pleasantly, and he was more sensible than a Russian, the sort of person who is marvellously interested in you, but who is so gentle that he will ask no questions lest you find some pain in answering him. But I told him about myself. After the meal he took me along to his house and gave me a spare bed. All was very disorderly and he apologised, saying, "It is untidy, but I am a bachelor. What is a bachelor to do? If I were married all would be different." I spent a whole day with him, and in that short space he conceived for me as it seemed an eternal friendship.

"You are very good," I said at parting. "You have been very hospitable. I don't know how to thank you. . . ." He stopped my words. "No, no," he said, "it is only natural ; it is no doubt what any one would do for me in your country were I a stranger there."

"Would they?" I thought.

By the way, a curious example of inhospitality showed itself in this village where I met the Georgian. We were sitting round a pitcher of sweet rose-coloured wine, and one of us signalled to a rather morose Akhbasian prince who was passing, but he took no notice. "He will not drink wine with us," said my friend. "His wife is so beautiful."

"What *do* you mean?" I asked.

"His wife is very beautiful and he is as jealous of her as she is beautiful. He is like a dog who growls when he has suddenly got something very good in his mouth: he fears any familiarity on the part of other dogs."

As a tramp I have often felt how little I had to give materially for all the kindness I have received. But even such as myself have their opportunities of reciprocity, though they are of a humble kind. I call to mind a cold, wet day near Batoum, how I had a big bonfire by a stream under a bridge and I warmed myself, cooked food, and took shelter from the rain. A Caucasian man and woman, both tramps, came and sat by my fire a long while. The man took from his breast some green tobacco leaves, dried them by the fire, and put them in his pipe and smoked them. They spoke a language quite unintelligible to me and knew not a word of Russian. But they were nevertheless extremely demonstrative and told me all manner of things by signs and gestures. Very poor, even starving, and I gave them some bread and beef and some hot rice pudding from my pot. In return the man gave me five and a half walnuts! We seemed like children playing at being tramps, but I felt a very lively affection for these strange wanderers who had come so trustingly to my little home under the bridge.

One of the beautiful things about hospitality is that though we do not pay the giver of it directly, we do really pay him in the long run. A is hospitable to B, B to C, C to D, and so on, and at last Z is

hospitable to A. It is largely a matter of "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." It is significant that the Russian's parting word equivalent to our "God be with you" is "Forgive!"

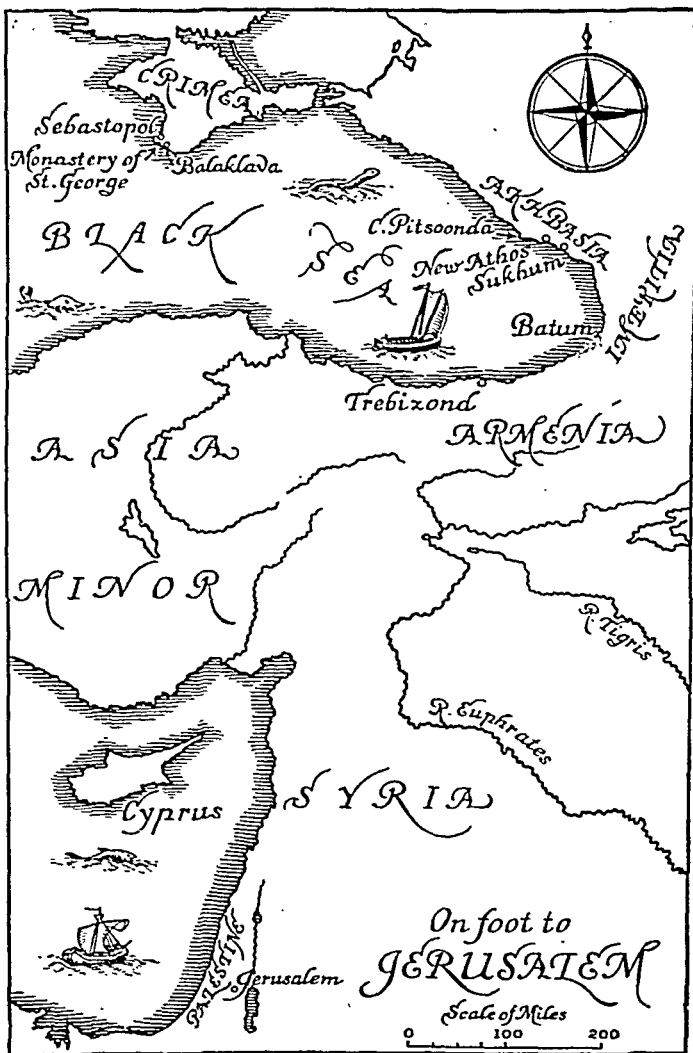
IV

THE STORY OF THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

On my way to Jerusalem I tramped through a rich residential region where wealthy Armenians, Turks, and Russians dwelt luxuriously in beautiful villas looking over the sea. I had been sleeping out, for the road was high and dry and healthy, but at last, entering a malarial region, I began to seek shelter more from man than from Nature.

One cold and cloudy night I came into the village of Ugba and sought hospitality. There were few houses and fewer lights, and some feeling of awkwardness, or perhaps simply a stray fancy, prompted me to do an unusual thing—to beg hospitality at one of the luxurious villas. I had nearly always gone to the poor man's cottage rather than to the rich man's mansion, but this night, the opportunity offering, I appealed to the rich.

I came to the house of a rich man, and as I saw him standing in the light of a front window I called out to him from a distance. In the dusk he could not make out who I was, but judging by my voice he took me for an educated man, one of his own class.



Emery Walker Ltd., del. et sc.

"Can you put me up for the night?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied cheerfully. "Come round by the side of the house, otherwise the dogs may get in your way."

But when the rich man saw me on his threshold a cloud passed over his eyes and the welcome faded from his face. For I was dressed simply as a tramp and had feet so tired that I had not troubled to take the signs of travel from my garments. I had a great sack on my back, and in my hand a long staff.

The head of the house, a portly old gentleman with a long beard, interrogated me; his son, a limp smiling officer in white duck, peered over his shoulder; two or three others of the establishment looked on from various distances.

"What do you want?" asked the old gentleman curtly, as if he had not heard already.

"A lodging for the night," I said unhappily.

"You won't find lodging here," said the greybeard in a false stentorian voice. And the little officer in white giggled.

"You've made a mistake and come to the wrong house. We have no room."

"A barn or outhouse would serve me nicely," I put in.

The old man waved his hand.

"No, no. You are going southward? You have strayed somewhat out of your path coming up here. There is a short cut to the main road. There you'll find a tavern."

It was in my mind to say, "I am an Englishman, a traveller and writer, and I am on a pilgrimage to

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

Jerusalem. You misdoubt my appearance, and are afraid of sheltering an unknown wanderer, but I am one whom you would find it interesting and perhaps even profitable to harbour." But my heart and lips were chilled.

I had taken off my pack, but put it on again humbly and, somewhat abashed, prepared to leave. The family stood by staring. It was a very unusual thing for a poor tramp to come and ask hospitality. Tramps as a rule knew better than to come to their doors. Indeed, no tramp had ever come there before. It rather touched them that I should have believed they would shelter me. Their refusal troubled them somewhat.

"There's always plenty of room in the tavern," said the rich man to his wife. "And they'll be glad to have a customer."

As I turned to go, some one brought a light, and a gleam fell on my face. The company expected to see the cringing, long-suffering face of a peasant in the presence of his master, but the light showed something different

"He is perhaps one of our own class . . . or . . . God knows what . . ." they thought, one and all. "It is hateful to have refused him. But no, if he is one of us, why does he come clothed like a common man? He has only himself to blame."

The old man, feeling somewhat ashamed, offered to show me the way. He came out and pointed out the short cut to the tavern.

"It is quite clear. I shall find the way," I said. "Thank you."

The old man halted as if he wished to say something more.

"What now?" I asked myself. I said good-bye, and as I moved away he asked:

"You are going far, belike!"

"To Jerusalem," I answered laconically. In Russia there is only one thing to say when a man tells you he is going to Jerusalem. It is, "Pray for me there!" But somehow that request stuck in the old man's throat.

When I got outside the park gates I pulled down my pack and took out of it the only thing that had stood between me and a night's lodging—a grey tweed sportsman's jacket—and I put it on, and with it a collar and tie, and I walked along the road in real sadness. For I felt wounded.

I could forgive the man for doing so unto me, but it was hard to forgive him for doing so unto himself, unto us all. He had made life ugly for a moment, and made the world less beautiful. To-morrow the sun and the earth would be less glorious because of him.

But I had only walked a few steps down the road from the rich man's house when I came to a poor peasant's hut where there burned one little light at a little square window.

And I thought, "Please God, I will not go to the tavern, which is possibly kept by a Turk and is very dirty. I will try for a night's lodging here."

I knocked at the door with my staff.

There was a stirring inside.

"Who is there?"

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

"One who wants a lodging for the night. It is late to disturb you, but I fear there will be rain."

A peasant woman came to the door and unbarred it, and let me in.

"Ah, little father," she said, "you come late, and we have little space, as you see, only one room and a big family, but come in if you will."

She turned up the little kerosene lamp and looked at me.

"Ai, ai," she said, "a *barin*."¹ She looked at my coat and collar. "It will be but poor fare here."

"Not a *barin*," I urged, "but a poor wanderer coming from far and going farther still. I generally sleep under the open sky with God as my host and the world as my home, but to-night promises storm, and I fear to take cold in the rain."

The peasant girl, for she was no more, busied herself with the samovar. "You must have something hot to drink, and some milk and eggs perhaps. My husband is not yet home from market, but he will come belike very soon, and will be very glad to find a stranger. He will rejoice. He always rejoices to give hospitality to strangers upon the road."

When she had brought me a meal she fetched fresh hay from a barn and spread a quilt over it and made a bed for me, and would have given me her own pillow but that I pointed out that my pack itself made a very good resting-place for my head.

Then her husband came home, a strong kindly man, full of life and happiness, and he did rejoice as his little wife had promised. He was sorry he had

¹ A nobleman.

not wine with which to entertain me. Such people drink wine not more than twice in a year.

And with these humble, gentle folk I forgot the rich man's coldness, and healed my heart's wounds. Life was made beautiful again. To-morrow the sun would be as bright as ever.

I slept in the comfortable warm bed on the floor of the poor peasant's hut, and the storm rolled overhead, the winds moaned and the rain fell.

"You are going to Jerusalem," said the good man and woman next morning, "pray for us there. It is hard for us to leave our little hut and farm, or we would go to the Holy Land ourselves. We should like to go to the place where the Christ was born in Bethlehem and to the place where He died."

"I shall pray," I said ; and I thought in my heart, "They are there in Jerusalem all the time, even though they remain here. For they show hospitality to strangers."

But as I trudged along my way there seemed to be a pathos too deep for tears underlying my experience at the hands of the rich man and of the poor man.

That it should occur so in real life, and not merely in a moral tale !

The position of the rich man is so defensible. Of course it would have been ridiculous of him to have sheltered me. Who was I ? I had no introduction. What was I ? I might have robbed him in the night . . . or murdered. I was ill-dressed and poor, therefore no doubt covetous of his fine clothes and wealth. They would only have themselves to blame

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

if they sheltered me and I did them harm. Besides, was there not the tavern close by? All reason pointed to the tavern.

But something troubled them, something in my face and demeanour!

Alas for such people! They forget that Christ comes into this world not clothed in purple. They forget that Christ is always walking on the road, and that he shows himself as one needing help. And always once in a man's life the pilgrim Christ comes knocking at his door, with the pack of man's sorrows on his back and in his hand the staff which may be a cross.

I met the young officer in white next morning. He looked at me with a certain amount of surprise. I hailed him.

"Did you sleep well at the tavern?" he asked.

"I found shelter at a peasant's house," I answered.

"Ah! That's well. I didn't think of that. You said you were going to Jerusalem. Why is that? Evidently you are not Russian."

I told him somewhat of my plans. He seemed interested and somewhat vexed. "I said we ought to have taken you in," he said apologetically. "But you came so late—'like a thief in the night,' as the Scripture saith."

I sat down on a stone and laughed and laughed. He stared at me in perplexity.

"'Like a thief in the night,'" I cried out. "Oh, how came you to hit on that expression? Go on,

please—‘and I knew you not.’ Who is it who cometh as a thief in the night?”

The officer smiled faintly. He was dull of understanding, but evidently I had made a joke, or perhaps I was a little crazed.

He turned on his heel. “Sorry we turned you away,” he repeated, “but there are so many scoundrels about. If you’re passing our way again be sure and call in. Come whilst it’s light, however.”

V

AT A FAIR

One misty morning in late October I arrived at Batum, pack on back, staff in hand, to all appearances a pilgrim or a tramp, and I drank tea at a farthing a glass in the fair.

“Pour it out full and running over,” said a chance companion to the owner of the stall. “That’s how we workmen like it; not half-full as for gentlefolk.” The shopman, a silent and very dirty Turk, filled my glass and the saucer as well. And sipping tea and munching *bubliki*, we looked out upon all the sights of the *bazar*.

There lay around, in all the squalor that Turks love, the marvellous superabundance of a southern harvest—spread on sacks in the mud—grapes purple and silver-green, pomegranates in rusty thousands, large dew-fed yellow apples, luscious dirt-bespattered pears, such fruits that in London even the rich might look at and sigh for, but pass by reflecting that with the taxes so high they could not afford them,

but here sold by ragamuffins to ragamuffins for greasy coppers ; and not only these fruits, but quinces and peaches, the large yellow Caucasian *khurma*, the little blood-red *kizil*, and many unnamed rarities. They all surged up out of the waste of over-trodden mire, as if the pageantry of some fairy world had been arrested as it was disappearing into the earth.

Then, beside these gorgeous fruits, in multitudinous attendance, a confused array of scarlet runners, tomatoes, cabbages, out-tumbled sacks of glazy purple aubergines, mysterious-looking gigantic pumpkins, buckets full of pyramidal maize-cobs, yellow, white-sheathed.

The motley crowd of vendors, clamouring, gesticulating, are chiefly distinguished by their hats—the Arabs in white turbans, the Turks in dingy fezes jauntily cocked over dark, unshaven faces, some fezes swathed in bright silk scarves ; the Caucasians in golden fleece hats, bright yellow sheepskin busbies ; the few Russians in battered peak caps, like porters' discarded head-gear ; Persians in skull-caps ; Armenians in shabby felts, astrakhans, or mud-coloured *bashliks*. The trousers of the Christians all very tight, the trousers of the Mahometans baggy, rainbow-coloured—it is a jealous point of difference in these parts that the Turk keeps four or five yards of spare material in the seat of his trousers.

What a din ! what a clamour !

“ *Kopeika, kopeika, kopeika.* ”

“ *Okò tre kopek, okò tre kopek, okò tre kopek.* ”

Thus Christians shout against Mussulmans over the grape-heaps—one farthing, one farthing, one

farthing ; oko (three pounds) three farthings, oko three farthings, oko three farthings. Fancy shouting oneself hoarse to persuade passers-by to buy grapes at a farthing a pound !

My companion at the tea-stall, a tramp workman from Central Russia, was astonished at the price of the grapes.

"It is possible to say that that is cheap," said he. "When I return to Russia I will take forty pounds of them and sell them in the train at twopence-halfpenny (ten copecks) ; that will pay for my ticket, I think, in the fourth class."

I watched the Turks trafficking, jingling their ancient rusty balances, manipulating their Turkish weights—the *oko* is not Russian—and giving what was probably the most marvellous short weight in Europe. The three-pound *oko* was often little more than a pound.

A native of Trebizond came and sat at our table. He wore carpet socks, and over them slippers with long toes curled upperward like certain specimens one may see in Bethnal Green Museum ; on his head a straw-plaited, rusty fez swathed with green silk of the colour of a sun-beetle.

Twenty Arabs passed us at the stall—all pashas, a Georgian informed me. They had arrived the night before from Trebizond and the desert beyond. Their procession through the ragged market was something to wonder at—a long file of warriors all over six feet high, broad, erect, with full flowing cloaks from their shoulders to their ankles, under the cloaks rich embroidered garments. Their faces were

white and wrinkled, proud with all the assurance of men who have never known what it is to stoop before the law and trade.

"They have come to make a journey through Russia," said the Georgian, "but their consul has turned them back. They will pray in the mosque and then return. It is inconvenient that they should go to Europe while there is the war."

A prowling gendarme in official blue and red came up to the stall and sniffed at the company. He pounced on me.

"Your letters of indentification?" he asked.

I handed him a recommendation I had from the Governor of Archangel. He returned it with such deference that all the other customers stared. Archangel was three thousand miles away. Russian governors have long arms.

It is unpleasant, however, to be scrutinised and thought suspicious. I finished my tea and then returned to the crowd. There was yet more of the fair to see—the stalls of Caucasian wares, the silks, the guns, the knives, Armenian and Persian carpets, Turkish slippers, sandals, yards of brown pottery, where at each turn one sees huge pitchers and water-jugs and jars that might have held the forty thieves. At one booth harness is sold and high Turkish saddles, at another pannier baskets for mules. A flood of colour on the pavement of a covered way—a great disarray of little shrivelled lemons, with stalks in many cases, for they have been gathered hard by. In the centre of the market-place are all the meat and fish shops, and there one may see huge sturgeon and

salmon brought from the fisheries of the Caspian. Garish notices inform in five languages that fresh caviare is received each day. Round about the butchers are sodden wooden stalls, labelled

SNOW MERCHANTS,

and there, wrapped in old rags, is much grey muddy snow melting and freezing itself. It has been brought on rickety lorries down the ratty tracks of the mountains, down, down into the lowland of Batum, where even October suns are hot.

Near the snow stalls behold veiled Turkish women just showing their noses out of bright rags, and tending the baking of chestnuts and maize-cobs, sausages, pies, fish, and chickens. Here for eight-pence one may buy a hot roast chicken in half a sheet of exercise-paper. The purchasers of hot chicken are many, and they take them away to open tables, where stand huge bottles of red wine and tubs of tomato-sauce. The fowl is pulled to bits limb by limb, and the customer dips, before each bite, his bone in the common sauce-bowl.

Those who are poorer buy hot maize-cobs and cabbage pies ; those who feel hot already themselves are fain to go to the ice and lemonade stall, and spend odd farthings there. I bought myself *matsoni*, Metchnikof's sour milk and sugar, at a halfpenny a mug.

The market square is vast. It is wonderful the number of scenes enacting themselves at the same time. All the morning in another quarter men were trying on old hats and overcoats, and having the most amazing haggling over articles which are sold

in London streets for a pot of ferns or a china butter-dish. In another part popular pictures are spread out, oleographs showing the Garden of Eden, or the terror of the Flood, or the Last Judgment, and such like ; in another is a wilderness of home-made bamboo furniture, a speciality of Batum. And for all no lack of customers.

What a place of mystery is a Russian Fair, be it in the capital or at the outposts of the Empire ! There is nothing that may not be found there. One never knows what extraordinary or wonderful thing one may light upon there. Among old rusty fire-irons one finds an ancient sword offered as a poker ; among the litter of holy and secular second-hand books, hand-painted missals of the earliest Russian times.

Nothing is ever thrown away ; even rusty nails find their way to the *bazar*. The miscellanies of a stall might upon occasion be what is left behind after a house removal. On one table at Batum I observed two moth-eaten rusty fezes, a battered but unopened tin of herrings in tomato-sauce, another tin half-emptied, a guitar with one string, a good hammer, a door-mat worn to holes, the clearing of a book-case, an old saucepan, an old kerosene stove, a broken coffee-grinder, and a rusty spring mattress. Under the stall were two Persian greyhounds, also for sale. The shopmen ask outrageous prices, but do not expect to be paid them.

“ How much the kerosinka ? ” I asked in sport.

“ Ten shillings,” said an old, sorrowful-looking Persian.

I laughed sarcastically, and was about to move away. The Persian was taking the oil-stove to bits to show me its inward perfection.

"Name your price," said he.

I did not want a kerosene stove, but for fun I tried him on a low figure—

"Sixpence," I said.

"Whew!" The Persian looked about him dreamily. Did he sleep, did he dream?

"You don't buy a machine for sixpence," said he. "I bought this second-hand for eight-and-sixpence. I can offer it to you for nine shillings as a favour."

"Oh no, sixpence; not a farthing more."

I walked away.

"Five shillings," cried the Persian—"four shillings."

"Ninepence," I replied, and moved farther away.

"Two shillings." He bawled something more, inaudibly, but I was already out of hearing. I happened to repass his stall accidentally later in the morning.

"That kerosinka," said the Persian—"take it; it is yours at one shilling and sixpence."

I felt so sorry for the unhappy hawker, but I could not possibly buy an oil-stove. I could not take one as a gift; but I looked through his old books and there found, in a tattered condition, *The Red Laughter*, by Leonid Andreef, a drama by Gorky, a long poem by Skitaletz, and a most interesting account of Chekhov's life by Kouprin,¹ all of which I bought after.

¹ All the authors mentioned are distinguished modern Russians.

a short haggle for fivepence, twenty copecks. I was the richer by my visit to his stall, for I found good reading for at least a week. And the old Persian accepted the silver coin and dropped it into an old wooden box, looking the while with melancholy upon the unsold kerosinka.

14,000 MILES THROUGH THE AIR

In "14,000 Miles through the Air," Sir ROSS SMITH tells the story of the great flight by aeroplane made by him and his brother with mechanics from England to Australia, thereby winning a prize of £10,000 offered by the Australian Government for the first machine (manned by Australians) to fly from London to Australia in 30 days. He gives a schedule of times and distances which is very interesting.

I

TIME TABLE WITH DISTANCES

Date.	Hour.	Route.	Time in Air		Distance in Miles
			Hrs.	Mins.	
12/11/19	0905	London to Lyons - - -	6	20	500
13/11/19	1006	Lyons to Pisa - - -	4	45	380
15/11/19	1000	Pisa to Rome - - -	3	20	180
16/11/19	0904	Rome to Taranto - - -	2	35	260
17/11/19	0815	Taranto to Suda Bay (Crete) -	5	40	520
18/11/19	0812	Suda Bay to Cairo - - -	7	20	650
19/11/19	1024	Cairo to Damascus - - -	4	10	450
20/11/19	1015	Damascus to Ramadie - - -	6		420
21/11/19	1315	Ramadie to Basra - - -	3	30	350
23/11/19	0635	Basra to Bundar Abbas - - -	7	40	630
24/11/19	0700	Bundar Abbas to Karachi - -	8	30	730
25/11/19	0740	Karachi to Delhi - - -	9		720
27/11/19	1020	Delhi to Allahabad - - -	4	25	380
28/11/19	0830	Allahabad to Calcutta - - -	5		470
29/11/19	0830	Calcutta to Akyab (Burma) -	4	45	420
30/11/19	0730	Akyab to Rangoon - - -	4	15	330
1/12/19	0655	Rangoon to Bangkok - - -	6		400
2/12/19	0745	Bangkok to Singora - - -	6		470
4/12/19	1015	Singora to Singapore - - -	6	20	480
6/12/19	0700	Singapore to Kalidjati (Java) -	9		640
7/12/19	0735	Kalidjati to Surabaya - - -	4	20	350
8/12/19	1200	Surabaya to Bima (Sumbawa) -	5		420
9/12/19	0945	Bima to Atamboea (Timor) -	5	30	440
10/12/19	0835	Atamboea to Port Darwin (Australia) - - -	6	30	470

TIME TABLE

TIME TABLE WITH DISTANCES—Contd.

Date.	Hour.	Route.	Time in Air		Distance in Miles.
			Hrs.	Mins.	
13/12/19	1023	Port Darwin to Warlock Ponds	4	20	220
14/12/19	0900	Warlock Ponds to Cobb's Creek	5	30	300
17/12/19	1800	Cobb's Creek to Anthony's Lagoon - - - -		15	20
18/12/19	1005	Anthony's Lagoon to Brunette Downs - - - -	1		50
19/12/19	1105	Brunette Downs to Avon Downs	2	45	180
20/12/19	0745	Avon Downs to Cloncurry -	3		230
22/12/19	0650	Cloncurry to Longreach -	4	40	300
23/12/19	0705	Longreach to Charleville -	3	40	330
12/ 2/20	1100	Charleville to Bourke -	4		260
13/ 2/20	0900	Bourke to Narromine -	3		230
14/ 2/20	0700	Narromine to Sydney -	4	15	200
23/ 2/20	1005	Sydney to Cootamundra -	4	15	240
24/ 2/20	1000	Cootamundra to Henty -	1	10	80
25/ 2/20	0600	Henty to Melbourne -	3	5	220
23/ 3/20	0700	Melbourne to Adelaide -	7	30	430
		Total flying time and distance, London to Adelaide	188	20	14,350

In addition to the above, several hours were spent in the air making test flights at various places.

Sir Ross says that he regards the journey from Hounslow to Lyons as the worst stage of the flight. It is described in the extract given here.

II

THROUGH CLOUD OCEAN TO LYONS

WE climbed slowly upward through the cheerless, mist-laden skies, our engines well throttled back and running perfectly. So as to make sure that all was in thorough working order, we circled for ten minutes above Hounslow, then set off.

At 2,000 feet we suddenly emerged from the fog belt into brilliant sunshine, but the world below was lost to sight, screened by the dense pall of mist. Accordingly, we set a compass course for Folkestone, and just before reaching the outskirts a rift in the mists enabled us to pick up the grand old coast-line, every inch of which is measured by history ; and so we checked our bearings.

There was a certain amount of sentiment, mingled with regrets, in leaving old England, the land of our fathers. Stormy seas were sweeping up Channel, lashing white foam against the gaunt, gray cliffs that peered through the mists in the winter light, phantom-like and unreal.

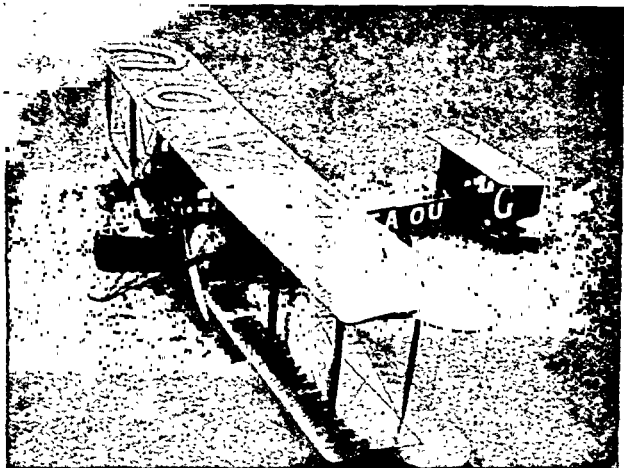
The frigid breath of winter stung our faces and chilled us through ; its garb of white had fallen across the land, making the prospect inexpressibly drear. The roadways, etched in dark relief, stood out like pencil-lines on the snow-clad landscape, all converging on Folkestone.

I looked over the side as the town itself, which had played such an important part in the war, came under us. Thither the legions of the Empire, in ceaseless

THROUGH CLOUD OCEAN TO LYONS

tides, had passed to and from the grim red fields of East and West, all acclaiming thy might, great land of our fathers !

It seemed hard to realize that we had at last started out on the long flight for which we had been planning and working so long, and as I glanced over



THE FIRST AEROPLANE TO FLY FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA.
THE VICKERS' "VIMY" IN WHICH SIR ROSS SMITH FLEW.

the machine and the instruments, I wondered what the issue of it all might be—if the fates would be so kind as to smile on us ever so little and allow us to reach the goal of our ambitions, Australia, in thirty days.

The machine was flying stately and steady as a rock. All the bracing wires were tuned to a nicety ;

the dope on the huge planes glinted and glistened in the sunlight ; I was filled with admiration. The engines, which were throttled down to about three-quarters of their possible speed, had settled down to their task and were purring away in perfect unison and harmony.

A small machine is ideal for short flights, joy-riding the heavens, or sight-seeing among the clouds ; but there is something more majestic and stable about the big bombers which a pilot begins to love. An exquisite community grows up between machine and pilot ; each, as it were, merges into the other. The machine is rudimentary and the pilot the intellectual force. The levers and controls are the nervous system of the machine, through which the will of the pilot may be expressed—and expressed to an infinitely fine degree. A flying-machine is something entirely apart from and above all other contrivances of man's ingenuity.

The aeroplane is the nearest thing to animate life that man has created. In the air a machine ceases indeed to be a mere piece of mechanism ; it becomes animate and is capable not only of primary guidance and control, but actually of expressing a pilot's temperament.

The lungs of the machine, its engines, are again the crux of man's wisdom. Their marvellous reliability and great intricacy are almost as awesome as the human anatomy. When both engines are going well and synchronized to the same speed, the roar of the exhausts develops into one long-sustained rhythmical boom—boom—boom. It is a song of

pleasant harmony to the pilot, a duet of contentment that sings the perfect firing in both engines and says that all is well.

This melody of power boomed pleasantly in my ears, and my mind sought to probe the inscrutable future, as we swept over the coast of England at 90 miles per hour.

And then the sun came out brightly and the Channel, all flecked with white tops, spread beneath us. Two torpedo-boats, looking like toys, went northward. And now, midway, how narrow and constricted the Straits appeared, with the gray-white cliffs of old England growing misty behind, and ahead—Gris Nez—France, growing detail each moment !

The weather was glorious, and I was beginning to think that the official prophet, who had predicted bad conditions at our start, was fallible after all. It was not until we reached the coast of France that the oracle justified itself ; for, stretching away as far as we could see, there lay a sea of cloud. Thinking it might be only a local belt, we plunged into the compacted margin, only to discover a dense wall of nimbus cloud, heavily surcharged with snow.

The machine speedily became deluged by sleet and snow. It clotted up our goggles and the wind screen and covered our faces with a mushy, semi-frozen mask.

Advance was impossible, and so we turned the machine about and came out into the bright sunshine again.

We were then flying at 4,000 feet, and the clouds

were so densely compacted as to appear like mighty snow cliffs, towering miles into the air. There was no gap or pass anywhere, so I shut off the engines and glided down, hoping to fly under them. Below the clouds snow was falling heavily, blotting out all observation beyond a few yards.

Once more we became frozen up, and, as our low elevation made flying extremely hazardous and availed us nothing, I determined to climb above the cloud-mass and, once above it, set a compass course for Lyons.

Aerial navigation is similar to navigation at sea, excepting that the indispensable sextant is more difficult to use in the air, owing to the high speed of travel and the consequent rapid change from place to place and for other technical reasons. Allowances have also to be made for the drift of the machine when side winds are blowing—an extremely difficult factor to determine accurately.

As the medium on which the machine travels is air, any active motion of that medium must necessarily have a direct influence on the machine. If, for instance, the medium on which we are travelling is a wind of 40 miles per hour, blowing directly toward our destination, and the velocity of the machine is 80 miles per hour, then the speed which the machine will travel in relation to the ground would be 120 miles per hour. If we had to forge directly ahead in the same wind, then our speed would obviously be only 40 miles per hour.

To determine the speed of a machine in relation to the ground, an instrument is fitted, called a

ground-speed indicator. In side winds the machine makes leeway in addition to its forward movement, and it is the ratio of the one to the other that provides the greatest problem of aerial navigation, especially when flying above clouds or when land features are obscured.

On this particular occasion the Air Ministry had furnished us with charts indicating the trend of the winds and their approximate force at various altitudes, and so we knew, roughly, what allowances to make in our dead reckoning if we lost sight of the ground.

So we climbed steadily in a wide, ascending spiral, until we reached an altitude of 9,000 feet, and were then just above the clouds. Below us the snowstorm raged, but we had entered another world—a strange world, all our own, with bright, dazzling sunshine.

It might have been a vision of the polar regions ; it undoubtedly felt like it. The mighty cloud ocean over which we were scudding resembled a polar landscape covered with snow. The rounded cloud contours might have been the domes of snow-merged summits. It was hard to conceive that that amorphous expanse was not actual, solid. Here and there flocculent towers and ramps heaved up, piled like mighty snow dumps, toppling and crushing into one another. Everything was so tremendous, so vast, that one's sense of proportions swayed uncontrolled.

Then there were tiny wisps, more delicate and frail than feathers. Chasms thousands of feet deep, sheer columns, and banks extended almost beyond eye-reach. Between us and the sun stretched isolated

towers of cumulus, thrown up as if erupted from the chaos below. The sunlight, filtering through their shapeless bulk, was scattered into every conceivable gradation and shade in monotone. Round the margins the sun's rays played, outlining all with edgings of silver.

The scene was one of utter bewilderment and extravagance. Below, the shadow of our machine pursued us, skipping from crest to crest, jumping gulfs and ridges like a bewitched phantom. Around the shadow circled a gorgeous halo, a complete flat rainbow. I have never seen anything in all my life so unreal as the solitudes of this upper world through which my companions and I were now fleeting.

My brother worked out our course, and I headed the machine on to the compass bearing for Lyons ; and so away we went, riding the silver-edged sea and chased by our dancing shadow. For three hours we had no glimpse of the earth, so we navigated solely by our compass, hoping eventually to run into clear weather, or at least a break in the cloud, so that we might check our position from the world below. My brother marked our assumed position off on the chart, by dead reckoning, every fifteen minutes.

The cold grew more intense. Our hands and feet lost all feeling and our bodies became wellnigh frozen. The icy wind penetrated our thick clothing, and it was with greatest difficulty that I could work the machine. Our breaths condensed on our faces and face-masks and iced up our goggles and our helmets.

Occasionally immense cloud barriers rose high

THROUGH CLOUD OCEAN TO LYONS

above the lower cloud strata, and there was no circumventing them ; these barriers were invariably charged with snow, and as I plunged the machine into them, the wings and fuselage were quickly armoured with ice. Our air-speed indicator became choked, and we ourselves were soon covered white by an accumulating layer of driving snow.

Goggles were useless owing to the ice, and we suffered much agony through being compelled to keep a lookout with unprotected eyes—straining into the 90-miles-an-hour snow-blast.

About 1 p.m. I suggested to my brother that we should have some sandwiches for lunch. On taking them from the cupboard we discovered they were frozen hard. Fortunately, we carried a thermos flask of hot coffee and the *pièce de résistance* was a few sticks of chocolate, which was part of our emergency rations. I have never felt so cold or miserable in my life as I did during those few hours. My diary is terse, if not explicit :

“ This sort of flying is a rotten game. The cold is hell, and I am a silly ass for having ever embarked on the flight.”

To add to our discomfort and anxiety, we were quite uncertain as to our location, and I had visions of what would happen if we encountered a heavy side wind and got blown into the wild Atlantic.

The only really cheerful objects of the whole outfit were our two engines. They roared away and sang a deep-throated song, filled with contentment and

gladness ; it did not worry them that their radiator blinds, which we kept shut, were thickly coated with frozen snow.

I regarded those engines with envy. They had nice hot water circulating around them, and well, indeed, they might be happy. It seemed anomalous, too, that those engines needed water flowing around their cylinders to keep them cool, while we were sitting just a few feet away semi-frozen. I was envious ! I have often thought of that day since and smiled about it—at that diary entry, and at my allusion to the two engines and my envy of their warmth.

The situation was becoming desperate. My limbs were so dead with cold that the machine was almost getting beyond my control. We must check our position and find out where we were at any cost.

Ahead loomed up a beautiful dome-shaped cloud, lined with silver edges. It was symbolical ; and when all seemed dark, this rekindled in me the spark of hope. By the side of the “ cloud with the silver lining ” there extended a gulf about two miles across. As we burst out over it I looked down into its abysmal depths.

At the bottom lay the world. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction stretched the illimitable cloud sea, and the only break now lay beneath us. It resembled a tremendous crater, with sides clean-cut as a shaft. Down this wonderful cloud avenue I headed the *Vimy*, slowly descending in a wide spiral. The escape through this marvellous gateway, seven thousand feet deep, that seemed to

THROUGH CLOUD OCEAN TO LYONS

link the realms of the infinite with the lower world of mortals, was the most soul-stirring episode of the whole voyage.

Snow was falling heavily from the clouds that encircled us, yet down, down we went in an almost snow-free atmosphere. The omen was good ; fair Fortune rode with us. The landscape was covered deep in snow, but we picked out a fairly large town, which my brother at once said was Roanne. This indicated that we were directly on our route ; but it seemed too good to be true, for we had been flying at over 80 miles per hour for three hours by " blind navigation," and had been unable to check our course.

At 1,000 feet I circled above the town. Our maps informed us that it was Roanne ! Lyons, our destination, was only 40 miles away. Exquisitely indeed is the human mind constituted ; for, now that we knew where we were, we all experienced that strange mental stimulus—the reaction, after mental anxiety and physical tribulation. We forgot the cold, the snow, the gloom ; everything grew bright and warm with the flame of hope and success. And so eventually we reached Lyons and landed.

EXERCISES

FROM POLE TO POLE

1. What is the Turkish name for Constantinople? Find out all you can about the changes that have been taking place recently in Turkey. What form of government has it? Who is at the head? What social reforms have taken place?

2. Write short notes on :

- (a) the Byzantine nation,
- (b) the Emperor Justinian,
- (c) the Patriarch of Constantinople,
- (d) muezzin.

3. What route would you take from London to Baluchistan (a) if expense were no object, (b) if you had to be economical? Would you like to visit the country? If so, say why?

4. Why did Sven Hedin drink the Chinese spirit? Why did he and Kasim burrow stark naked in the sand? Why was Sven Hedin lucky to find the water hole?

Make a diary of the adventure from 23rd April to 8th May.

5. Look for and memorize the poem *Kubla Khan* by Coleridge, one of the most wonderful poems in English.

6. Say for what these places are famous :

Venice.

Baghdad.

Nineveh.

Peking.

Trebizond.

EXERCISES

7. Draw a sketch-map showing the route of Nicolo and Maffeo Polo on their return from Europe to the Court of the Great Khan.

8. Write a paragraph on Buddhism.

9. Find out all you can about the great work Nansen did for the League of Nations.

A KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE WILDERNESS

1. What were the main provisions of :

(a) the Treaty of Ryswick,

(b) the Treaty of Utrecht ?

2. Draw a sketch-map showing the main route that Hendry took in his travels.

CLIMBING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

1. Make a list of the chief dangers for a mountaineer.

What things might an inexperienced climber do that an expert would avoid ?

2. Draw a picture of an ice-axe and explain its uses.

3. Why do climbers rope together ? What are the points in the use of the rope that climbers have to keep in mind ?

DOWN THE GOLDEN NONNI

1. What is a k'ang ?

2. Write two paragraphs on " keeping warm."

3. Describe a scene on a quayside or at a railway station.

4. Draw a map, filling in the places mentioned in the extract.

EXERCISES

5. Write a note on gold-washing in Manchuria.
6. Make a list of all the things to eat and drink (a) that you like best, (b) that you dislike.

IN THE LEVANT.

1. What do you find most striking in the picture of things seen in Alexandria?
2. Write an account of a street scene in your own town as viewed by a foreigner visiting the country for the first time.
3. Write a note on the architectural merits of any great building which you know personally.
4. Explain: mashlak, Al Assr, vizier, decorated Saracenic architecture, minaret.
5. Make a copy of any plan of Jerusalem that is available, and trace the route of the writer.

A JOURNEY TO YUNNAN-FU

Retell the story of the journey in your own way.

DAMPIER'S VOYAGES

1. Make a list of the chief places visited by Dampier according to the extract, giving the date of the visit.
2. Draw a map, noting the places visited by Dampier, and embellishing it (after the fashion of good old maps) with little pictures of people, creatures, and things to illustrate what he says about the places.
3. "While we lay at the Isle of *Juan Fernandez*, Captain *Sharp* was, by general Consent, displaced from being Commander; the Company being not satisfied either with his Courage or Behaviour." Dampier says

just enough to excite our imaginations. Describe the episode as you picture it.

4. Why would the "meaner sort" of sailors want Sharp for Captain after Watling's death?

5. Retell the story of the forty-four men who left Captain Sharp.

6. Write a note on the Mosquito Indians.

7. Draw a picture of one of the prows made by the natives of the Ladrone Islands.

8. Make a list of all the expressions used by Dampier which seem to you to be old-fashioned.

9. Do you think that Dampier was a good storyteller? Which description by him interested you most?

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

1. In what manner does the style of writing in this extract differ from good prose style to-day?

2. What merits has it?

3. What do you find especially interesting in the extract?

THE WESTERN AVERNUS

1. What does Mr. Morley Roberts mean by "the crowded desolation of unnatural London"?

Where do you prefer to live, in town or country? Set out the advantages of each.

2. Write an account of the sheep-shearing or of the great storm.

A TRAMP'S SKETCHES

1. (a) He who sleeps under the stars is bathed in the elemental forces which in houses only creep to us through keyholes.

(b) One of the beautiful things about hospitality is that though we do not pay the giver of it directly, we do really pay him in the long run.

(c) I could forgive the man for doing so unto me, but it was hard to forgive him for doing so unto himself, unto us all.

(d) They are there in Jerusalem all the time.
Comment on these sayings.

2. Among the crowds of vendors at the Batum fair, how was it possible to distinguish the different nationalities?

Do Turks wear fezes to-day? Do their women go veiled?

TO AUSTRALIA BY AIR

1. Draw a sketch-map to show the route taken by Sir Ross Smith and his brother, showing the places where they halted and the times taken.

2. What do you think most noteworthy in the account of the flight? Give reasons.